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RAMBLES THROUGH ROME;

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE

SOCIAL, POLITICAL, AND ECCLESIASTICAL CONDITION

CITY AND ITS INHABITANTS.

BY

THE CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN.

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MY DEAR FRIEND,

Allow me to dedicate to you these, my Rambles through Rome, which will serve to remind you of our conversations about Italy.

You have revived for me the "Vir probus dicendi peritus" of ancient times; and in inscribing your name on the title-page of this work, I identify myself with the feeling that led Joel Barlow to dedicate his poem of the Columbiad to Fulton.

Yours sincerely,

LE CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN.

A TOUR THROUGH ROME.

CHAPTER I.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

It is but four months ago that I was in London—but two since I was in Brussels, and seven weeks have not gone by since I was walking about in Paris, meditating the sudden resolution of walking to Rome on foot—the only true method, in my opinion, of really becoming acquainted with the byeways as well as the highways of any country; and here am I, on the present day, 5th of November, 18—, resting from my fatigues on the bed of a Roman inn! and I can say to myself that I really am in Rome, the object of my dreams when a boy at school—the object of all my wishes at a riper age.

How slowly the night seems to wear away, and how I long for daylight, to get up and feast my eyes on the sight of this city of wonders,—to contemplate and admire the pictures, statues, and palaces that the mighty genius of so many great men has bequeathed to posterity! Yet I am now really a citizen of the Eternal City—my feet will press the soil that covers the ashes of a Brutus, a Cato, and a Cæsar! The hours of night seem an age to my impatient spirit.

Thus I soliloquized; and on the morrow I sallied forth with headlong impatience to become acquainted with this most celebrated of all towns, and I scoured the papal city with a fever of eagerness bordering upon delirium. I will not chronicle the impressions of this first sight, of which words would

give but a very imperfect idea. I purposely suffered some days to elapse, till the effervescence of my feelings had somewhat subsided, when I felt the necessity of procuring a guide, or what in Italy they denominate a *cicerone*.

The *cicerone* that was presented to me was gentlemanly and dignified in his manner. His age might be from forty-five to fifty; his gentle and melancholy face was expressive, and changed at the slightest emotion; his eyes, shaded by long black lashes, occasionally flashed like lightning, and had all the penetration of one accustomed to scan the inward thoughts of his fellow creatures. Nor was Fernando, for so I shall call him, an ordinary character; alas! why did the hand of death so soon deprive me of a friend? But we will lay aside these sad recollections, as I am about to relate an adventure in which I bore a share, thanks to the confidence he thought fit to repose in me, after an intimate acquaintance of some months.

One day Fernando had conducted me to a narrow street on the left hand at the foot of the great walled staircase of the Capitol, when, suddenly stopping short, he exclaimed, "Would you like to see the Tarpeian Rock?" and on my replying in the affirmative, "Look up before you," said he; "it is at the end of this narrow passage." Time has not robbed it of its name! and while the spot which contains the ashes of the Horatii, who conquered the sceptre of Latium for Rome, is yet a matter of dispute, people fancy they can discover even now upon this rock the traces of the blood of a Manlius and a Cassius!

While Fernando was speaking, I had examined this unchanging instrument of justice and revenge. The Tarpeian Rock would appear yet more elevated, were its basis cleared of the filth and rubbish that encumber it. The cavities scooped out in its sides seem to have been applied to various foreign uses, judging by the remains of masonry by which they are still coated. The sight of this colossal patibulary affects the mind painfully, wrings one's heart, and scares the imagination. The eye scans its summit, then falls on its base, then again measures its height, and turns away in disgust.

It was on leaving this hideous spot that Fernando for the first time proposed to me to go home with him. I accepted this offer. Fernando was not rich; he lodged on a third floor; but his apartment was remarkably neat and clean. A young person was seated near the window embroidering; she rose to offer me a chair, an act of civility which she performed with

inexpressible grace. "This is my daughter," said Fernando, presenting her to me; she is the only near relation I have on earth. God is witness that the dear girl is well aware of this, and behaves in a manner worthy of all praise."

The young lady coloured to her temples with a most amiable diffidence. "Nina cultivates both painting and music," continued the father; for I considered that agreeable accomplishments are always useful to a young person who is deprived of her mother. The society of the Muses is a very safe, and even a consolatory one."

So saying, he made a sign to Nina, who immediately sat down to the piano, and accompanied her voice in a piece full of expression. I complimented her on her talents, which were, indeed, very remarkable. She afterwards showed me some flowers, painted in water colours, very delicately and faithfully touched off; and Nina received the praises I again bestowed on her with the evident gratification of a mind too ingenuous to act modesty.

Such was my first visit at my *cicerone's*. Several other visits followed, and I was requested to repeat them, perhaps all the more cordially, because I did not appear over anxious to do so. Fernando and I agreed that we should carry on our excursions in a leisurely manner; and according to this system, several days elapsed between our walks. One morning, thinking to forestal Fernando, I called at an early hour at his lodgings, when, to my surprise, his daughter informed me he had not yet come in! I showed some astonishment, and inquired if he slept out of the house. Nina, somewhat agitated, looked round like a person who is fearful of being overheard, and after carefully shutting the door, and conducting me on to the leads, she spoke as follows:—

"You must know, sir, that my father has sometimes very strong reasons for being absent during the night—I may tell you what they are, as you are a foreigner, and my father looks upon you as a friend—were you a Roman it would be different, for—" Again she looked all around and began to weep. Touched by the state in which I saw her, I ventured to approach, and taking her hand in a friendly manner, I entreated her to tell me the cause of her tears. She remained silent a few moments, then wiping her eyes, "Yes," said she, "I will tell you all! For two years have I kept this secret in my heart of hearts—but it oppresses me beyond endurance, and you shall hear it—meantime, very likely, my father may come in."

"You perceive that large house down there, beyond the

Tiber? that is St. Michael's Hospital, a frightful place, where the depraved of both sexes are put into confinement; this is the subject I am about to speak of. My father is a Catholic, but my mother was a Jewess; their marriage took place under the rule of the French, for before their time these sort of unions were not permitted, and have since been prohibited. My mother had a sister, who soon slept with the ashes of her fathers, and left Rachel an orphan. Rachel was an excellent creature, and my parents took her in; my father and I were very fond of her. She knew the history of the Bible by heart, and when we used to sit on this terrace, she would divert us by her narrations. I was not twelve years of age when I had the misfortune to lose my mother; this sad event endeared Rachel still more to our family. From that moment she took upon her all the cares of our household, and endeavoured to alleviate, as much as possible, my father's grief for the loss of his partner.

"We continued to live happily together, when one day my father announced that he was going to set off for Piedmont, on account of an inheritance which it was necessary for our interests that he should take possession of in person. He embraced us tenderly, recommending Rachel and myself to look upon Lorenzo—such was my brother's name—as a second father, and to defer to his judgment in everything he should bid us do. Lorenzo indeed, though only twenty, was quite capable of replacing my father; he knew several languages, and he would, no doubt, have realized all our hopes without the dreadful misfortune that befell us.

"You must know that every Sunday and holiday we went to mass—Rachel, who always waited for us at the church door, then took Lorenzo's arm, and we used to take a walk on the Corso or behind the Coliseum, in the pretty public garden. The parish priest, however, I don't know why, took it into his head to disapprove of Rachel's associating with us. One day he came and asked my brother angrily who she was, and why she was never seen at church. Lorenzo's answer, though strictly true, did not satisfy him; he maintained that a Jewess had no right to live anywhere but in the Ghetto;* moreover, he considered that it was highly indecorous, so pretty as she was, that she should live under the same roof as Lorenzo, and swore that he would put an end to such scandalous doings. As we did not rightly understand what scandal he alluded to,

* An unwholesome quarter of Rome assigned to the Israelites, in which they are pent up like sheep in a fold; the gates being closed at eight o'clock at night.

we took no account of this threatening colloquy ; but to avoid having to see him in future, we left off going to our parish church. The priest in a rage sent for Rachel to come to the Presbytery. Now you must know, sir, that here we dare not resist the order of our parish priests ; in Rome it is they who are entrusted with the police of their parishes, and they can, when they please, order persons to be taken to prison by carabinieri. Rachel went, therefore, to the Presbytery accompanied by Lorenzo. It appears that the priest wanted Rachel to have come alone, and, in his ill-humour, he apostrophized Lorenzo in such violent terms, that my brother called him a tyrant, in reply to which the priest answered that my cousin must either turn Christian or leave the neighbourhood.

"Neither of these conditions could be complied with. Rachel had no other home but ours, and she was much attached to her religion ; she declared as much to the priest. But far from attending to her remonstrances, our persecutor only became the more inveterate, and he threatened my cousin with shutting her up in St. Michel's. In this pressing danger my brother hastened to the Governor of Rome, and pleaded his cousin's cause with so much earnestness, that he obtained a safeguard for her. We now thought ourselves secure ; we had yet to learn with what inveterate obstinacy the servant of God pursued his end ; and indeed, taking advantage of our security, the priest manœuvred so cleverly, and acted his part so plausibly with the grand vicar, making him believe that my brother lived with my cousin as if she were his wife, that one day, just as Lorenzo left us, the house was surrounded and Rachel taken away by a troop of soldiers.

"You may imagine Lorenzo's grief in hearing* of this catastrophe ; a burning fever laid him low on a bed of sickness, and in his fits of delirium he would exclaim—' Woe, woe to the author of your misfortunes, Rachel ! Woe to him ! no earthly power can screen him from my just revenge !'

"However, all our neighbours, or rather all the inhabitants of our part of the town, witnesses to the falsehood of this slanderous imputation cast upon my brother and my cousin, drew up and signed a petition, which Lorenzo, the moment he had somewhat recovered the shock he had received, carried to the Secretary of State. The event of this affair seemed to be favourable to us ; but the papal minister had no sooner read the petition, than he observed harshly, that these kind of certificates proved nothing whatever ; and were Rachel as chaste as Susannah herself, she must yet spend two years at St. Michel's. Such injustice was revolting, but what could

my brother and I oppose to this violation of all laws, human and divine? We had nothing but our tears.

"Since this cruel answer of the pontifical minister, no day passed but what Lorenzo loitered about in the vicinity of that odious house, in the hopes of at least catching a glimpse of poor Rachel. He waited a long time in vain, but at last he recognised her through the wooden grating placed over each window—it was at one of the upper stories. Overjoyed at seeing her, and certain of having attracted her notice, Lorenzo was about to express by signs the grief he suffered for her imprisonment, when two carabinieri seized him roughly by the arm, and ordered him to follow them. On a sudden Rachel thinking they were going to take him likewise to prison, screamed aloud, and bursting through the wooden lattice of her window, threw herself into the street below! Ah, sir, would that I could forget so horrible an event! Our poor Rachel's body was one mutilated heap, her blood besprinkled my brother, and even the carabinieri allowed him to throw himself like a madman on the ground beside my cousin. Alas! he was only just in time to receive her last sigh.

"A woman who had seen from afar that Lorenzo was arrested, had come to give me notice of it, and I left the house determined to accompany him to prison should they be taking him there. Judge of my anguish, when, on reaching St. Michel's, I recognised Rachel in the lifeless, mutilated corpse that lay on the ground, and my brother, pale and disfigured, addressing the people around him with frantic rage—'Yes,' cried he, 'I swear I will pursue with fire and sword the tyrants who have driven us to despair; I swear to revenge the guiltless virgin whom they have treated like a reprobate courtesan; though I should perish on the scaffold for it, I will not have sworn in vain!' Both the people and the soldiers applauded his resolution. The frightful sight that was lying before them was indeed calculated to rouse their indignation! alas! their indignation could not give me back Rachel, and by averting my brother's arrest for a moment, it only contributed to deprive me of him for ever in the end.

"Ever since this dreadful day Lorenzo's character seemed totally changed. He had not shed a tear at Rachel's death, and during the two months that followed, not a murmur escaped his lips. One single idea had taken possession of his mind, and that idea was revenge. He never went out but armed, and each time he left home, he embraced me with trembling emotion, as though we should never meet again;

and, indeed, he had put into my hands the sum that my father had entrusted him with on his departure, telling me that I must learn to shift for myself come what would. When I pressed him to explain his meaning, he evaded my questions, and turned away with a sigh; and if, during our meals, my tearful eyes happened to meet his with an imploring look, he averted his face, and ran and shut himself up in his room.

"One day he did not appear at the usual hour; I stood on the threshold of the door to watch for his return, and I heard the neighbours say that some one had fired a pistol as the parish priest's coach went by, and that his secretary was killed. My thoughts at once flew to Lorenzo. A cold perspiration ran through all my limbs. I came back into the house, and sat down in despair in this very spot. I waited all the night, all the morrow, and the following night, but no Lorenzo appeared. I then became convinced of my misfortune. I was, moreover, told that my brother was suspected of having committed the deed, and that the police agents would no doubt come and search the house. Bad news is always more certain of being true than good news, and this was soon painfully proved by the arrival of a detachment of soldiers, who, during several days, made repeated perquisitions in our dwelling, and without the least regard for my affliction, taunted me with the coarsest language and most cruel threats.

"Luckily my father returned at this juncture. His presence gave me the courage to attempt to live, for I had resolved to die of hunger, and for three days I had followed up this fatal resolution. I don't know whether my father was afraid of increasing my grief by the sight of his own, but he received the news without betraying the least agitation, and only said that we must be resigned to God's will. He, however, took the necessary steps for obtaining the privilege of not being exiled from Rome, a measure usually adopted towards the parents of state criminals. My father was allowed to remain, on account of his having been absent at the moment the event took place, and perhaps they hoped, by watching all his actions, to discover his son's hiding-place, for no one knew what had become of him. But my father is prudent, and though I have every reason to believe that he knows where Lorenzo is concealed, he will not suffer himself to be surprised."

Nina was just at this point of her interesting narrative, when the noise of a key turning in the lock made her be-

come silent. She signed me to be discreet by placing her finger on her lips, and went to embrace her father, who entered. Fernando appeared surprised, and put out on finding me in his lodgings at so early an hour, but Nina perceiving this, very adroitly gave him to understand that I had but just arrived; and after we had exchanged a few words, Fernando proposed to me to take our walk through the Eternal City, which we accordingly did.

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More than a month had passed by since I had become possessed of a portion of Fernando's secrets. One evening after accompanying a friend back to the top of the *Quirinale*, I found a crowd of people, of all ages and sexes, about to march forth singing canticles of a solemn and majestic character. These were the Purgatorii, or in other words, persons who assemble every Friday to pray for the souls in purgatory. I resolved to avail myself of the opportunity of sauntering about Rome during the night, and mingling with the crowd, I walked out of the town by St. Lorenzo's gate. But instead of following the road leading to this Basilica, I took the *via Labricana*, an ancient road but little frequented, in hopes of getting sooner into the open country. I fancied that the country about Rome, especially at such an hour, would fill me with a melancholy sensation, in which my imagination delighted to indulge. I was obliged to walk a couple of miles before I was able to leave the high road, which was skirted by long walls and impenetrable hedges. This monotony, so tiresome by daylight, acquires an imposing aspect by night: it seems as if it were the labyrinth of infinity. The moon had just risen, and lighted up some valuable fragments that the vilest taste has suffered to be mixed up with cement, of which strange materials the neighbouring tombs were constructed. A thousand reflections arose to my mind, all more or less relative to the emptiness of sublunary things. Who, indeed, would not have found ample food for such reflections, on beholding the marble fragments of the Capitol serving to close the patrimony of a vine-dresser?

A sort of cavern now stood before me, which seemed to have been formed by the giving way of the ground above. On stooping to examine it, I perceived that the interior was vast, and having entered after a moment's hesitation, I found it was a tomb in the style of the *Colombaria*. The walls of the vault were coated with stucco, elegantly elaborated. I dipped my arm into several of the urns, and drew out some handfuls of ashes and burnt bones. While disturbing these

cold remains, death appeared to me far less hideous than it seems in our Christian sepulchres. The Romans, it is true, did not convert their tombs into bugbears; they considered them as temples raised to the *Diis manibus*, where pious hands placed the urn of a benefactor or of some valued freedman; and instead of a repulsive putrefaction forbidding all approach, their remains, purified by fire, were watered by the tears of affection and covered with perfumes and flowers.

On leaving this sepulchre I mended my pace, and found myself in a deserted spot. Several owls who were whirling round these shapeless and gigantic ruins, and an innumerable quantity of fireflies sparkling like so many stars in the midst of the fern and on the banks of the river, seemed the only living beings near me. The accidents of the soil had every now and then formed what appeared like the craters of an extinct volcano, and were sometimes real precipices. The ground, which was cracked here and there, trembled several times under my feet, and I could hear the roaring of a subterranean torrent. I then understood the full meaning of what had been once said in my hearing, namely, "that the country about Rome presents nearly as many dangers to those who reconnoitre it, as to those who would attempt to clear it for cultivation," and I advanced with great precaution. Who could have helped me had I fallen into some precipice?

Whichever way I looked I saw nothing but ruins, the silvery summit of the Apennines and the sky above me, and no sound met my ears save the plaintive hymns of the Purgatorii fading away in the distance like the moaning of the wind through the crenated pinnacles of a cathedral.

I was not, however, alone. Just as I had sat down on the edge of one of those pseudo craters, a voice resounded through the hollow rocks, "Help me father," it said, "I am so weak I can scarcely move." I looked round in surprise, and lending an attentive ear, I heard a rustling of brambles and thistles, and I could distinguish two figures slowly emerging from the bottom of the abyss. "Oh!" exclaimed the same voice, "How the soft light of the moon refreshes my weary sight! I have been pining so long in the dreary darkness of this quarry; but how comforted I should be, if by the light of the same moon I could but once more behold my sister's beloved face!" I at once recognised Fernando in the voice of his companion, who replied: "You must not expect it. We ought to be thankful enough to Providence for giving me the means of eluding the vigilance of the Argus-eyed police. But let us sit down, my

son, and before we venture further, have the courage to take some nourishment. The fear of being betrayed by the moonlight has made me bring but little, but if you husband well these few provisions, they will last till I am able to return."

"Father," replied Lorenzo (for it was he), "you know that I never consume all the food you bring me. This state of forced inactivity at the bottom of a cavern, the damp air that I breathe; my tedious existence, and consuming grief, have all combined to injure my health and give me a distaste for every sort of nourishment. I have but one wish left—to see my sister, and then die!"

"My son, you distress me with those sad thoughts."

"O father! you know it is not my fault if I do. While Rachel still existed, my sole wish was to live in quiet obscurity. But she is no more! at least if I could have revenged her!"

"Be calm, my son, I entreat you; your exclamations may be heard, and your retreat will be traced, and you undone."

"Oh! father, you know that I am not alarmed at the thoughts of death; and if I have taken refuge in the catacombs, it is only to save you from a cruel exile, and from the painful idea of my bloody head rolling at the feet of the populace. Had I been an orphan, I should have acted differently."

Fernando looked anxiously around. I was in the shade, consequently escaped his eye. Somewhat reassured about the safety of their interview, he said feelingly to his son, while the latter took some refreshment: "You appear to me too bent on revenge; Christ's holy gospel teaches us to pardon the injuries we have received; and could this mild precept but take possession of your heart, I doubt not but you would feel some relief."

"Hear me, father; I did not give myself up to the full excess of my resentment without having previously endeavoured to conquer it. Heaven is my witness, that had one of my equals reduced me even to despair by the most fiendish wickedness, I could yet have pardoned him, because some repentance might have been expected from him. But when men in power oppress the innocent whom they ought to protect, when they conceal their brutal passions under the vile mask of hypocrisy, and dare to inflict the stigma of a shameful punishment on virtue's self—so rare as it is on earth—when they deprive the orphan of his liberty—his only treasure—how can they lay any claim to profit by the maxims of the holy Gospel? and you, can you consistently blame me for execrating and cursing those who have steeped my youth in bitterness by assassinating my beloved; she who was one day

to have been my partner for life? Oh! no doubt, were justice dealt with an even hand in this land of oppression, I should have loudly cried for revenge before the assembled judges; and when the law had been about to strike the guilty, I might then, and then only, have recommended him to Divine mercy. But you know that all complaints, if uttered against those in power, are accounted as so many crimes in Rome, and punished by banishment. Tyrants are always most suspicious when most hated, and they cannot hear a sigh without a cold perspiration creeping all over them; and had I attempted to arraign Rachel's murderers, they would only have slandered her memory. O father! father! there is no society where despotism reigns triumphant, and no order where violence usurps the place of law. In such a state of things man preserves his natural rights, and force alone can deprive him of them. I wished to make use of mine, but fate betrayed my courage, and Rachel, Rachel is unrevenged!"

As he pronounced these words a shudder of horror convulsed Lorenzo's frame. "Ah! Rachel," cried he, while sobs almost choked his utterance, "my beloved, your image is still before me. I still behold those dying eyes fixed upon my face; I still seem to press within my arms that writhing, dislocated form, to feel your last breath upon my cheek—and yet—yet you are unrevenged!" and as he spoke he tore his hair, and beat his head on the ground.

"For Heaven's sake," cried Fernando, folding his son in his arms, "I conjure you to banish those dreadful thoughts, that will unseat your reason. However legitimate your resentment may be, it must give way to necessity."

"Your heart disowns your words," replied the young man in a solemn voice; you curse inwardly the execrable tyranny that has reduced your son to bury himself alive within these tombs, and deprived your old age of its support. You conceal your tears, unhappy father; but think you that even the darkness, profound as it is, hinders my perceiving that your hair has turned white? In this very moment the moon betrays your paleness; and I see wrinkles stamped upon your brow. These sad traces of the inroads grief has made upon your person—grief, too, endured on my account—are so many daggers to my heart. I suffer for you, and my resentment grows all the more inveterate from the pangs I see you endure."

Fernando was weeping silently, his face hid between his hands, while his son, exhausted by his own emotion, was leaning upon a stone, his eyes directed towards Heaven. A

silent spectator of this heart-rending scene, I scarcely dared breathe, lest I should betray my presence, feeling convinced that it was better for my friend's peace of mind that I should seem ignorant of his secret. A quarter of an hour passed in this manner, at the end of which Fernando, raising his head, as if suddenly roused from a profound lethargy: "I hear," said he, "the singing of the Purgatorii. They are returning to Rome; but let us separate, my son; it is now high time." So saying, they embraced each other, and Fernando made a precipitate retreat. His son, after gathering up the provisions that he had scarcely touched, retired sorrowfully into the depths of the catacombs. As for myself, wholly absorbed by my reflections, I walked about for a time; and determined not to return to Rome till daylight, I spent the rest of the night in a tomb.

I had been to visit Tivoli with its smiling villas. Frascati and the lake of Nemi, had likewise been explored. In short I had been absent ten days from Rome. On my return I found a letter from Nina dated the day before, in which she earnestly requested me to go and see her. Surprised at this message and prepared for some sad event, I lost no time in complying with her request.

Nina was at the window, waiting for my appearance. Her agitation, her tears, the very sound of her voice as she wished me good morning, and the disorder of the room, every thing, in short, about her and around her, seemed to imply that some great misfortune had befallen her. I dared not ask any questions.

"My father," said she, "has not appeared for six days; he must be either dead or arrested. Not daring to seek any information personally, I have applied to you as the only real friend that I have left. For pity's sake, if you have the least idea what has become of my father, tell me—or at least help to obtain this knowledge. I am an orphan without a support or a protector—do not forsake me."

And Nina threw her arms about me and sobbed aloud. I did not hesitate to promise that in less than two days I would bring her news of her father, and having somewhat calmed her I left the house; not without emotion, to begin my researches.

After the scene I had witnessed, it was no great stretch of penetration to guess that Fernando had been obliged to remain with his son; and this conjecture was all the more plausible, as my friend's melancholy had much increased of late,

and the cause of it I had too much reason to fear was the increasing debility of Lorenzo's state. Convinced that such was the case, I determined on descending into the catacombs, without, however, concealing from myself either the difficulties or the danger attending such an undertaking. How was I to penetrate without a guide into these dark caverns, where the communications are constantly interrupted by the giving way of the walls, and ever and anon converted into fathomless abysses by the dripping of antediluvian waters? Nothing but the friendship I bore Fernando, the interest inspired by his unhappy family, and a vague wish of obtaining the good graces of Nina's father, could have induced me to set at nought such a combination of discouraging circumstances.

Having provided myself with a box of phosphoric matches, and some wax candles, a dark lantern, and several balls of string, besides a scrip containing some provisions, I left Rome at the decline of day, and followed the road leading to that part of the country where I recollected to have seen a great number of inequalities in the soil.

I walked a long while in the midst of the brambles without being able to identify the abyss at the edge of which I had involuntarily become possessed of Fernando's secret. The aspect of the site itself had undergone some changes owing to the violent rains that had fallen since my last visit, and the frequent commotions of the subterranean soil. However, some bones of fowls already turned quite white, and some scraps of paper on which I recognised my friend's writing, enabled me to trace the spot I was seeking, and all further doubts were put an end to when, on stooping, I discovered the marks of men's footsteps on the ground, and perceived the mouth of a cavern; into this I descended therefore, and having fastened the thread that was to serve as a clue to the pinnacle of a rock, I began to explore the labyrinth.

More than once I was obliged to crawl upon my hands in the midst of the masses of earth that had given way, at the risk of being crushed by other masses falling upon my head. At other times my progress seemed about to be impeded by sheets of water that were making their way through the crevices of the vaulted roof; it was necessary to pass through the midst of this deluge, and to jump over the precipices formed beneath. Now and then I stopped, and lent an attentive ear in order to distinguish the sounds proceeding from these deep cavities, and no sooner was I convinced that it was the echo of my footsteps or the reverberation of the torrents than I proceeded on my way.

For a moment I fancied I heard a low moaning beside me : but on advancing cautiously, I found that it was the growling of a fox who was gnawing some bones ; he no sooner saw me than he took flight. A horrible thought suddenly crossed my mind, already a prey to the most sinister apprehensions. I examined attentively the bones he had been picking ; they did not belong to our species, and I thanked heaven it was so, for my imagination seemed prepared by the horrors of the place and the motives that had brought me thither, to find the most dreadful traces.

Three hours had passed since I was wandering in the labyrinthian windings of this mournful solitude, and as yet I had discovered nothing. Worn with fatigue, and lost in sad reflections, I at length sat down. Nothing absorbs time like disappointment—and thus a part of the night passed away almost imperceptibly. I was at length awakened from my reverie by these agonized exclamations:—"My son, my dearest son! open your eyes! Lorenzo, unhappy child, 'tis I, 'tis your father who calls to you! But his breath seems stopped, his hands are like ice. Lorenzo! ah! wretched father, my son's heart has ceased to beat—all is over! Oh God! Oh God! my prayers have been unavailing, and my tears have not touched the Almighty! Oh! unutterable despair and wretchedness! Nothing but a corrupted mass of flesh will soon remain of my son, my Lorenzo!"

Such were the heartrending lamentations of this unhappy man in whom the reader has no doubt recognised Fernando, and the echoes busily repeated: "My son! my Lorenzo!"

I hastened to the spot whence proceeded these wailings. At the sight of the light I bore, Fernando, half frantic, cried out: "Come, oh! come on, ye barbarous satellites of despotism, and feast your eyes on the tears of a father reduced to despair. Complete your nefarious work, ye monsters; drag this lifeless body that I am embracing, to the scaffold; inflict your tortures upon it, and throw me into some dungeon where you heap up your victims, but beware of Divine justice, that sooner or later never fails to reach perjured witnesses."

"Fernando," I replied, "you are mistaken, it is your friend who is come to look after you, and to offer you his consolations, if, indeed, the grief of a father admits of any."

"What! is it you? and how have you discovered—"

"I have known it all this long while."

"You knew it? Well then, you will help to dig a grave for my son, will you not, my good friend?" and fixing his eyes for a moment on the lifeless remains of Lorenzo, he pressed his lips to his forehead, and watered it with his tears; then, snatching up a pickaxe that he had given his son in order to scoop out a passage through the cavern in case of accident, he sorrowfully began to dig a grave. I helped him to accomplish this painful task, and we succeeded, with some difficulty, in forming a trench of sufficient size.

My heart is saddened by the recollection of this scene of anguish. I still fancy I see my friend bending over the earth that was about to swallow up for ever the beloved fruit of his marriage. I still seem to hear his sighs, and shudder as though the clammy dampness of this sepulchre, were recalled to my senses as vividly as my real sorrow for this unhappy man.

By the time my friend rose from his position, having shed all his tears, it was six o'clock in the morning. I appeared put out at this, but Fernando observed: "What have I to fear now? Let us go forth, I no longer require the mysterious darkness of night; daylight can no longer betray me." And we returned to Rome, where Nina received us with transports of joy, which soon, however, gave way to the sincerest affliction.

A MONTH AFTER.

I learned from Fernando that the last time he visited his son, having found him at the point of death, he determined not to leave him any more; that he had nursed him for several days, at the end of which Lorenzo taking from his neck a lock of hair which he had received from Rachel, had requested him to give it to Nina, and after pronouncing her name, and murmuring that of his beloved, he had pressed his father's hand, and expired.

The day before I left Rome, Fernando informed me of his intention of leaving that city and going to live in Turin, where he had some possessions. Our parting was a sad one; a secret foreboding told me that I should never see him again any more than poor Nina, who deserved a better fate.

EPILOGUE.

FIVE YEARS AFTER.

The 25th February, 18—, I received a letter sealed with black. I opened it. It was dated from Turin, and ran as follows:—

SIR,

I beg to inform you that yesterday, the 22nd January, Fernando yielded up his soul to his Maker. For a week before he had been impressed with the idea that this day, which was the anniversary of his son's death, would likewise be his last.

His poor daughter, who became a nun at the convent of the Annunciata a year ago, obtained the favour of tending the dying man, and watching beside his bed. I scarcely dare hope that she will survive this fatal event.

AUBER,

Priest of the Cathedral of St. Giovanni
Battismo, at Turin.

PS.—My letter remained a long while without being sent on this account:—Having informed Nina of my intention of writing to you according to her father's wish, she requested me to defer my intention for a few days: "you will then be able," said she, "to inform our friend at the same time that both daughter and father have quitted this earth, for I feel I cannot last much longer." These words have been confirmed by the event, and on the 18th instant, Nina went to join her family in heaven; she was a model of the most angelic virtues.

20th February, 18—.

During six months I was frequently asked what relations I had lost, and why I was in mourning? I had two friends the less upon earth!

CHAPTER II.

Panoramic View of Rome —Present State of Rome and its Environs.—Rome as it was under the Cæsars, and as it is under the Popes.

I HAD reached Rome the day before, and taken up my abode at an hotel; but neither the fatigue of the journey, nor the allurements of “tired nature’s soft restorer,” could induce me to tarry in bed till broad daylight, in search of that rest which my eager curiosity forbade my taking.

Morning was just beginning to dawn, when, impatient to contemplate this most famous of all cities, I went up to the terrace at the top of the hotel, where I was equally surprised and struck on beholding domes and palaces rising on every side. Most houses possess these terraces, which generally form a sort of hanging garden, filled with orange trees and flower pots, the joint property of the inhabitants; and those not ornamented in this manner are adorned by a kind of pavilion, open on all sides, and forming a favourite resort for enjoying the cool breezes of evening. These buildings are called *loggie*.

The numerous sloping terraces formed by gentle hills, would add a very picturesque feature to the town, were they not concealed by the houses. The inequalities of the soil, however, and the consequent manner in which the principal buildings are disposed, furnish many happy subjects for the artist’s pencil. The roofs being flat, and projecting considerably, besides adding a fresh dignity to the severe and grand style of architecture generally adopted, possess the inestimable advantage of furnishing shade to the street. These roofs are of a yellowish coloured tile; the bricks which are made frequent use of, are likewise of the same hue. A church opposite me presented Corinthian columns perfectly executed, entirely of this material; and be it said, with due deference to French and English masons, they are far behind the Italians in this style of building.

I observed in all the houses that the windows are placed at
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considerable intervals, and consequently afford but little light to the room within; but this appeared to me to be a necessary precaution for tempering the excessive heat of summer, and preserving the interior as cool as possible. All the staircases, mostly exterior ones, are constructed of a volcanic stone called *peperino*, from its likeness to pepper. I had already had occasion to observe in passing through northern Italy that wood is not much used for flooring; indeed, a boarded floor is almost unknown.

The more I gazed, the more I was struck with the difference of Roman habits from those of Paris and London; visible even in this external glance. The system of wires attached to each house for the purpose of drawing buckets out of wells up to the highest stories, beautifully exemplifying the ingenuity of laziness—the pavement of the sloping streets, consisting of small, black, square stones, fastened together by a sort of cement, not strong enough, however, to prevent stones and all being carried away together at the rainy season, when the gutters are swollen into torrents—everything, in short, proclaimed that I was in a foreign land.

At length I came down from the contemplation of this living panorama; and, turning my steps towards the house of an Italian artist, who had become an inhabitant of Rome some years since, and to whom a friend of mine had given me a letter of introduction, I breakfasted with my friend's friend, after which he said to me: "We will now pay a visit to the Capitol, from whence you will obtain a view of the whole town and its environs; your future explorations will depend on the nature of the impression that you will receive on this classic spot."

So saying, Antoni led the way towards the southern extremity of modern Rome. Here I perceived a large staircase, or rather a sloping pathway, between two balustrades, ornamented with a couple of lions in Egyptian basalt; this leads to a platform where the eye of the amateur is at once attracted by some admirable marble trophies, wrongly attributed to Marius. Besides these, we find an equestrian statue in bronze of Marcus Aurelius, and several other pieces of ancient sculpture; and a palace, divided into three several buildings, forms a frame round the open space. Such is the Capitol. From the centre of the edifice rises a tower that overlooks the whole country; and the young artist who served as my cicerone having taken me to its topmost height, addressed me as follows:—

"I shall not say a word about the power of ancient Rome.

There is not a child, either in France, England, or any other civilized country but what, according to the usual routine of education, is perfectly well acquainted with the anecdote of Alcibiades' dog, or of Domitian's turbot, while the history of his individual country is a sealed book to him. Without wishing to apply this remark to you personally, I take it for granted that, in common with all other children, you knew from the earliest possible age how Romulus and Remus were exposed on the Tiber, suckled by a she-wolf, and, after becoming the chiefs of a band of robbers, at length founded the city of martial triumphs. But we will leave aside the history of her kings, the principal features of which are a fratricide, a parricide, and a violent adultery; and I will spare you all comment upon her republican virtues, which had little amiability to recommend them, and her military glory, founded as it was on the wreck of the universe, and simply inform you that under the consulship of Sempronius this city, which then only included seven hills, and contained a hundred and thirty-three thousand inhabitants, since increased its size to such a degree that in Aurelian's time it reckoned two millions of citizens, and, if we may give faith to Vopiscus, the circumference of its walls was of fifty miles. That portion of the walls that begins at the foot of Mount Aventine, behind the Pyramid of Cæstius, and extends on our left as far as the church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, belongs to Honorius's time; provided exteriorly with turrets, they present on the inward side numerous arcades, the pilasters of which, pierced transversely, form a gallery where the besieged might circulate, protected alike from sun or rain. Another time you will have occasion to examine the bold construction of the ramparts on the north of the modern tower, in that particular style of architecture called reticular; they are partly of tophus and partly of brick and belong to a more ancient epoch. The rest of the walls, raised by the Goths and the Normans, present a heterogeneous and preposterous medley of shapeless stones and precious marble. In passing through the town, you must already have perceived that you were treading over porphyry and green marble, veined with white and red streaks; you have seen Egyptian granite fashioned into posts, marble chapters supporting the pavement, and tombs of exquisite workmanship degraded into serving as troughs for swine. You will, therefore, be little surprised when you come to see elegant friezes and pompous inscriptions applied to the most worthless materials in the construction of the towers built in the middle ages. Whole statues

have been swallowed up in this senseless manner, and you will often long to knock down some unmeaning battlements in order to rescue some precious fragment.

"Since my residence in Rome, I have frequently repaired to this very spot, and yet the same feeling of melancholy invariably comes over me each time I contemplate the majestic ruins that surround us. How, indeed, can we help mourning over the fragility of man's works, when we consider that where the eye sees nothing now but vineyards, kitchen gardens, and silent monasteries, the busy swarms of the sovereign people once filled the scene with their restless existence. The palace that we behold at our feet, is itself founded on the ruins of the ancient Tabularium, where the Roman laws were preserved. Later, when you inspect it more closely, its ruins will prove to you that in point of magnificence, it yielded to no other edifice. The whole space comprised between the basis of this august ruin and Mount Celius, that you perceive to the south, was occupied by the Forum* and the *Via Sacra*; it was on this spot that the assembled tribes pronounced judgment upon kings, and gave away empires. Several monuments are still standing, though considerably injured by fire and the vandalism of the Popes. But a small portion has escaped mutilation at the hands of these two destroying influences.

"The first, that you see on the left, at the foot of the Capitol, is a triumphal arch which the people and the senate of Rome dedicated to Septimius Severus, and to his sons Caracalla and Geta. The materials are rich, and the bas-reliefs, representing feats of military prowess, are doubtless interesting; yet, as a whole, it displeases by its heaviness, and the want of finish in its details. The portico on the right belonged to the temple of Fortune; the ruins beside it are those of the temple of Concord, famous for the assemblies that the senate held within its walls. That isolated column that rises in the midst of the Forum was long thought to have been erected in honour of the Gordians; then it passed for the remains of the front of a temple; at length a foreign lady caused some researches to be made at its basis, and it was found out that the pillar was dedicated to the very excellent, pious, and merciful, and of course most august

* When the Forum became the receptacle of the cattle intended to victual Rome, its name was changed to the *Campo Vaccino*, or field of oxen, as the Capitol was converted into the *Campidoglio*, or field of oil. The origin of the Forum is traced up to the times of Romulus. It was at first 600 feet long and 400 wide. It was called Forum from *ferre*, to carry, because cultivators repaired thither to sell the produce of their lands.

emperor, Phocas—erected at what peculiar passage of his life, should you think? Why at the moment when the monster had just assassinated his master and benefactor, Maurice.* After this, we must never judge men according to their titles.

"Of all these temples, or ruins of temples, that you perceive to the right or to the left, as you advance towards the south, the portico of that of Antoninus and Faustina alone is so denominated, on certain grounds. After this you will see a beautiful arch belonging to Titus, which we recognize as such, by the Israelitish trophies with which it is decorated. Another arch, half concealed by the south-east angle of Mount Palatine, was erected in commemoration of Constantine's victories. The Romans, already grown barbarous under his reign, decorated this monument with the spoils they stripped off from the virtuous Trajan's basilica. The excellence of the fragments thus acquired, contrasts strangely with the paltriness of the rest of the materials; yet as a whole, this piece of architecture, which is extremely well preserved, has somehow an air of grandeur and majesty.

"Beyond this are the giant remains of a kind of elliptic citadel. This was Vespasian's famous circus, built by the Jews after the fall of Jerusalem. It was there that men went to feast their ears on the frightful shrieks of their fellow creatures torn to pieces by wild beasts by way of pastime for the wealthy. It is now called the Coliseum."

"But," said I to my obliging cicerone, "you have not yet shown me the palace of the Cæsars."

My companion smiled bitterly at this remark, and directing his finger towards a hill tolerably near us, he continued thus:—"Look at this eminence, which you might take for a fortress, for it is encircled by solid walls, and guess what it was? The elm, the laurel, the fig-tree, together with

* This column of the Corinthian order is on lower ground than the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus. It was erected under the exarchy of Smaraglo, in 608, to the emperor Phocas. Thus, in the seventh century—i.e., after the pretended devastations of the Huns, the Vandals, and the Ostrogoths, the level of the Forum was the same as it had been ages before, when it served as the theatre for popular eloquence. Now-a-days the level of this same Forum nearly corresponds with the middle of the shaft of Phocas' column. A distinguished archæologist, Mr. Nibby, attributes this sinking of the ground to the wars of the middle ages—to Robert Guiscard, for instance, who in 1084 carried fire and sword into the Christian city to rescue Pope Gregory VII. and to Brancalione, who two centuries later demolished every ancient ruin that could serve as a hiding-place for the insurgents. Præcopius informs us that the Romans rooted up the fine statues of Adrian's mausoleum to hurl them at the barbarians.

brambles and thistles, are shooting out in wild confusion on its sides. On its summit you may discover cabbages and artichokes—not the most poetical of vegetables, to be sure. Rustic as it is, however, this spot once held the houses of Catilina and the Gracchi. There, likewise, towered the gilded palace of a Nero, and the magnificent baths of Livia. An aqueduct, whose bold proportions we still admire, introduced a stream of water into this favoured spot, threw its spray up into the air in the midst of delicious gardens, ornamented with the masterpieces of Grecian statuary. We are now far from the days when kings attended as courtiers upon the Emperor, and waited the favour of a smile! The acclamations of crowds of flatterers, the sounds of melodious instruments, that tell of festive scenes, the noisy voice of revelry, are exercised for ever! Alas! here are nought but solitary goats, and the ill-omened owl has replaced the eagle that looked down upon the whole universe!

“If you are desirous of finding some vestiges of Rome’s former magnificence, you must seek it there where it existed not; for the whole of these inhabited portions that we see towards the north, was formerly beyond the walls, and formed the *Campus Martius*. The gentle slope by which we reached the top of the Capitol was cut through the steep rock that served as a bulwark on this side. The new town, as you perceive, is only a third as extensive as the ancient one; yet it is hardly inferior in magnificence. Look at its numerous temples and its palaces. The Vatican and its basilica are more vast than the palaces of the Cæsars; and, like the latter, owes its splendour to the tributes of the universe. For Rome, more powerful in fact under the Popes in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries than she had ever been under the Emperors, gorged herself for the second time with the spoils of the world. Rising from her ashes like the fabled phoenix, she snatched from the crumbling and ruined temples of heathen worship the valuable marbles that ornament her churches; and thus the bronzes of the Pantheon have become sanctified on the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles.

“The lover of the fine arts on examining this immense basilica cannot help sighing over the barbarous taste of those ancient times. Not a pillar that he admires, not a block of porphyry that he treads upon, but what betrays some vandal act of spoliation; and yet we are indebted for this very indifference of our forefathers to that antiquity which we so highly venerate, for this wonder, if not of human genius, at any rate of human magnificence and power. Former times, indeed,

have left no remains of any monument that can rival the church of St. Peter; and future generations will justly marvel over its past splendour, when its gigantic arches shall be level with the ground, and furnish food in turn for the meditations of the philosopher.

“Public opinion, however, that most powerful of all divinities, that dragged the human race, like abject slaves, to bow and adore at the foot of the papal throne, has now abandoned the Popes, and the opulence and the dazzling splendour that surrounded them have fled from the country. The gold of Mexico and Peru no longer flows like a tributary stream to swell their riches. Portugal and Spain scarcely pay a third of their diminished tithe. No more annates come from France, nor St. Peter’s pence from England, any more than the Spanish genet or the Neapolitan tribute; even the very sons of Rome begin to lend an ear to the philosophical doctrines which obtain in all other parts of the world, and cease to bequeath legacies to encourage idleness. The ardour of pilgrimage is nearly extinct, and charity has dwindled down to such a degree that on the occasion of a basilica being partially damaged by fire, Christ’s vicar on earth was forced to beg alms in all quarters, and to meet with refusals everywhere. What, indeed, would avail a few thousand francs collected in this manner, when millions would be necessary to restore *St. Paolo fuori delle mura** to its primitive splendour? We might seek in vain in history’s pages for an example of a more rapid decline than that of both the temporal and spiritual power of the Pope; and, speaking only of Rome, I observe that thirty years ago, it contained one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, while now it numbers only forty-five thousand; thus, while other capitals have increased their population, this city cannot preserve hers.

“Although the sun has been sometime above the horizon,” continued Antoni, “you can glance over all the edifices of the town without any smoke arising from a factory sully the transparent purity of the air. Enter the palaces, and you will find them mostly uninhabited; while the churches will frequently display their pompous ceremonies in a desert. If you listen attentively to catch the sounds that denote the presence of human beings congregated in a social state,

* This church, destroyed by fire, July 10th, 1823, was said to have been erected by Constantine the Great. The aisles were supported by four rows of Corinthian pillars of costly marble. It contained all the portraits of the Popes that St. Leo had caused to be copied in mosaic from St. Peter down to his own times.

you will hear neither the busy hum that rises from an industrious city, nor the distant tones of instruments that bespeak gaiety and dissipation. Rome, in short, in its present state of physical stagnation, is little better than a handsome corpse that strangers flock to see and to admire before its complete dissolution.

"If we look beyond the walls that enclose the town, we shall discover an immense plain, bounded to the south-west by the sea, to the south by the Latium mountains, and to the east and the north by the Sabine hills; the ruins that cover them are the tombs of their former rulers. That long line of arcades, with many of its piers unroofed, and looking like so many giants stalking across a desert, are the ruins of the temple of Claudius. The neighbouring group of mountains by which it seems bounded presents a sort of amphitheatre that frames the lake of Albano: the highest point of these mountains is the *Monte Cave*. Here was Alba Longa, and below it was Hannibal's camp. On the sides of these mountains you perceive different white specks, like flocks of lambs grazing in separate masses; these are the towns of Alba Nova, of Marino, of Jenzano, and Castel-Gandolfo. The blackish vapours gathered into one vast cloud, and hanging above these like an enormous parasol, give us warning that the bad weather of the preceding night will be renewed to-morrow; this sign is infallible. A belt of snow encircles the plain on the other side, this is the crest of the Appenines; and those azure and silver threads interwoven in the district before you are so many branches of the Tiber.

"Should you some day roam through that rural district, every step you take will recall some recollection of the past. The abodes of Horace and Mæcenas, Adrian's villa, the site of Tusculum, and the ruins of Palestrina, will speak in turn both to your imagination and your heart. The trees on the declivities of the hills will appear surrounded by a halo of antiquity, and will remind you of the sacred woods of Pagan worship. The very fountains, the rocks, the silent caverns, and the pathways all bearing some poetic appellation, will excite emotions that you vainly seek for elsewhere, for on this hallowed spot everything seems instinct with life and inspiration—the shade of the groves, the freshness of the valleys, the purity of the air and the brightness of the sky—all seem to bear direct reference to the imaginative dreams of mythology.

"The rich vegetation on the sides of the mountains forms a striking contrast with the barrenness of the plain. Yet you

must not fancy it was always thus: the ploughshare of a Cincinnatus and a Cato did not till an unfruitful soil. But, during the feudal ages it was abandoned by the husbandmen who flew to the mountains to escape the extortions of the thousand tyrants that laid waste this beautiful country, and for want of cultivation it insensibly grew unable to produce aught but rushes and brambles. Being besides honeycombed by an immense number of quarries that drain off all the nourishing moisture of the soil, and injured by the frequent sinking of the ground, it presents inevitable dangers to any one who, from the wish of seeing everything, should be imprudent enough to attempt to explore it."

We were about leaving the theatre of our observations, when Antoni bid me return. "Do not let us go down yet," said he, "I want to make you acquainted with the productions of the country. Amongst the animals there is a race of barbs of small stature but of extreme vivacity. The oxen that are employed indifferently for drawing carts, or ploughing, are generally grey, and distinguishable from your French ones by their nobler build and their magnificent horns. We also make use of the buffalo, a frightful and dangerous animal; his horns being bent backwards he makes use of their butt end to crush either man or beast who has provoked him. The female yields a great deal of milk from which a rough kind of cheese is compounded, which is rather in request, and is called *Provatura*.

"You will often see the public squares thronged from early morning with flocks of goats that come to be milked; their milk is preferred to that of cows; and artists take a delight in pencilling the groups formed by these interesting animals on the peristyles of palaces, and the steps of temples."

"Amongst the indigenous productions of the vegetable kingdom we may remark the holm, the laurel, the pine, the orange-tree, and the olive-tree, both of which being always either green or loaded with fruit, contribute to redeem winter from its usually naked appearance. Oranges, lemons, citrons, figs, water melons, and a species of grape denominated *Pizutello*, are the fruits that this soil produces in the greatest perfection. Those vegetables requiring careful cultivation have degenerated for want of proper attention; but rice and maize, which the natives consume in great quantities, flourish exceedingly well. The vineyards produce a variety of wines, which, however, are held in little or no estimation on account of their not bearing to be kept.

"Our temperature, liable indeed to sudden changes, is

dangerous only to those foreigners who neglect the necessary precautions which experience points out. The influence, too, of the Pontine marshes has been greatly exaggerated; their ague-fraught exhalations during the heat of summer are a nuisance common to all marshy spots, and only affect the immediate locality.

“ The Emperor Napoleon, that stupendous genius so little understood by his contemporaries, had projected the emancipation of Italy. Rome, situated as it is in the centre of the peninsula, on a fine river, and not far from the sea, would again have become the Queen of the South. Naples, Venice, Milan, and Florence, united to her empire, would have lost sight of their petty rivalries in the necessity of a natural bond of union; and thus the vast family whose patrimony lies within the Alps, once freed from the yoke of twenty small tyrants, would have taken its stand amongst the first of nations. The catastrophe that bereft us of this bright future was the fall of a single man! The work of our regeneration was ripening in his brain, and he was about to accomplish it, when, betrayed by fortune and his own ungrateful followers, and become a victim to the jealousy of the kings he had humbled, he fell—he expired—and we have sunk back into worse than our former degradation.”

Antoni sighed, and said no more; his tearful eyes glanced rapidly over the superb panorama that he had been calling into life, as it were, by his varied descriptions, and faltering out the word *patria*, he mournfully descended the steps of the tower. I followed him with some degree of emotion. There was something noble and melancholy in his language and expressions that touched me, and inclined me to love him. Nor did this favourable disposition cease on a further acquaintance.

CHAPTER III.

THE BANKER TORLONIA.

I ALWAYS took a delight in referring to the origin of those brilliant careers with the heroes of which I have come into contact, or whose path through life I may have merely crossed by accident. In Rome, the materials for such a study are never wanting; for if it be true that even to the greatest of sinners, according to a Catholic's view of the subject, Rome offers the safest port to rest after being tossed about on the troubled waters of the passions, it is equally true that to the man of the world, and to the searching observer, Rome is the very best observatory from which one may look down, as from the pinnacle of a rock, upon the foaming billows of the world, and the stir and turmoil of a thousand individualities, whether native or foreign that are swarming about like the countless inhabitants of a bee-hive.

Next to the Pope, the greatest modern curiosity in Rome is unquestionably the banker Torlonia. In Paris we have seen Lafitte, who rose from a simple carpenter to a banker, commandsufficient influence, by dint of money and connexions, to overturn the elder branch of the Bourbons, then raise himself up to the presidentship of the cabinet council, from whence, however, his incapacity caused him to experience a fall somewhat like that of Icarus. But Lafitte, even at the height of his glory, was still a banker, and plain Lafitte as before. In Rome, Torlonia, who rose much higher from a much lower origin, is now the head of a ducal and princely house. The history of his elevation deserves to be related; nor is it any fault of ours if it seems to partake of the marvellous, and to begin like the fairy tales of our childhood.

There was once upon a time—not very long ago, for if our memory serves us rightly, it was towards 1792—a poor *valet de place* of that low condition called in Italy *servitore di piazza*.

This *servitore di piazza* inhabited the Eternal City, and was generally to be seen in the *Piazza di Spagna*, waiting for customers, and gained a scanty livelihood by picking up a few *paoli* for showing the Colosseum to English travellers, or by acting as their interpreter, to the best of his powers. By dint of zeal, and, above all, of honesty, in a country where honesty is a somewhat rare commodity, he managed to find custom amongst artists and tourists, and got recommended by one to the other.

Step by step, from one recommendation to another, the *servitore di piazza*, having risen to the dignity of *cicerone*, happened to be recommended to M. de Basseville, formerly editor of the *Mercure National*, conjointly with Mallet de Pau, and at a later period editor of the *Journal d'Etat*, in which Carra wrote. M. de Basseville came to Rome nominally in the official capacity of secretary to the embassy, but in reality, as others aver, as a kind of envoy extraordinary, for the purpose of working upon the minds of the people in a revolutionary spirit, and inciting them to join the French Republic. The *Convention* had placed enormous sums at the disposal of M. de Basseville, who recruited a number of partisans amongst the French artists, supposed to meddle very little in political affairs and contrived to organize a kind of conspiracy.

The chief of the undertaking had secured the services of the interpreter of the *Piazza di Spagna*, and entrusted him with large sums, in order that he might work upon the lower classes of Romans, but the whole affair fell to the ground from having been brought forward too soon.

On the 13th January, 1793, a tricoloured flag was hoisted at the window of the hotel where resided M. de Basseville. This was the signal. M. de Basseville drove to the *Corso* and distributed a quantity of cockades, and called upon the people to revolt. The people, however, remained deaf to his exhortations, and finally answered by attacking his coach, and throwing stones at M. de Basseville, into the very house of the banker Monette, where he received a stab in the abdomen from a razor, which caused him to expire on the following day.

The *cicerone* thought it advisable to disappear for a time. But he came to light again, considerably enriched by his savings, amongst which might be seen some few French assignats, and then married a saddler's widow, who, on her part, brought him a tolerable fortune. He then left the *Piazza di Spagna*, and busied himself with speculating in Roman

assignats, the printing office for which was soon established in his house.

His financial operations were rapid and successful, but his best speculation was borrowing money on the diamonds of our Lady of Loretto, which General Miollis had seized, upon taking possession of the Marches.

In short, the fortune of the *valet de place* increased with wondrous celerity. At a later period Madame Lætitia Bonaparte, King Louis, Prince Lucien, and Cardinal Fesch, entrusted him with pledges of immense value, as did also Charles IV. of Spain, and his favourite, Godöi. He was made a grandee of Spain, and having purchased the estate of the Odescalchi Bracciano family, he obtained the title of Duke of Bracciano.

His eldest son, the present Duke of Lola, married the Princess Cesarina di Sforza, whilst his youngest received the hand of the Princess Doria.

Thus the poor *valet de place* of 1792 is, at the moment I am now writing, not only a grandee of Spain, of the first class, but allied to the most ancient and illustrious families of Italy, and stands forth as one of the great financial sovereigns of our times. His fortune is said to amount to forty millions of Roman *scudi*.

The name of the humble *servitore di Piazza* is no other than Torlonia! who, as before said, is, next to the Pope, whatever he may be, the greatest modern curiosity, and the one next eagerly sought after, the moment travellers set their feet on Roman ground.

Let us hasten, however, to do full justice to the banker Torlonia. Spanish grandee and duke though he be, he is affable and generous, and extremely obliging; and, better still, is above the folly of being ashamed of his origin. No foreigner ever resided in Rome but has marked his name in white chalk on the tablets of his memory. His princely hospitality is extended not only to all who wear an illustrious name in the aristocracy of birth, but likewise to those belonging to the still nobler aristocracy of science, the fine arts, and literature. If to this we add, that scarcely a day passes but what his purse is opened to relieve the unfortunate and the needy, we cannot but confess that Torlonia holds a far higher position in the scale of humanity in Rome than the one assumed in Paris by Lafitte, who was seldom known to bestow pecuniary aid, except on such as could return it with interest, in the shape of publicity.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRINCIPAL RESTAURATEUR IN ROME.

HAD I a mind to launch out into the accustomed jargon of those poets and enthusiasts, who make a point of honour of becoming rhapsodical when they visit Italy, I should now have a famous theme whereupon to hang elaborate descriptions, quotations, exclamations, and notes of admiration innumerable; for the same day that I first visited the principal eating-house in Rome, I had previously visited Mount Aventine, where once stood the cave of Cacus, and the banks of the Tiber, where are to be found the ruins of the triumphal bridge, the theatre of Marcellus, the arch of Janus, and the Cloaca Maxima! But I am in no humour for rehearsing all these wonders; and feeling an imaginary reminiscence of the hunger I really experienced that day, after my long peregrinations, I shall "stand not on the order of *my* going," but go at once to the *via dei condotti*, and enter the most famous culinary establishment of Rome. Hither I must beg the reader to accompany me.

We had scarcely crossed the threshold of the *trattoria di Lepre*, when my cicerone and myself were well nigh stunned and suffocated. A confused din of words, amongst which I occasionally distinguished *Si Signor, yes, yes, ja, ja, tonnerre de Dieu*, and other oaths, more or less refined, in as many different tongues, offered no bad sample of the tower of Babel; add to this the heat of the place, and the buzzing of countless flies, forming a solid cloud that covered not only the ceiling, the walls, and the table, but the very faces of the diners; the strange sight presented by so many heads, some red, some black, some light brown, and noses of all forms, from the Cossack's to the traditional nose of the Neapolitan Punch, each zoological species being classified and placed at their own particular table; and it may be imagined that I remained motionless awhile, from the surprise occa-

sioned by the novelty of the scene. On recovering somewhat, from this first impression, I perceived that my cicerone, by dint of bowing to the right and to the left, had elbowed his way to a ricketty chair, into which he flung me, to the ejection of a large spaniel, who was enjoying himself beside his master.

My cicerone stood waiting—with a phlegm worthy a German—for the reversion of a vacant seat, by the departure of one of the frequenters of the place. I employed this interval in looking about me.

The middle table was occupied by Germans; they were talking in a grave and measured manner, and each in turn. The names of Perugino, Winkelmann, and Lavater, and, above all, the vigorous manner in which they thumped the table at the end of each period of their discourse, convinced me that they were engaged in a profound dissertation on the fine arts. At no great distance from this table, another set were apparently discussing a question of the greatest importance, as all its members, with cheeks inflamed and upturned faces, were literally out-bawling each other. These I recognised to be Muscovites, by their strange countenances, that seemed hewn out of the solid rock, their flat and shining hair, and the numerous *kis* and *kofs* that interlarded their discourse. The reserved air and somewhat cold manners of a few young men with very light hair, and gentle, contemplative physiognomies, at once directed me to the British quarter. These young men talked but little. As a curious contrast, the group beside them presented the most grotesque appearance. One wore a huge hat of Tuscan straw, and the jacket of a galley slave; another, a Greek cap, with a hunting frock; a third was quite dandified, and sported Turkish moustachios. They talked away with the most surprising volubility and fearlessness. They rode rough-shod through the whole world of politics, theatricals, fashions, philosophy, and music, asking and answering questions in the same breath. More was not wanting to make me hail them as my countrymen.

Those who were eating in my immediate vicinity next claimed my attention. All the features of the ultramontane race were fully displayed in this strange medley of shaven crowns, enormous whiskers, long and curly hair, besides rings on every finger, and maccaroni in every plate. They appeared extremely ceremonious, and a smile was always on their lips. While I was admiring the extreme mobility of their countenances, there came in a man dressed in a uniform with golden epaulettes and cock's feathers in his hat, and strutting like a

peacock, whose appearance caused the faces of my neighbours to grow more gracious still. They vied with each other in the attempt to squeeze themselves into a yet smaller space, and they all exclaimed at once, "*Come va il signore Marchese?*" The noble Marquis replied by a most encouraging smile, clanked his sword on the ground, and then called most magnificently for a plate of maccaroni.

Fernando had managed to find a place next me: he whispered in my ear:—

"This personage is the son of the mustard-vender to the Pope."

These few words inspired me with an immoderate fit of laughter,* but Fernando checked me:—

"Do not make game of him, for you must know that you are in his palace. This nobleman, not being rich, pays his servants but very low wages. The cook, after musing rather sadly on the subject some twenty years ago, asked his leave to retail eatables, on his own account, in a room on the ground floor; this favour having been granted he had soon so many customers that a second, then a third, and lastly all the rooms on the ground floor became necessary to him. His noble patron now becoming aware of the extensive revenue likely to accrue from letting his premises, was contented to bow to necessity, and his title being the Marquis de Lepri (hares), his cook took this animal for his sign."

Fernando put a stop to his explanations, as they now brought us our soup. On stirring it, I perceived something that looked widely different from any known vegetable. I called the waiter:—

"What's this?"

"Why, it's a little animal."

It was, in fact, a large snail. I had thought to shame him; but, on the contrary, my discontent seemed to surprise him, so natural did such an accident appear in his eyes. The succeeding dish was certainly not delicious, but with a little goodwill, one might manage to make one's dinner. One more trait will be sufficient to give an idea of the cleanliness of the Roman *tratorj*. I had asked for some salad; as it was a long while making its appearance, one of the waiters begged me to take patience, as it was undergoing the process of being cleaned; and in proof of his assertion he pointed out in the

* The expression *Moutardier du Pape*, is used in French to designate one who thinks himself the cock of the roost; two phrases more familiar than elegant, Hence is presented a ridiculous idea that would not have been conveyed in any other language,

garden an ancient tomb of marble, which served as a basin to the fountain, where the salad was floating amicably amongst the fish. Besides this, a grating separated the basin in two, and in one of the compartments a woman was washing stockings and shirts. At the sight of this I could not help exclaiming:—

“What! do you wash the eatables you serve up to table with such dirty, disgusting things as these?”

“But, sir, don’t you see that there is a grating?”

Such a fact needs no comment; and my reader may imagine that I paid my bill without waiting for anything more.

CHAPTER V.

A WALK THROUGH ROME—FOUNTAINS.

THE church of the *Trinità del Monte* was striking two when I rose from dinner; and as the *trattoria* was excessively close, I expected to breathe a little fresh air on emerging from this den, but I had reckoned without my host. A blueish vapour was rising from the earth, looking like spirits of wine on fire. The parched state of the ground seemed to give the lie to the torrents of rain that had inundated Rome on the preceding night. Not a breeze was stirring, not a cloud was visible in the sky. The *Via dei condotti*, through which my cicerone and I were passing, seemed to concentrate all the rays of the sun from the high-built church of the *Trinità* to the Vicolo del Orso, near the bridge of San Angelo, towards which we were bending our steps. Dazzled by such importunate brightness, I glanced at the houses on the right and on the left, and threw a longing look to the very inmost recesses of the court-yards, in hopes of seeing some green spot to feast my eyes upon. I was agreeably surprised by the quantity of fountains that I remarked during my search; some were throwing up their sparkling jets from the top of a terrace, under bowers of honeysuckle and clematis; others fell in large sheets of water that foamed and bubbled in marble or porphyry basins. In the meanest shops and coffee-houses little rivulets are to be found wending their way with a pleasant murmur, alike grateful to the ear and serviceable in promoting a current of air that tempers the heat of a southern atmosphere. Delighted with a species of luxury that was new to me, I lounged along the houses, inhaling at every pore the welcome coolness that emanated from such sources. At this hour of the day, as I have since often had occasion to remark, a dead silence reigns throughout Rome; the streets are deserted, the workshops are abandoned. Some of the inhabitants are getting through

their dinner, slowly and almost laboriously, while others are indulging in their afternoon naps. Should one venture out at this time of day into the more shady streets, a sort of voluptuous languor steals over one that makes us long for rest. Overcome by these somniferous propensities, I took a fancy to go and sit near a fountain, adorned with enormous aquatic plants of a dark green hue.

"Beware how you indulge in such a whim," said Fernando, "the delicious coolness of this charming fountain, and its transparent spray, sparkling with all the colours of the rainbow, are so many snares that only deceive foreigners. Fever lurks beneath these plants, and hovers incessantly round these limpid waters. Avoid the spots thus adorned, as you value your health."

I followed his advice—but to make up for my disappointment, I questioned my guide on the cause of this abundance of bubbling springs.

"You have seen," said he, "the remains of several ancient aqueducts in the country about Rome, all of which have not grown useless. The waters that the great Sixtus V. (1586) caused to be directed into the fountain of Moses, near Diocletian's Baths, proceed from the aqueduct of Marcus Agrippa. The ancient cascade on Mount Janiculum, so magnificently decorated by Paul V. (1619), is due to the aqueduct of Augustus, as is proved by the inscription on San Pancrazio's gate. These conduits are emptied into vast tanks, from whence a thousand leaden pipes branch out into all directions underneath the whole city. Their waters not only serve to embellish the open squares, and are invaluable to private individuals, both for ornament and use, but contribute to the salubrity of the town, by incessantly cleaning out the sewers, and carrying off all the filth; there is no part of the city, and not a street, but what partakes of this wholesome influence.

"These springs, too, are to be seen flowing down the hills, and through the valleys, for they proceed from high mountains, some thirty and others sixty miles distant from the city; their abundance is such that it is sufficient to stop up some of the inferior branches to change all the *Piazze* into lakes, owing to the ground being purposely made to converge towards the centre into a hollow, in order to form a convenient bathing place for horses.

"The finest fountain is at the Quirinal, and goes by the name of Moses' fountain. Its waters flow abundantly from three large apertures, and fall into as many large marble

basins; by the side of these are four lions in the attitude of repose, two of which are in the Egyptian style, and made of basalt, and were taken from the portico of the Pantheon. Three niches, ornamented with pillars of granite, contain bass-reliefs representing Moses striking the rock, and the Israelites slaking their thirst at the miraculous spring, together with other passages from his life. The Piazza Barberini boasts its fountain *del Tritone*. The god is plunging up to the waist in a double shell, supported by four dolphins. He is in the act of sounding his marine trumpet; instead, however, of air, he discharges a very fine jet of water. This work is due to the ingenious Bernini, as well as the fountain of the *Piazza di Spagna*, which he has constructed in the form of a large bark floating in a basin, a clever idea, which almost stamps it as a historical monument, by reminding the antiquary of Domitian's naumachia situated on this very site. The fountain of Trevi is likewise very remarkable. It consists not merely of an abundant stream, but of an immense body of water rushing from a gulf, surrounded by rocks from which it again falls noisily in all the varied forms of jets, rivulets, and cascades—it resembles a mighty torrent disporting amongst ruins. In the gulf is to be seen a colossal statue of Neptune, standing on a conch drawn by sea-horses, guided by Tritons. Nor must we forget the large fountain of the *Piazza Navona*," continued Fernando, "which unites grandeur of proportion with all the advantages of situation. It is a rock hollowed out, and supporting an obelisk nearly a hundred feet high (taken from Caracalla's circus),* adorned with four large marble statues representing the Ganges, the river of La Plata, the Danube, and the Nile, pouring their tributary streams into the basin upon which the rock stands. Under the hollow of the rock is a lion seeking the cool shade, and a little further one of Neptune's horses, which appears to be threatening the king of the desert, who, however, takes no notice of him. The Danube is the best statue, though the sculptor made a happy hit in throwing a veil over the Nile, to imply that its source has ever remained unknown. The attitude of the American river is that of a person in danger of being crushed by the fall of some object on which he casts an anxious glance. This object of dread is the neighbouring church of St. Agnes. His attitude, equally easy and natural, was a satire of the sculptor's, who was jealous of the architect. The answer to this piece of spite, as noble as it was moderate, was written on the entablature of the church, in the shape of the statue of a woman,

with her hand on her heart, seeking to calm the fears of the frightened river. Well, formerly every year in the month of August, the Romans repaired to the *Piazza Navona* in the handsomest equipages, in order to enjoy a good splashing. Fine ladies took a singular delight in these voluntary immersions, and you may imagine the ludicrous effect of three or four hundred carriages floundering about in the water, in the midst of the hootings of the populace. The French, who turn everything into ridicule, induced us at length to leave this amusement to the lower orders; and it is now only patronised by carmen and their shaggy dogs. Leo XII., however, caused the *Piazza del Popolo* to be arranged so that it may be inundated at pleasure; and as it is all one with the Corso, the fashion must come in again, whether we will or not."

Fernando had scarcely finished speaking, when we reached the *Piazza San Pietro*.

I admired this magnificent *Piazza*, encircled by a colonnade of the finest effect. It is decorated by an Egyptian obelisk, and a couple of fountains. I never saw jets of water that blended more happily with architecture.

It is said that when the great Christina of Sweden made her entry into Rome, after admiring these beautiful fountains for awhile, she made a sign to cause them to be stopped, having come freshly from Versailles, where the waters are only exhibited on grand occasions, and imagining that they were set a-playing in her honour.

But St. Peter now appeared in all its glory; let us pause, reader, in silent admiration, before this miracle of art! We shall on many other occasions analyze its beauties more minutely.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SENATE AND SENATORS.

ON reaching the foot of the staircase leading to the tower of the Capitol, it is necessary, in order to leave the palace, to cross through a large hall, very like a public-house: it is here that the Senate holds its assemblies. A friend of mine, with whom I once visited this hall, pointed out to me the marble statue of Charles of Anjou, brother of St. Louis, who, passing through Rome on his way to take possession of the kingdom of Naples, was created a Senator, then a very honourable title. He is represented sitting with a diadem on his head, and is placed at one end of the hall, together with two Popes, whose names I cannot at this moment recall.

It was this prince who said, on the occasion of rejecting the proposal of a marriage between his nephew and Nicholas III.'s niece—"Although he wears red heels, and although his name is Orsini, his worship is not one whit more worthy to become related to the royal blood of France."

On inquiring of my friend in what consisted the functions of the Senator of Rome, he replied: "It is in this very place that he judges all the affairs that are within the pale of his tribunal. All petty civil lawsuits and commercial ones, as well as private disputes, come under his jurisdiction; he manages the revenues of the town, presides over the amusements of the carnival, and fills the office of Regent during the interregnum consequent on the death of a Pope. His political power, however, is completely null."

The magistrate who shines forth in all the dignity conferred by purple and the golden collar, and is invested with the title of Senator, is a sort of provost, and the vain shadow, not to say caricature of the Roman Senate, seeing that he unites in his single self the representation of the ancient Patricians of Rome, and as if in mockery, his coad-

jutors inscribe themselves as consuls in the archives of the Capitol. On the left side of the vestibule, leading to the picture gallery belonging to this palace, may be seen a fragment of the consular records in the time of Pertinax, to which has been appended the series of the Italian magistrates of modern Rome. In future days, should these tables fall into the hands of some learned antiquarian, he will not fail to adduce them in proof of the liberty which the Popes granted to the Romans. How many historical surmises are built on no surer foundation! We say nothing of the Capitol itself. The modern bears no resemblance whatever to the ancient majestic building, built upon the *immobile saxum*. The new edifice, though erected by Michael Angelo, is nothing more than a mere house that turns its back upon the forum, instead of commanding it in the same stately manner as of old. The senatorial prince's cook can sully the remaining columns of the temples of Jupiter *tonans*, and of Concord with the ignoble splashings of dish water without let, hindrance, or molestation. The celebrated temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, that sacred deposit of the spoils of the universe, at once the monument of the religion and the valour of the Romans, has now made way for the church of the *Recoletti*, where in place of the master of all the Gods of Olympus, a puppet sanctified by the name of *Il Bambino*, enjoys the honours of public worship.

CHAPTER VII.

PASQUIN AND MARFORIO.

I HAD been making a long excursion through Rome with Fernando, now become my inseparable companion, when my curiosity being attracted, on seeing the words, "*Bocca della verita*" (the mouth of truth) inscribed upon a metal plate, at the head of a street, I inquired what could be the cause of this ambitious denomination.

"It arises," answered Fernando, "from its having once contained an enormous marble mask, that gave out oracles. This mask is still to be seen under the portico of the ancient church of *Santa Maria in Cosmedino*.* Its open mouth used to receive the lampoons that lashed the follies of the great. According to another account, the name is derived from the neighbourhood of the far-famed Pasquin. The latter, however, has quite lost his former reputation; he is now placed behind the Breschi palace, on an elevated pedestal, and serves no other purpose than that of being placarded with bills of *post mortem* sales. Marforio himself is now no longer able to answer from his crossway the arch questions addressed him by his cotemporary wit: he has been stowed away in one of the courts of the Capitol, and has resumed the monotonous part of Ocean, which he

* This marble mask is nothing but a fine large flag with an aperture in the middle so exactly resembling a drain hole that it is difficult to imagine it could be intended for any other use; moreover, the marble is of sufficiently good quality to allow us to believe that it might have served for a temple. In the days when Rome still boasted its ancient virtues, there was a celebrated statue likewise called the Mouth of Truth, in the temple of Saturn, which served to test the fidelity of wives and the purity of virgins. The whole ceremony consisted in putting one's finger into the terrible mouth in the presence of the husband or the lover, as the case might be. If the finger came out unscathed, the fair one's innocence was incontestably recognised; if, on the contrary, the luckless finger was bitten or cut, the husband or the lover became aware of the degree of truth he might put in their constancy. Thanks to the progress of civilization, and to the slipshod morality of modern times, Rome would disdain now-a-days any such absurd proofs of the virtue of the Roman ladies.

used to act in ancient times: while Pasquin must think himself lucky to personate, according to connoisseurs, a splendid fragment of Ajax.

"It is worthy of remark, that these two statues were deprived of the privilege of satirizing the great, at the moment when their conduct became less open to censure. As the papal authority grew weaker and weaker, so the vices that had startled the sixteenth century, gradually declined. A singular effect this of the vicissitudes of fortune! The Popes when all-powerful were often scoundrels; when half ruined they become worthy men! Let us hope that poverty may some day bring them back to the holiness of the Apostles."

I could not help laughing at this sally. Fernando, who had, perhaps, not meant to be facetious, continued thus:—"Do not infer from this remark that I am desirous of witnessing the degradation of the pontifical power. I am a Christian, and as I am well aware that the vulgar herd is only to be acted upon by external forms that appeal to their senses, I think it desirable that Christianity should ever be surrounded by a certain degree of pomp. A return to its primitive simplicity would be its death-blow! Yet I could wish that the Roman Pontiff should not incessantly sacrifice his duty to his interest, by so monstrous a mixture of ambition and piety as necessarily results from blending spiritual omnipotence and temporal sovereignty. The difficulty of conciliating such antagonistic interests is sufficiently visible at every fresh election of a Pope. During the first days the votes of the conclave are all in favour of the most worthy; then come the intrigues of the foreign ambassadors, and their faction continues to direct the choice of the voters towards the most obscure individual; this has given rise to the proverb: *Chi entra papa in conchiavo, esce cardinale*. (He who enters the conclave as a Pope comes out as a Cardinal.)

"It is in vain that a Pope may mean well, the double functions that he fulfils render his government a mere absurdity. You cannot help laughing when you see that same people who execrate him as a ruler, imploring his blessing on their bended knees. Some vent their disgust at these anomalies by writing bitter pasquinades, not indeed, restricting themselves, as would be the case in France, within the limits of good taste and good breeding, but after the manner of the ancients who respected neither truth nor decency: a Roman substitutes defamation and abuse for the lighter weapons of ridicule. His clandestine satires are atrocious, just because his imagination exceeds his wit; his

spite is greater than his archness, and his susceptibility usurps the place of reason. To give you an idea of the dialogues that took place between Pasquin and Marforio, I need only remind you of what happened in 1588, under the pontificate of Sixtus V. One morning Pasquin was seen attired in a shirt that seemed not to have come into contact with soap-suds for many a long day, and on being questioned by Marforio as to the cause of his wearing so dirty a garment, he replied: 'My laundress has become a Princess.' This was meant as a satire upon Signora Camilla, sister to Sixtus V., who used to hire herself out as a washerwoman. Sixtus V. gave his papal word that he would not only spare the life of the author of this pasquinade, but reward him with 2,000 pistoles, if he would make himself known to him. The writer had the folly to fall into the snare, although no one was acquainted with his secret, and came and declared his authorship. Surprised at the temerity of such a confession, Sixtus V. said to him: 'I will keep my word; your life shall be spared, and the promised sum shall be handed over to you.' He next ordered 2,000 pistoles to be counted out for him, and then asked him whether he was satisfied with his treatment? 'Yes, most holy Father,' replied the satirist. 'Well, then,' said Sixtus V., 'we are now quits; but I reserved to myself *in petto* the right to have your hands cut off, and your tongue pierced, in order to prevent you indulging in future in any such impertinences.' This sentence without appeal, was accordingly carried into execution. One scarcely knows whether to marvel most at the credulous folly of the satirist, or the cynical contempt of all conscience and religion exhibited by the holy personage. If we now jump from 1588 to our own century, I will inform you how in 1828, Leo XII. having incurred the people's displeasure by increasing the tax on wine, and attempting to re-establish the corn monopoly, did not of course escape the shafts of the lampooners; and on the occasion of the police promising a reward of three francs to whoever should kill a dog straying in the streets during the canicular days, the following words were found written on the door of the papal palace:—'If the murderer of a dog be entitled to a reward of three francs, how much for the slayer of a lion?' This was an allusion to the Pope's name (*Leone*)."

Fernando had scarcely finished speaking, when we heard the most violent outcries, and there proceeded from a neighbouring house, half-a-dozen workmen provided with saucepans and tongs, with which they kept up a most infernal clatter.

Behind this set, came a fellow with a lighted lantern, and another carrying some clothes, and lastly the hero of the day, in the simple dishabille of a pair of drawers, was dragged along willy nilly by a couple of vigorous acolytes, while a third held a large parasol over his head. The noise of this triumphant procession brought all the women to the doors and windows, and the ceremony was saluted with laughter and shouts of derision. Fernando informed me that this was the customary mode of treating workmen who were in the habit of coming late to their work, and as the rabble rout entered a little round temple built in a beautiful style of architecture, and very near the Tiber, he added :—" Probably the job this workman had to do was to mend the door of that temple, which was the scene, some days back, of the most ridiculous researches. You must know, in the first place, that notwithstanding that its architecture belongs to the time of Augustus, and in spite of all the ancients have written on the situation of the different edifices of Rome, this temple passes for one that Numa erected to Vesta. It belongs to the Prince Justiniani, a ruined man, and consequently very open to the hope and expectation of finding a treasure. An adventurer from your country lately persuaded him, that according to some document found amongst General Moreau's papers, it was beyond a doubt that a treasure existed in this temple at a certain depth. The poor prince, in whose 'mind's eye' the pactolus was about to flow into his coffers, borrowed a sum which he immediately put at the swindler's disposal, and the search began in good earnest. After a deal of digging and pickaxing, the ground at length gave back a hollow sound. Every one now made sure of the treasure, and every face was lighted up with joy ; one more blow of the mattock would discover the idol of mankind, the god of riches in all his glory. The blow was given, the earth crumbled away, and they found . . . not indeed gold, but a filthy sewer that our disappointed treasure-seekers were fain to stop up again in all haste. So the luckless Justiniani instead of counting his gains, had to reckon up the loss of the borrowed money. This incident has furnished the subject of a lithograph, that is sold in the *Via dei Condotti*, in hopes perhaps that the sale may cover the expenses of this foolish undertaking."

CHAPTER VIII.

PICTURESQUE COSTUMES OF THE PEASANTRY. SAN GIOVANNI
LATERANO.

THIS was the holy year. I was curious to see the inhabitants of different districts, who all throng to Rome on the occasion of the religious ceremonies that take place on the renewal of the Jubilee. Accordingly Fernando and I repaired to the *piazza* of S. Giovanni Laterano, which is a sort of general rendezvous.

"This church," said Fernando, "is the cathedral of Rome; it is besides the mother of all the other churches, and, consequently, the most ancient. Its structure has undergone many modifications. In its present state there is but little interest attached to it, but it possesses considerable riches and relics, amongst which the head of John the Baptist. The neighbourhood of *Santa Croce in Gerusalemme*, of the holy staircase and of Constantine's Baptistry, brings crowds of people to this place; and I can confidently promise you that you can nowhere behold a more agreeable and fantastic sight than the variety presented by the costumes and physiognomies of the pilgrims. I don't think we shall see many Romans, properly speaking, but these you have had ample leisure to examine in your walks through the city; you already know that both the higher and the middle classes are dressed exactly as they are in France; this is not the case with the lower orders, those of the latter who are in easy circumstances, and are called *Eminenti* (from living on an eminence) or mountaineers wear short velvet breeches, a waistcoat, and round jacket of the same materials, ornamented with silver bell buttons, a silk sash of several colours, and enormous silver buckles both at the knees and on their shoes; their hat, which is either very wide and of long napped beaver, or else in the form of a sugar-loaf and short napped, is generally ornamented with medals and peacocks' feathers; some are so coquettish as to put a little nosegay between the ear and the edge of the hat;

white stockings are a *sine quâ non* with them ; and, in the very teeth of the police regulations, they conceal in their breeches' pocket an enormous cutlass, that serves to defend or revenge them, as the case may be. The dress of the women is yet more remarkable. They wear their hair with no other ornament than a silver comb, or an enormous diadem-shaped comb, likewise of silver ; add to this a sort of jacket ornamented with silk frogs, and a shirt of some vivid colour, elegantly scalloped with velvet or lace ; a muslin apron, embroidered in open work ; and finish the picture with a pair of very wide shoes of blue or red velvet, loaded with silver buckles seven inches in diameter, and you will have a complete idea of their holiday dress. On certain occasions they wear a man's hat ornamented with flowers, feathers, or ribbons, but oftener still a green silk net, that hangs behind like a purse. The cowherds are recognizable by a sort of lamb-skin gown, in which they enwrap themselves. On their feet they wear a kind of buskin, like those seen in the bass-relief of the lower empire, with soles more than an inch thick. When I see them, with their sickle in their belt, their naked legs, and their large straw hat, and carrying a kid under their arm, I am involuntarily reminded of the faithful Eumæus, and I am almost about to look for Ulysses' dog.

“What you now see advancing is a caravan of carmen. Just observe their equipage—it is most curious. Every horse, besides wearing a plume of feathers over his forehead, is adorned with a diadem consisting of half a dozen copper medals, on one of which is a Madonna, on another a satyr, on a third a Bacchus, while the rest bear the impress of a huntsman or a coat of arms. When we look at the long boar's bristles that fringe the throats of these animals, would not one be tempted to think they were a race of bearded horses ? Observe, too, the construction of these narrow carts, with only two wheels, according to the usual custom of the country ; how they carry the trunk of a tree, one branch of which has been so conveniently fashioned by nature as to form a seat with its back, which is covered and surrounded with strong leather. Here the carman sleeps at night as securely as in a little hut, and in the day time it protects him from the heat of the sun. It is only he who leads the van that is obliged to keep watch ; for the horses, being accustomed to go in troops, instinctively follow their leader. Oil and their mountain wine form their usual cargo. With respect to the latter, it is asserted that they are in the habit of replenishing, at every fountain they come to, the libations they are constantly making to Bacchus, and unluckily the country abounds in springs.”

Fernando's account received fresh confirmation from the appearance of the carmen, who, whether from laziness or drunkenness, were all snoring in their cages, save and except the man at the head of the file. Their robust little black horses did not lose their time, but kept munching as they went along wisp after wisp of hay, which they cropped from off a bundle that is fastened to the shaft for their especial convenience. Scarcely had this band of carmen passed by when clouds of dust rose at a little distance, and presently on came a troop of men, women, and children singing psalms, without much attention to what they were doing, yet keeping together tolerably well. When they came nearer I perceived that amongst the women some wore long white veils, a red shirt and a pasteboard boddice, covered with yellow silk and curved outwards; a piece of cloth striped with blue and black, relieved by white, served as their apron. These, Fernando told me, were Schuchardese. My attention was next directed towards a tall, sallow looking woman, of the strangest appearance, and who might fairly have been taken for a witch. Her head was covered with a long red handkerchief, that fell over her shoulders, which was decorated with a coral necklace. Over her green cloth shirt, which was going to rags, she wore a scarlet drapery that encircled her body, and was fastened to her chest and hung down to her mid leg; another piece of stuff of a dark colour, and striped with gold, swathed her from the arm-pits to the hips; this was fastened by a many coloured sash. Between her shirt, which had very wide sleeves, and her outer garment, was placed a wooden crucifix. The coverings on her feet consisted of rags and ropes; and a long drinking horn, hanging from her sash, contained her provision of drink for her journey. "This," said Fernando, "is the dress of the women of Ponte Corvo, on the frontiers of the kingdom of Naples." He next pointed out a young maiden from Scani, who was busy fighting with her companion without interrupting the litany, whom he recognised by the tresses of hair on each side of her face, the turban wound round her head, and surmounted by a piece of blue cloth singularly folded, her little vest laced in front with a golden cord, her red apron, and, above all, her Ethiopian complexion.

The men presented no variety in their dress; they all wore a pointed hat, adorned with medals, a red jacket, and some rags about their legs, by way of gaiters. Fernando, whom nothing escaped, admired their rustic and savage appearance. "When you call to mind the fauns and satyrs depicted by Grecian art, and then 'look on this picture, and on this,' and

consider the semi-idiotic countenances of these peasants, their stunted growth, their robust and bony limbs, their large nostrils and swollen necks, you can scarcely doubt but that they served as the original type of the poetical fiction.

"But here we are," continued he, "on the *piazza* of the Laterano palace. The obelisk that adorns it is the largest upon record, and three thousand years ago stood in Thebes; it was brought to Rome in Constantine's time. On our right is the baptistry falsely attributed to Constantine; on our left, the remains of the aqueduct of Claudius; and opposite it the holy staircase that Jesus ascended to reach Pilate's hall of judgment. These steps are only to be ascended on one's knees. I see that we cannot penetrate into the chapel it leads to, as the crowd is thronging every avenue; moreover, these pretty *Albanese*, who are standing in the shade of the palace, deserve especial attention. They are distinguishable from other tribes by the freshness of their complexions and the cleanliness of their dress. They bind their heads with wide ribbons, the ends of which, being brought forward, look like a huge violet butterfly alighted on their foreheads. Raphael's beautiful creations seem not fabulous when one has seen these beautiful girls, whose favourite colour is white. These others, whose bodices are curbed forwards, and who wear a long white worked veil, with a muslin apron of flowered work, and adorn their tresses with golden fillets clasped by a silver dagger with a coral handle, are from Velletri, a place renowned for its wines. One would think, seeing them grouped in a corner by themselves, that they were anxious to avoid the contact of the pilgrims: the fact is, not being accustomed to find themselves the objects of admiration to all foreigners, they are desirous of enjoying the full extent of their advantages, by keeping aloof from the crowd."

A procession of holy brothers passed by at this moment, when all the different tribes knelt down before the crucifix that headed the procession; but the Albanese and the Velletri only inclined their heads. Some women, hitherto concealed in the crowd, remained bolt upright; and this singular demeanour, no less than the richness of their costume, attracted my curiosity. "Who are these women," said I to Fernando, "who do not even condescend to bow their heads?"

"They are from Neptuno," replied he, "their costume is beyond a doubt the most becoming, and the most coquettish in the Roman states. Look how tastefully they have entwined those ribbons with their hair, which they tie in a knot over their foreheads, which are shaded by a square piece of silk,

interwoven with gold, forming a kind of roof both at the front and the back of their heads. Their busts are covered with a sort of bib made of blue silk, embroidered with silver. A scarlet jacket sits closely upon their shoulders and arms, and a skirt, likewise scarlet, edged with a broad band of gold lace, completes their toilet. Less fresh complexioned than the Albanese, they kindle as many flames, and are quite equal to them in point of coquetry. It is the fear of soiling their dress that prevents them kneeling."

We now approached them, and I examined attentively their necklaces, their rings, and their ear-rings, all in the antique taste. I could not forbear exclaiming that all these girls were charming, when several looked at me and smiled. "Your compliment is understood," said Fernando, "and the simplest amongst them would have caught your meaning, though uttered in ever so low a voice. Of all the words in French language, none have been so rapidly or so long since transferred to the vocabulary of the fair sex in this country as *pretty, beautiful, and charming*. A word to the wise!"

I then remarked that the women of the more civilized tribes liked very well to be gazed at, while those that come from the mountains either frowned at, or made game of us. A sort of amazon who was walking before us, turned round ever and anon to scrutinize us from head to foot. Her gait was abrupt, and her countenance exceedingly bold. Her costume differed from all the others, for she wore a veil of grey cloth, fixed by a dagger; a yellow vest, ornamented with gold lace—a grey skirt, trimmed with red—a piece of blue cloth, the lower corners of which were tucked up in front and fastened under her bosom, covered both her back and hips; a little narrow apron of green cloth crossed by transversal stripes, completed her dress; her hands, her throat, and her ears, were loaded rather than adorned with a quantity of jewellery of rich materials, but of clumsy workmanship. As for the clothing of her feet, it did not differ materially from others. This strange woman was accompanied by a man wearing a gold laced jacket, and a velvet waistcoat with hanging buttons; a conical hat, adorned with parti-coloured ribbons; long tresses of hair; a cravat fastened to his neck by a multitude of gold rings; a leathern belt, besides a gay-coloured silk sash, silver buckles and ribbons at the knee, while his legs were swathed in linen, secured by cord, and his shoes were made of goatskin. Even had this individual worn a less remarkable dress, his pale complexion, savage air, long thick beard, and brutal kind of

demeanour, would have attracted my curiosity. Fernando, who generally forestalled my questions, said to me: "That is a brigand of Sonino and his wife; they look at you because you are well dressed, and they think you would be a catch if you were ever to fall into their hands. The coarse luxury they display is the fruit of their plunder. If you wonder how they dare to appear in Rome, without the fear of justice before their eyes, I must inform you that an amnesty has perhaps been granted them, or they may even be pensioned; or again, they may not be designated by name as guilty of murder, for such is the connivance of their neighbours that it is impossible to produce witnesses against them."

We remained a while longer at this *piazza*; and it was only when it ceased to supply fresh food for our curiosity that we left it for Santa Maria Maggiore.

CHAPTER IX.

SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE.

A VERY long, very narrow, and usually deserted street leads to Santa Maria Maggiore. This street is lined with trees. It was erected by the French during their dominion, in place of the disgusting receptacle for filth that formerly occupied the same ground.

The front of Santa Maria Maggiore is modern, and in the vilest taste. This church, however, shelters beneath its porticos some ancient mosaics, which contain a hieroglyphical story, the which I am about to translate for the edification of my readers.

Now, in those days, John, a Roman patrician, was sleeping quietly beside his wife. He was an upright man, fearing both the Lord and the saints, and obedient, moreover, to the warnings he received in his dreams, according to the example of the patriarch Joseph.

And this worthy was lying on his back, the position most favourable to visions, and sympathetic, prophetic, and mystical dreams.

And his chaste spouse was lying in a similar manner, at the other edge of the bed, when he saw, or thought he saw, a vision.

Now this is what he saw, and what he thought he heard:

He saw the blessed Mary, who was not yet called the mother of the Lord, as she descended from Heaven on the wings of the cherubim, and sat upon a golden beam, and made him a sign to listen.

And the worthy man listened.

And these words distinctly reached the drum of his attentive ear:—

“John, my good man, I have chosen you amongst all the Johns to become the model of all future devotees; for, verily,

you shall build me a house, which shall be called Santa Maria Maggiore."

And John replied, "How can this come to pass, seeing that I am not an architect?"

The Virgin replied, "I will send a fall of snow that shall trace out the ground-plan of my building. Therefore, rise, and go forth and dig the foundations."

Now, it was the month of August, and John, half-stified with heat, might be excused if he doubted the possibility of finding snow out of doors; but the light of faith was strong within him, and without a moment's delay, he put on his trunk hose, and sallied forth to consult the Pope on his vision.

Now this Pope was Liberius (360), who was afterwards canonized. He was more accessible than the Popes of our times, for he was less wealthy than they; besides (in those days, be it understood) a patrician was almost as great a man in Rome as the Pope himself. Liberius could not in common decency or justice refuse to grant John an audience; so, popping his head out of window, he said: "Blessed be he who comes in the name of the Lord."

"Amen," quoth the patrician. "I, however, come in the name of the Holy Virgin;" and he then explained the whole affair.

Liberius started with joy, and cried out that he himself had had the self-same vision, save and excepting the snow; and as it was still dark, he advised him to return on the morrow, that they might go together to look for the miraculous sign.

And John returned to his bed.

Now when the morning appeared, the Pope and he visited every district in Rome, and at last on reaching the Esquilino, tired and breathless, they perceived a great white space by which they recognised the predestined spot; and when the Pope bowed his crozier to make the sign of the cross upon the snow, behold it suddenly changed to flowers of the most spotless white, which caused the incredulous to affirm that they had been sown there on purpose.

And having obtained his wife's consent, John sold his patrimony to pay the expenses of building the church, and when the structure was complete and he ruined, he died upon straw like a pious Christian.

And this is the reason why his portrait and that of Pope Liberius are depicted in mosaic on the front of Santa Maria Maggiore, together with the different scenes of the event that I have recorded.

In memory of the same miracle, on every sixth of August, a quantity of flowers are thrown out at the loop-holes of Santa Maria Maggiore, and they take care that they shall all be white, in order the better to personate snow.

The holy virgin was so pleased with the execution of this Basilica, that she wished to give a signal proof thereof; accordingly one night when a certain N—— had lost his way in the neighbourhood, during very bad weather, she ordered the bells to ring of themselves; these were as good as a compass to N—— to whom their sound was familiar, and being then rescued from spending the night under the canopy of heaven, he endowed the chapter on the condition that every evening at the same hour, the bells should ring for ever after.

And when a stranger inquires what that peal is, everybody answers, it is the miraculous bells of Santa Maria Maggiore. This last fact, besides being chronicled in mosaic, was certified by the Swiss who accompanied me; and I hope my reader is equally edified with myself. The interior of the church of Santa Maria Maggiore answers to the title it bears. Nothing can be grander, richer, or more elegant. The church is divided into three naves by two long colonnades of white marble of the Ionic order; the ceiling of the middle nave was gilt with the first gold that was imported from Mexico. This ceiling, like those of most other basilicas, is divided into compartments, ornamented with sculpture, and coats of arms, painted in brilliant colours. We have nothing in France (except indeed the church of our Lady of Loretto, since 1830) that can give even a faint idea of this style of magnificence. If there is a fault to be found with the interior of Santa Maria Maggiore, it is that its elegance would seem better adapted to the ball-room of a king's palace, than to the mysterious ceremonies of Christianity.

Christ's holy manger is preserved in one of the chapels of the church. It consists of a bundle of two or three little planks of deal, blackened with age, and tied up with string which the multitude are pleased to take for straw, or remains of hay. But in the matter of relics, one must never search over nicely into the minor details.

CHAPTER X.

SUBURA—SALTARELLA.

I HAD gone to lounge and dream away an hour at Santa Maria Maggiore's; on leaving this beautiful edifice I reached the neighbourhood of the ancient Subura, situated between Mount Esquilin and the Capitol. Here I met a Roman with whom I had made acquaintance since my arrival at Rome, and perceiving a number of people busy drinking, I turned towards him and requested him to explain how the scene, now passing before me, could possibly agree with the character for temperance for which the Romans were famed.

"*Per dire la verità*," (a phrase in constant use or rather misuse amongst the Italians) answered he, "I must own that the reputed sobriety of my countrymen, especially in the uneducated classes, is quite a misconception; to show the fallacy of such an opinion, it were sufficient to cast a glance on the surrounding footways. Look at those groups who sit each emptying his bottle at scarcely intermittent draughts, without so much as offering their neighbours a drop. Some of them are mechanics, whose thirsty throats regularly ingulph their day's wages; others are 'ne'er do weels,' who have no employment, and have become drunkards through their own idle habits, nor are the women, as you perceive, behind hand with the men in sacrificing to Bacchus; with eyes inflamed and every vein of their necks distended as if ready to burst, they can scarcely draw their breath from having filled their stomachs to repletion, and are obliged perforce to let the neighbourhood rest awhile from their incessant squalling; but they are not ashamed to let the passers by be witnesses to their intemperance. Indeed the government in some degree obliges them to do so, since they forbid the wine retailers to let their customers drink it on the premises, although this measure being intended to prevent more serious disturbances deserves general approbation.

A French mechanic, when in liquor, will swear and sing, make a noise, and laugh or quarrel with everybody, without apparent aim or motive, and merely as it were, to enjoy the privilege of his temporary madness—for such is the immunity of drunkenness; the superficial observer who sees nothing of the kind in Rome, concludes from thence that drunkenness is a vice rarely to be met with; he is not aware that a Roman when over head and ears in liquor, becomes sullen and doggedly silent. You may judge for yourself. When you look at these sotterers, each sulkily imbibing in a corner, a liquor proverbially the parent of gaiety, would you not think that every one of them seems as if he were meditating a crime? And I assure you that a word or an allusion to any former quarrel would be quite sufficient to kindle their passions into fury; and when that takes place, you will see them shudder and turn pale at the same moment, and by heavens! the blade has performed its office before you were even aware that it was drawn.

There is a species of public-house where one may sit at table provided one eats (*osteria con cucina*); it being taken for granted that he who fills his stomach with solid aliments, must drink less. The stipulated demand for eatables is however eluded by the customers only calling for a small loaf which they eat or not as they please; consequently scenes of riot and brutality are of frequent recurrence in these houses. A game called *Passarella*, is especially the cause of the most violent quarrels; the yells that we hear proceeding from yonder court are a sign that they are now playing at this very game, albeit it is rigorously prohibited."

I looked in the direction whence these yells proceeded, and I saw ten or a dozen young men simultaneously extending their right arm as if in the act of pronouncing an oath, while at every motion they said a number that varied according to the fingers that were either stretched out, or closed. The game consists of guessing without hesitation the results of these combinations. He who loses is obliged to pay the piper, and what is still more, is condemned to look at the others drinking without being allowed to join them; the part he plays on this occasion not unfrequently calls down upon him some sarcastic jokes, which he has seldom sufficient philosophy to bear, and of course the stiletto comes into play. My companion and I were making some reflections on the frequency of these low-lived tragedies, when the sound of a tambourine and a mandoline drew us towards a neighbouring shed, where some young folks of both sexes were enjoying

the pleasures of the dance; they were executing the *Saltarella*. This national dance was formerly a great favourite amongst the higher classes, and might have remained so had not the spirit of Vestris prevailed and banished it from the drawing-room; but the lower orders, who are always attached to old customs, have preserved it from sinking beneath the contempt of the great. The *Saltarella* is a very expressive, lively dance. A girl begins by tripping on the "light fantastic toe" with considerable vivacity, and waving her muslin apron; her admirer turns round her dancing all the while, he appears to pursue her, while she avoids him either by describing a semicircle as she retreats, or by forbidding his approach with her apron; then, as if offended, the lover turns his back upon her with a saltatory motion, and it is now her turn to soothe him; at first he avoids her as she avoided him, but at length he approaches, and wheels about, clapping his hands with a triumphant air, and they perform a *balancez* facing each other. The end of the dance is greeted by more or less applause, according to the degree of grace displayed by the performers.

The taste for this dance is so innate amongst the Romans, that every young maiden possesses a tambourine, with which she dances in her garret as often as she can find a companion. In this manner the girls at Rome supply the absence of our public-houses.

The Roman I had met left me near Nerva's Forum, which bounds Subura on the side of the capitol. Here are to be seen very solid walls of *peperino*, of which no authentic account is to be met with. Near a door, half buried in the earth, which has been pierced through them, one meets with several pillars of a portico attributed to the temple of Mars. The workmanship is classical. By one of those singular aberrations of taste not unfrequent in Rome, a belfry in the style of the middle ages has been built on the top of these columns, which, of course, some day will give way, and be overwhelmed beneath the ruins. Behind this edifice is Trajan's Forum, adorned by a beautiful triumphal pillar. This was formerly concealed from the admiration of amateurs by a convent, and some unsightly buildings; but the French having thrown down these constructions, it now appears to great advantage in the middle of a large *piazza*, where the Trajan basilica, now entirely exhumed, displays its fine fragments, and the whole array of its colonnades. Trajan's column is a round brick tower, one hundred and thirty-two feet high, and coated over with thirty-four flags of white marble, fastened

by bronze. The history of the Dacian war is represented in bas-relief in these flags. The workmanship is admirable. A spiral beading is twisted twenty-three times round the column from the base to the chapter, thus dividing the figures of the bas-relief, and rendering the subjects more intelligible. A cork-screw staircase, numbering 184 steps, leads to the top of the column, where St. Peter's statue has been placed, instead of Trajan's! This column is the prototype of its scarcely less celebrated brother in the Place Vendôme in Paris.

Night surprised me in the midst of my observation, so I retired, and took my way towards the Quirinal, now called *Monte Cavallo*, and adorned with two antique groups of Castor and Pollux, attributed at random to Phidias and Praxiteles. At the foot of these colossal statues I perceived some young men sitting in a circle, with several mandolines, and apparently awaiting in silence the signal for beginning their concert. I sat down at some distance, and remained an attentive spectator. Presently a distant melody was distinctly heard; my neighbours answered by a stanza that was replied to in return; the rhythm was grave and mournful. The complete darkness of the night—the harsh and imperfect twanging of the mandoline accompanying these sonorous but untaught voices—the frequent pauses, and the responses, that seemed like echoes—together with the wild attitudes of the singers—gave a characteristic singularity to this scene perfectly indescribable. The subject of these chaunts was quite in keeping with the hour and the scene—as a specimen of which we subjoin the following free translation, without at all pretending to transfer the *poetry* of the original to our pages :—

FIRST VOICES.

Hark, Mariolina! through the air
The Angelus doth sweetly thrill;
To Jesus' mother will I say a prayer,
And fly to meet thee on the hill.

THE ECHO.

My knight beloved, oh, speed not there,
But dread my ruthless sire!
Our love's betrayed—his toils beware—
Thy death alone would quench his ire.

FIRST VOICES.

Shall he who on his trusty sword
The angel Michel's impress bears,
And mocks the arch-fiend's wily snares,
Cower 'neath a mortal's angry word?

THE ECHO.

The light of flickering tapers sec,
 Gaunt shapes upon my turret make—
 My father's skiff is on the lake,
 And darts along in search of thee.

FIRST VOICES.

Upon the waters nought I see—
 In vain I list, no boat I hear,
 But o'er me steals a jealous fear—
 Some hated rival would'st thou hide from me!

THE ECHO.

Now, comrades, seize the recreant knight—
 Let's bind him fast, and bear him over the water,
 And he shall feel Ursino's might
 Who would seduce Ursino's daughter!

FIRST VOICES.

A knight no peril fears on earth,
 But brooks not fetters like the weak;
 Then learn, proud man, to know my worth—
 Behold! within the waves my death I seek!

THE ECHO.

Now, daughter, thou art free.

(a) But where's the knight who's all on earth to me?

He sleeps beneath the wave!

Then, father, fare thee well—I share his grave.

It is easy to perceive that this ballad is very ancient; all those I heard were in the same style, breathing of melancholy, superstition, or hopeless love. The old legendary stories handed down to the artisans of our day by oral tradition serve as a theme for all their elegiac songs. Their inventive imagination leads them to heighten the effect of the data thus furnished them—hence their fondness for these poems, and the pains they take to add all possible accessory illusions to the situations of their heroes. By placing themselves on the tops of hills at a considerable distance from each other, they really strike out highly dramatic effects; and being at once both spectators and actors, they are all the more deeply impressed by the charms of this music.

During my stay in Italy, I frequently sought out for these concerts, which invariably gratified me, and awakened the pleasing sensation that must always result from a true picture of the human heart, and well described emotions.

a The stars indicate a long pause which took place between each of these lines

CHAPTER XI.

TRANSTEVERE.

NEXT to the pleasure of existing, I know of none greater than that afforded by searching into the mode of existence of others, by which means man identifies himself, as it were, with all nature, and neither blindly adopts the prejudices of his country, nor the accounts of other travellers; wherever he meets with any new custom or original ideas in direct opposition to his preconceived notions, he refrains from all comment till he has reflected maturely, searched again and again, and being often led to modify his first impressions, insensibly grows familiarized with manners of every sort, and learns to excuse national defects, to rise superior to mere systems, and to look upon himself merely as one member of the large family dispersed on the face of the globe.

With these notions, the reader may imagine that wherever fate has happened to cast me, I have always eagerly sought to identify myself with the manners of the people I was amongst. I had, therefore, not been long in Rome, before I resolved to go and examine the district of the Transteverians, so named, because its inhabitants live beyond the Tiber, at the foot of Mount Janiculum.

I had been told, and I had even read, that it was amongst the Transteverians alone that the real descendants of the ancient Romans were to be met with. The same prejudice which ascribed a superior degree of personal beauty to the ancients, has caused many to maintain that this race, being free from any admixture of blood, might serve as models for a sculptor. Nothing is farther from the truth. All those I saw lying about on the pavement of the Ponte Sisto, that leads to Transtevere, were only distinguishable from the inhabitants of the town from being cast in a more clownish mould; I immediately conjectured that their manners likewise would probably be more brutal, and of this I soon had ample proof.

I was accompanied by a young Italian. • We had reached the centre of this district, near the ancient basilica of Santa Maria (in *Transtevere*), when we perceived symptoms of some violent commotion. The men were running about in all directions, uttering confused exclamations. Some women were vainly endeavouring to restrain them. The mothers were calling their children in, and shutting the doors of their houses. By degrees the different groups increased to a large crowd, divided into two factions, as appeared from their insulting language and gesticulations. A volley of stones was then hurled by each set of combatants, the tumult became alarming, and several were carried off in a dying state. This outburst was presently succeeded by a confused murmur of voices; the contending parties drew nearer, their enormous cutlasses flashed before us, and there arose a frightful din of blasphemous oaths, mixed with the groans of the wounded and the despairing shrieks of the women, who were anxiously watching the issue of the battle from their windows. The armed carabinieri that now interfered to put an end to the row, were soon forced to retreat, and the two parties began fighting again with redoubled fury. It appeared plain to us, who had taken refuge under a shed, that one of the factions consisted of strangers to the district, who being in less numbers could scarcely cope with the still increasing forces of the others, and were evidently losing ground, as on one hand were heard cries of *Long live Transtevere!* and *Death to the Mountaineers!* (Monticiani) and those of *Help! help!* (aiuto) on the other. My companion and I expected to become the unwilling spectators of a terrific butchery of human beings, when all on a sudden two men, dressed in the monachal garb of hair cloth, with hoods over their faces, rushed into the midst of the combatants, and with outstretched arms and clasped hands implored them by signs to desist. I was surprised at first at the intrepidity of these penitents, but how much greater was my surprise, on seeing their weapons drop from the hands of the ruffians thus appealed to. There they stood, as if turned to stone, intently gazing on these two men prostrated at their feet, with looks that bespoke incipient shame and repentance. The women took advantage of the truce to try what they in turn might effect by stealing in amongst the combatants of a moment before; one drew off her husband, who, with lips still foaming, and pale with rage that no longer existed, suffered himself to be led away like a lamb; others came to the assistance of their sons, and their heart-rending exclamations moved the most ferocious to pity;

tears were shed by many a murderer; while the missionaries of peace went from one to another, and by dint of the veneration they inspired, contrived to force their incensed enemies to forget their mutual wrongs, and to embrace each other. Nor did the two penitents retire until a thorough reconciliation had opened every heart to kindlier sentiments, and banished the sounds of hatred and revenge.

This scene made a deep impression upon me, which, my young Roman companion having perceived, proceeded to give me the key to the mystery.

"You have just witnessed," said he, "one of those deplorable quarrels, so frequent before the invasion of the French, as my father tells me, and the cause is this:—

"The city of Rome is divided, so to say, into four sections, whose manners and prejudices are constantly clashing with each other, namely, the *Payni* or citizens, very quiet sort of people, who inhabit the centre of the town; the *Papolenti*, who are mostly boatmen and gardeners, and inhabit the northern portion of the city; the *Monticiani*, who dwell on the Esquilino and behind the Capitol, and are masons, and very vigorous men; and, lastly, the *Transteverini*, who are carmen and cowherds by trade. Whether from the difference of dialect or origin, or from any other unknown cause, certain it is, they are enemies born, to the degree of sending each other challenges, which are followed by the most bloody encounters. The French suppressed this animosity for a while, by keeping cannons, with lighted matches in readiness, in the places where they assembled, and luckily this energetic expedient suppressed a custom sanctioned by impiety. Probably the Monticiani, excited by one of those ancient inveterate bullies, came to demand the Transteverini satisfaction for some grievance; you have seen their ferocious animosity; and I need, therefore, only explain the cause of the sudden change effected by the appearance of the two penitents.

"You must know, that beneath that simple garb of hair-cloth, fastened by a rope, are often to be found both princes and cardinals, and even the Pope himself. The brotherhood of the *Sacconi* admit no members but what are remarkable either for their personal merit or their riches. It is part of their duty to ask alms for the poor every Friday. In so doing they never pronounce a word; they are unknown to one another; and for this purpose there are a great number of cells, in the church of St. Theodore, where they assemble, and where each can dress himself alone. When a member dies, let his rank be what it may, there are only four tapers

round his coffin, as each has renounced those worldly pomps with which vanity surrounds the remains of a rich or mighty man. If ever piety contributed to dignify humility, and to enhance the value of beneficence, it is surely since the existence of this brotherhood. The whole business of their lives consists in sending the sick alms, visiting the wretched haunts of poverty, like ministering angels; besieging the doors of the rich to wring a scanty pittance for the poor from the wealthy miser, or throwing themselves at the feet of enemies about to butcher each other, and imploring them in the name of heaven, by the most expressive gestures, to sacrifice their antipathy to their mutual welfare, for such, and no less, is the sublime task they daily fulfil. You need not then be surprised that the sight of them was sufficient to cause peace to be signed at once; for wherever they appear, public veneration ever pays them that tribute of admiration they so justly deserve for the good acts they perform."

My companion ceased speaking, and we each remained lost in the reflections occasioned by our excursion to Transtevere. And for my part I resolved to publish some day an account of what had passed before my own eyes, were it only as a salutary lesson to those who think it vastly fine to sneer and to rail at the very sight of the monastic garb, without troubling themselves to inquire whether the most exalted virtues may not be concealed beneath so coarse a clothing.

tears were shed by many a murderer; while the missionaries of peace went from one to another, and by dint of the veneration they inspired, contrived to force their incensed enemies to forget their mutual wrongs, and to embrace each other. Nor did the two penitents retire until a thorough reconciliation had opened every heart to kindlier sentiments, and banished the sounds of hatred and revenge.

This scene made a deep impression upon me, which, my young Roman companion having perceived, proceeded to give me the key to the mystery.

"You have just witnessed," said he, "one of those deplorable quarrels, so frequent before the invasion of the French, as my father tells me, and the cause is this:—

"The city of Rome is divided, so to say, into four sections, whose manners and prejudices are constantly clashing with each other, namely, the *Payni* or citizens, very quiet sort of people, who inhabit the centre of the town; the *Papolenti*, who are mostly boatmen and gardeners, and inhabit the northern portion of the city; the *Monticiani*, who dwell on the Esquilino and behind the Capitol, and are masons, and very vigorous men; and, lastly, the *Transteverini*, who are carmen and cowherds by trade. Whether from the difference of dialect or origin, or from any other unknown cause, certain it is, they are enemies born, to the degree of sending each other challenges, which are followed by the most bloody encounters. The French suppressed this animosity for a while, by keeping cannons, with lighted matches in readiness, in the places where they assembled, and luckily this energetic expedient suppressed a custom sanctioned by impiety. Probably the Monticiani, excited by one of those ancient inveterate bullies, came to demand the Transteverini satisfaction for some grievance; you have seen their ferocious animosity; and I need, therefore, only explain the cause of the sudden change effected by the appearance of the two penitents.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE GHETTO.

BEFORE reaching the Ghetto,* I paused in the *piazza* of St. Bartholomew's Isle, and rubbing up my classical lore, I recollected that this island was formed in the middle of the Tiber by the corn torn up from Tarquin's field, at the time of his expulsion from Rome. Since then, a temple to Esculapius was built upon it, and the quays were fashioned into the shape of a vessel, a fact which may be ascertained by passing behind the church, under which a poop, ornamented with a large serpent, is still to be seen.

The bridge of the Quattro Capi leads to the Ghetto; I crossed it, and found myself in the midst of the unhappiest people on the face of the earth. Ever wandering or disquieted, separated from the rest of human kind, alike by their customs and their religion, a prey to contempt, persecution, and extortion in every clime, the Hebrew race have passed through centuries of suffering and degradation, but is not yet struck off from the list of nations. The Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Assyrians, and the Romans have in turn oppressed and enslaved the Israelites.....what are those mighty nations now? Who can point out with any certainty even the site where stood Memphis, Babylon, or Nineveh? What a frightful example of human vicissitudes! The oppressed survive,

* Ghetto comes from *Ghitin*, a Hebrew word, meaning the act of divorce; and it is probably because the Rabbis settle those sort of affairs that the name of Ghetto was given to the quarters where the Jews congregate under their direction. Some authors pretend the Ghetto signifies *a place for shutting up cattle*. M. Depping, in his history of the Jews, gives yet another etymology to this word. "In the eleventh century," says this learned writer, "there existed at Salerno an especial neighbourhood occupied by the Jews, which was called *Judaia* or *Judaica*, which the Italians translated by *Giudecca*, which later, no doubt, was corrupted into *Ghetto*." We, however, persist in the belief that the word *Ghetto* comes from *Ghitin*.

while the persecutors have sunk to ruin, and their name scarcely escapes from oblivion.

And, what is stranger still, the Hebrew nation became the object of universal reprobation at the very moment when it gave the world a God. Perhaps nothing contributed more to the preservation of the Jews, than this very reprobation, which forbid their mixing with other nations. However that may be, they are nowhere more degraded than at Rome: they are forced to inhabit an unwholesome district; they are obliged to return to it at a certain hour, and to be locked up for the night. After their death, they are ignominiously flung into a field called *Ortacio* (a miserable garden), and not allowed the privilege of having a sepulchral monument; and even so, they must deem themselves fortunate that modern civilization has redeemed them from the yet more degrading obligation of serving as a laughing-stock for the Romans, by running races in a sack during the carnival, and wearing a piece of yellow stuff in their hats, as a mark of reprobation.

Those amongst my countrymen who have had occasion to go through the muddiest streets in that old-fashioned portion of Paris that comes under the denomination of *la cité*, have seen but a faint transcript of the sink of filth in which the wretched Hebrews are crowded together. Although stowed away in the most miserable hovels, that threaten hourly to fall to ruins, there is a bustle and activity throughout the little colony that would show them to be Jews, even if their sickly looks, thick lips, wide nostrils, triangular foreheads, and curly hair did not sufficiently characterise their oriental extraction. On all the minor doors I remarked the Hebrew inscription, *Zecher la Corban* (Memory of Desolation). Thus these unhappy beings sigh for a country yet more desolate than the wretched spot where they vegetate.

The fish market of the Ghetto occupies the ruins of the Octavian portico. Splendid columns of *Cipolino* marble serve as posts for hanging up salt fish; the tables or stalls are blocks of white marble; the stench of this place is most nauseous.

On raising my head to admire one of these pillars, I perceived wreaths and garlands of flowers hanging from the windows of the houses: these were the remains of the festival of the *Primizie* (first fruits). I likewise remarked on the terraces little huts, made of the branches of the laurel and the olive tree, which were the last traces of the feast of the *Scenopegia*, which takes place in Autumn.

The Jews, albeit confined in a spot set apart, as though

they were tainted with the plague, are allowed the full exercise of their religion. This toleration, on the part of the Pope, would surprise one, did we not remember that the existence of the Jewish nation is one of the conditions of the reign of Christianity : for are not the prophecies to meet with their fulfilment ? The words addressed to Pilate, during the holy passion, " His blood be on us, and on our children," must come to pass. What, indeed, would become of the curse upon this people, if the Christians could no longer point at them as the most terrible example of the Almighty's wrath ? Besides, it is to be observed that the Christian religion is essentially tolerant, and the abuses committed in its name have not cancelled this characteristic feature ; thus, although the Pope, as a sovereign, may force his own subjects to practise that religion at the head of which he stands, since his temporal and spiritual power are indivisible, and nobody can withdraw himself from the one without being accused of conspiring against the other, yet, with strangers, persuasion alone is employed. Now, the Hebrews that inhabit Rome cannot be said to be the Pope's subjects, seeing that they are only admitted into the town under the most humiliating and burdensome conditions, and they are never looked upon in any other light than that of a foreign people, except when they embrace Christianity ; then, and then only, do they acquire the rights of denizenship.

I was much surprised on seeing a cross and a cardinal's hat placed above a door, but I soon learned the reason why those emblems of Catholicism are to be found in the midst of the Ghetto. It seems that, although the Jews may freely assemble to pray in their synagogues, they are obliged to be present at the sermon that is delivered in this house for their edification. There, in the midst of the oft-repeated anathemas against them, they are requested to become converts to the true faith ; and if by chance one of the audience should fall asleep from fatigue or ennui, a man, whose business it is to punish such delinquencies, is sure to awaken him rudely by a rap on the head with his wand. These preachings are, for the most part, utterly, useless. Yet, now and then, there is a christening of some poor Israelites, who are gathered together from all corners of Italy, and these conversions serve as an episode to the different festivals of the year.

In latter years, no conversion made more noise than that of the infamous Deutz, who, after dishonouring the character of a Jew, will probably equally dishonour that of a Christian.

THE GHETTO.

History will stigmatize the Iscariot Deutz, who betrayed his benefactress the Duchess of Berry to her enemies. Since this piece of treachery, the apostate has again become a Jew.

In the reign of Pius VII. Rome numbered fourteen or fifteen thousand Jews; but since Leo XII. has *penned* them within the narrow fold of the Ghetto, five thousand have left the town. The greater or lesser concourse of Jews that resort to Rome may serve as a kind of barometer, that correctly marks the different variations of the system of the ecclesiastical government: for, being necessarily under the jurisdiction of the Pope, they flock to his head quarters when he happens to be favourable to them, and in the contrary case, they of course withdraw themselves from his authority.

CHAPTER XIII.

STATE OF THE JEWS IN ITALY—A RETROSPECTIVE GLANCE
—AND SUMMARY OF THEIR PRESENT CONDITION (1851).

As we observed in the preceding chapter, the Israelites in Rome had become the objects of still greater oppression under Leo XII. During the short reign of Pius VIII. they were allowed a respite, but his successor, Gregory XVI., outheroded Herod in point of absurdity, and that spirit of intolerance which the good sense of the last century and the beginning of the present one seem to have superseded for ever. On the 24th of June, 1843, the following edict was published by the *cancellaria* of the Holy Inquisition.

“None of the Israelites, inhabiting Ancona and Sinigaglia, will henceforth be allowed to hire Christian nurses, nor to take any Christians into their service under pain of punishment according to the pontifical decrees. All Israelites are to sell, within the space of three months, their property, real and personal, which will else be disposed of by auction. The Israelites are forbidden to reside in any town without the authorization of the government; in case of infringement they are to be sent back to their respective *ghetti*. No Israelites may sleep out of the *Ghetto*, nor shall any Israelite induce a Christian to sleep within the limits of the same; the Israelites are not to keep up any friendly intercourse with the Christians. The Israelites shall not trade in sacred ornaments, nor in books of any sort, under pain of a fine of one hundred *scudi*, and seven years of imprisonment. The Israelites are forbidden all ceremonies in burying their dead; they shall not make use of tapers under pain of confiscation. Those who violate the above edicts will incur the penalties ordered by the Holy Inquisition. This present measure will be communicated to the *Ghetto*, to be there published in the synagogue.”

It is with feelings of reprobation, amounting to disgust,

that we have copied out this document, that savours of the darkest ages of intolerance and barbarity. This return to the old system of oppression unfortunately persisted in by the present Pope, induces us to recall the events which led to the adoption of exceptional laws against the Jews, which ought to have fallen into disuetude, as the Holy See has more than once shown symptoms of a willingness to welcome the blessings of modern civilization.

According to the historians most worthy of credit, amongst whom may be reckoned Messrs. Arthur Beugnot and Depping, who have written the history of the Jews, a great number of the latter had mustered in Rome subsequently to the conquest of Palestine by Pompey. It is since this epoch that the law has seized upon them, and compelled them to undergo a series of vicissitudes more or less vexatious, according to the caprice and policy of the government.

After the destruction of Jerusalem the Jews became more numerous in Italy, though many took refuge in the oriental regions, in Persia, in the centre of Asia, and even in China, where they were admitted into several towns, and formed a colony in Cainfong-Fou, still extant to this day. In Rome, Domitian loaded them with contempt, outrages, and heavy taxes. Suetonius tells us of an old man of ninety who suffered the indignity of a public inspection, for the purpose of ascertaining whether he were circumcised and liable to the Jewish tax.

Under Adrian, the Jews lived very quietly in the Roman States, where a great number were agriculturists, having nothing in common with the herd of adventurers mentioned by Tacitus.

While the Christians were victims to the most barbarous persecutions, the Jews obtained of the Emperor Severus to be assimilated to the citizens of Rome; they could become guardians, and were admissible to all public functions, with the faculty of refusing any onerous office. The law which thus peremptorily fixed their social position remained in activity as long as the Pagan empire subsisted.

The reign of the Christian emperors in Italy was marked by a series of reactions. The Israelites became, in turn, the objects of the most rigorous or the mildest measures, according to the humour of the emperor, or the caprices of the population. Under Theodatus, however, and the members of his family, the Jews were treated with deference, and obtained great privileges, in spite of the earnest remonstrances

of the clergy, a powerful body even in those days, who considered it impious to afford protection to the descendants of Jesus Christ's executioners. Theodatus maintained that no law prohibited the existence of the Jewish sect. A synagogue having been destroyed, the Emperor ordered it to be rebuilt at the expense of the fanatics. But St. Ambrosius obtained the revocation of this decree, which was looked upon as an insult to Christianity.

Until the fifth century the Jews had their Patriarch, who was styled *Illustrious* in all their decrees. The Christians were forbidden to molest him by words. The Jews elected their own Judges for religious matters; but the Christian tribunals alone were competent in civil cases. The Jews might, however, elude their jurisdiction, by choosing umpires before the Patriarch. An edict of Arcadius and Honorius renewed the privileges of the heads of the synagogue, and placed them on the same rank as the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries amongst the Christians. It was forbidden to disturb them in their rigid observation of their sabbath.

Honorius permitted the Jews to have Christian slaves, on condition that they should not be prevented practising their religion. They were allowed to become lawyers, and the road to public honours was thus laid open to them. Later, however, the Emperor suppressed some of their privileges in consequence of the remonstrances of their enemies, but he seems to have adopted the measure with some repugnance.* "The indulgent and reserved terms used in the wording of this law," says Dohm, "seem to prove the universal esteem and respect in which the Jews were held in those days; and the quiet possession of their immunities during upwards of four centuries, is a yet greater proof that they had not shown themselves unworthy of enjoying them."

The Goths, on becoming masters of all Italy, displayed a degree of tolerance towards the Jews. Theodoric allowed them to enjoy their privileges in peace, and to rebuild "synagogues at Genoa that had been destroyed by the populace." At a later period we find the Jews fighting against the Goths, in the ranks of Belisarius's army.

On Justinian's succeeding to the throne there was an end to the security hitherto enjoyed by the Jews. His predecessors had been as fathers and protectors to them—their mildness indeed had been such as frequently to bring about the most fatal results, by inspiring the Jews with a degree of

* C. Theod. De Judæis, Lib. xxxiv.

pride and turbulence that made them overstep the bounds of prudence. The fall of their country was yet too fresh in their minds for them not to preserve a hope of being again united as a nation by the hand of some deliverer.

Hence, no doubt, the aberrations and the prejudices that furnished their enemies with arms against themselves, and subjected them to the severity of the police. Yet history presents no one fact, in Italy at least, which can justify the excessive rigour which they experienced during Justinian's reign. It can only be explained by that religious fanaticism which has caused such fatal disturbances throughout the world for so many centuries, and overturned the rights of humanity. Justinian organized the oppression of the Jews.

His laws, he contended, were founded on strict justice, which he defined as "*the firm and persevering determination to give each their due*," and on jurisprudence, which he designates as *the knowledge of Divine and human things, the science of distinguishing what is just and what is unjust* ;* yet these very laws, in all that regarded the Hebrews, were a perfect Draconian code. In it we find decreed all the iniquities, the injustice, and the extortions that succeeding ages practised on this unhappy and defenceless race, now revived in these days of enlightenment by the head of the Christian church, with fresh additions of his own. Justinian precludes them from filling any civil function ; he declares them all incompetent for ever and aye, without however exempting them from paying taxes ; he deprives them of all honours, wishing, as he expresses it, to render their social position as abject as their souls.* In the courts of justice they might not be witnesses against a Christian, although the Christians might give evidence against them.

The legislator degrades them to the level of the very dregs of society, and vilifies them in the eyes of the people, by heaping the most opprobrious epithets upon them. He designated them as *homines vilissimos extremæ conditionis*. Parents could not deprive their children who had turned Christians of the *falcidie* (in other words disinherit them), even had they committed the greatest of crimes (*maximum crimen*), a pretty plain authorization of parricide ; and all this, be it observed, was done *in honorem religionis*.†

Cast out from society, and placed as it were beyond the pale of the law, the Jews were henceforth obliged to take up with the condition of pariahs, and from that time an

* L. ult. cod. Justin. De Judæis et nov. 45.

† L. 28. c. Th. De Judæis.

entire separation of interests took place between the Christians and Israelites. On one hand the ardent zeal of votaries to a new religion, on the other, a steady adherence to the faith of their fathers, rendered all the more inveterate by persecution, such were the jarring elements that forbid the possibility of a reconciliation, still less of that fusion of both nations which can never be brought about by violent means.

Under the popes, however, the Jews were frequently treated with leniency and with a degree of moderation.

In the seventh century Gregory the Great displayed great justice towards them. Both he and his successors endeavoured to effect their conversion, but how different were the means they employed! "Tolerance," said this enlightened man, "is the true means of leading them to adopt our faith; violence would only scare away those who may perhaps be won by meekness and charity." Nevertheless, Gregory punished with a due degree of severity all those Jews who trafficked in slaves.

The humane and impartial conduct of this pope exercised a favourable influence from time to time on the fate of the Jews even in after ages.

The conquest of Italy by the Lombards did not effect any change in the position of the Jews who were wealthy and powerful. The Christians frequently intermarried with them, but this good understanding did not last long.

In 743 Pope Zacharias assembled a council in Rome, that threatened with a sentence of excommunication any Christian who should give his daughter in marriage to a Jew.

In the feudal system, that was established in Italy and the rest of Europe during the eleventh century, the Jews were reckoned not as human beings, but as *things*. Trade was their means of subsistence. They themselves were given and exchanged. In 1090 Roger, Duke of Apulia, made a present of the jewry of Salerno, with all its *live stock*, their goods and chattels, to Alfano II., archbishop of that town.

The crusades were a time of calamity for the Jews all over Europe; but while in many countries the blind fury of the crusaders led them to imbrue their hands with the blood of these unhappy wretches, in Italy the Jews were protected from those merciless cruelties by the authority of the pontifical ruler.

To the eternal honour of Alexander II. be it recorded, that no sooner did he hear of the excesses that disgraced these giant expeditions, led on by religious fanaticism, than he

raised his voice throughout both France and Spain, interceding in favour of the unhappy Israelites, in language worthy the head of the Christian Church pleading the cause of humanity. This noble example was imitated by several of his successors, down to our times; and if there have been exceptions, they have only occurred at periods when the Holy Father has allowed himself to be influenced by inveterate hatred and treacherous advice.

Under Innocent II. the Jews of Italy enjoyed a tolerably extensive range of prerogatives, if we are to judge from a step they took which might in those days have been followed by the most terrible consequences. One day, as the Pope was on his way to *San Giovanni Laterano*, the Jews presented him with the book of laws, exhorting him, at the same time, to revere them. The Pope answered in these words: "Hebrews, we commend and respect your laws, for your fathers received them from the Almighty through the hands of Moses. But we condemn both your worship and your erroneous interpretations of those laws, for you vainly expect the coming of our Saviour. The holy Gospel teaches us that the advent of our Lord Jesus Christ has already taken place."

The Jews from thenceforth were erected into a corporation. A regulation of the twelfth century assigned them a place at the ceremony of installing a new pope, in order to present him with the book of laws. This custom has been preserved to this day. At the same time, they are expected to pay the Apostolical Chamber the tribute of a pound of pepper and two pounds of cinnamon.

Alexander III. admitted several of the privileges granted to the Jews, but he forbid them to summon a churchman to appear before the civil judges, to buy churches, or to receive them as pledges. We are not informed whether the clergy was likewise prohibited from selling or mortgaging them.

Alexander III. was by no means exclusive in his choice of those whom he admitted to share the management of public affairs with him. According to Benjamin de Tudèle, a Jew, his treasurer was one R. Jechiel. M. Dupin has said: "In France liberty is old, and despotism is new." This observation would be still more fitly applied to the tolerance and intolerance that have alternately prevailed in the Papal States.

Scarcely, however, had a century elapsed, when the Jews found themselves dispossessed of most of the rights they had hitherto enjoyed.

The first statute, to the effect of prohibiting Christian nurses from entering the service of Jewish families (a clause

which has been repeated in the decree of 1843), belongs to the reign of Innocent III.

The Council of Laterano declares the Jews incompetent to fulfil public functions. The Jewish women were ordered to wear over their clothes a kind of yellow hood, in order to warn the Christian libertines that they were not to hold any commerce with them.*

The people committed so many excesses against the Jews, that Honorius forbid all attempts of converting them by violent means. He threatened to excommunicate any Christian who, without authorization, should dare to strike, wound, or kill the Jews, or seize upon their possessions.

Innocent IV. fell foul of the Jewish books. He wrote to the king of France, enjoining him to cause the Talmud to be burnt throughout his kingdom; but he cleared them of the imputations cast upon them, by which it appears that he wished to prevent their being burnt themselves.

In 1267 Clement IV. published a bull, from which it would appear that the Jews made proselytes.† He complains that Christians have embraced the Jewish faith, and enjoins the inquisitors to prosecute all Christians who shall have submitted to circumcision, and those Jews who have persuaded them to do so. These measures do not appear to have been very efficacious, for, nearly five-and-twenty years after, the number of these conversions to the Hebrew religion had increased to such a degree, that Nicholas IV. was under the necessity of renewing his predecessor's bull.‡

Marriages, too, became frequent between the Jews and the Christians; but they were prohibited by the Council, that ordered a divorce in such cases, under pain of excommunication. "No alliance can exist," they contended, "between the faithful and the unfaithful." Boniface VIII. was more indulgent, and was satisfied with taking away the dower of the woman who had contracted such a marriage.

In the fourteenth century the holy see was transferred to Avignon. This step was not attended with any evil effects for the Jews of Italy. The Pope's new seat of government became the refuge of a number of Israelites, who thus escaped from their persecutors in Spain, France, and Germany. Clement V. granted them both hospitality and protection.

The division of Italy into a number of petty states contributed, as Mr. Depping remarks, to ameliorate the condition of the Jews, as compared to what it was in other countries.

* M. Beugnot.

† Bullarium, l. iii. part i. p. 462.

‡ Basnage, tome xlii. page 413.

If one state thought fit to oppress them, another generally deemed it advisable to protect them. And thus, down to the eighteenth century, the laws concerning them were of that unsettled and capricious kind, that they were constantly undergoing changes that rendered them obscure, and even contradictory. Notwithstanding this fluctuating state of things, the Jews were accused of poisoning the sources of the river, and the absurdity of such an accusation did not prevent their being massacred. In Italy they were spared.

Nor did this security fail to bring forth fruits. The Jews gave themselves up to the pursuits of gain and industry with the greatest order. Benjamin de Tudèle mentions visiting some dyers in Italy. The Jews were accused of wringing the most exorbitant profits from the people by their usurious dealings. Truth to say, however, in those days the Italian bankers were by no means behindhand with them in that respect.

Nor did the Jews neglect either the sciences or polite learning. In Bologna they founded an academy, which sent forth many rabbis celebrated for their acquirements. Their learning excited the emulation of the Church. Professors of Hebrew were instituted in the academies founded by Clement in 1320; but Pope John XXII. thought it much easier to have the Talmud burnt than to attempt to refute it.

When we ourselves were at Bologna, we were shown some holy books of the greatest antiquity, that had been preserved from the academy of the Jews. The family of Haanarion, who had amassed immense riches, had caused a synagogue to be erected in Bologna, which for its grandeur and beauty of design is the admiration of all travellers.

The active intelligence of the Israelites soon gave umbrage and excited envy. Martin V. forbid their exercising any of the professions. The bull to this effect enumerates them minutely, without a single exception. Nor does it refer alone to the Jews of Italy; its application was general, and extended to those dispersed all over Christendom; thus striking their means of existence at the very root. Eugène and Calistus added fresh clauses to this prohibition, forbidding the Jews to inhabit with Christians, to eat or drink with them, to hire Christian menials, to erect new synagogues, to bear witness against Christians, or to inherit from them. These measures were usually adopted by the rest of Europe, and sometimes carried to a still greater excess of severity.

Towards this period Spain was guilty of an error, the enormity of which, perhaps, has no parallel in history—if we ex-

cept the revocation of the edict of Nantes. She committed the folly of impoverishing herself by the expulsion of the Jews and Moors, who formed the most enlightened, the wealthiest, and most industrious portion of her population; and perhaps to this very day does she suffer from the consequences of an act as barbarous as it was impolitic.

A number of these exiled Jews took refuge in Italy. Pope Alexander VI. welcomed them eagerly, and these unhappy beings took up their abode in different towns and boroughs, where they became useful by their industry and activity.

One of their companions in exile was Abarbanel, as celebrated for his writings as his diplomatic talents; he had been a long while at the head of the exchequer in Spain. At Naples, where he took up his abode, he became prime minister of Ferdinand the Bastard, and Alfonso II. At a later period the Venetians employed him to negotiate for the republic a commercial treaty with Portugal.

Abarbanel wrote a commentary on some portions of the Bible which was highly esteemed. He belonged to that generation of Spanish Jews whose scientific and literary works threw such a lustre on the fifteenth century.

In Italy the Jews, though so frequently hampered by persecutions, were not behindhand in contributing their quota to sacred literature and the theological sciences; they were the first to avail themselves of the recent discovery of printing.

When Gonsalvo de Cordova took Naples in the name of the King of Spain, he wanted to turn out all the Jews. He was given to understand that it would be better to convert them by submitting them to the discipline of the holy Inquisition—the *pride* and *safeguard* of Spain; but the people, it would appear, had no inclination for the tender mercies of the Holy Office, for they joined the Jews, and rose in arms against the establishment of the Inquisition, which was perforce abandoned. The Spanish government revenged this unwelcome check, by banishing the Jews from the kingdom. This cruel order, which Charles V. for a moment suspended, was put into execution, in spite of the prayers and intercessions of the first ladies in Naples, whom Ben Venida, the wife of Abarbanel, son of the minister, had contrived to interest in favour of the exiles.

The Jews of Ferrara were not more fortunate. After being received into this town in 1496, on their expulsion from Portugal, they were banished in 1551, under the absurd accusation of having occasioned the plague, then raging violently.

The historian, Cena-Rega, witnessed in Genoa the arrival

of thousands of exiles from Spain and Portugal. They were like so many walking spectres. Several fell dead on setting their foot ashore; others were drowned by the sailors; many were reduced to sell their children, in order to be able to leave the ships. Christians went about the streets, with a crucifix in one hand, and a loaf in the other. They offered the loaf to the famishing children of the Israelites on condition of adoring the cross, and in this manner they succeeded in making a number of converts.

Some of the sovereigns of Italy were favourably disposed towards the Jews of the 16th century, amongst these may be reckoned Pope Paul III., and Sixtus V., Cosmo grand Duke of Tuscany, Emmanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, and above all the Senate of Venice.

But Pope Paul IV. and Pius V., treated them with a degree of severity amounting to cruelty.

Besides renewing all the former decrees fulminated against the Jews, Paul IV. confined them within the limits of certain quarters of the town, set apart for the purpose, and since known as a *Ghetto*. The Jews, however, were certainly safer from being thus gathered into a community, than if they had been dispersed throughout the town, where every one might fall upon them with impunity. In Rome, in Ancona, and other towns, these streets were invariably the narrowest, the most unwholesome, and the most infectious. A writer compares the *Ghetti* to the establishments for the galley slaves at Brest or at Toulon. The Jews, indeed, are menaced, if not physically like the latter unhappy wretches, yet morally so by a number of inhuman decrees as capricious as they are implacable:—a sad remnant of barbarism bequeathed to posterity by the darker ages.

Pius V.'s first care on becoming pope was to cause several Jews to be burned, who had escaped him during the period he held the office of grand inquisitor, before his promotion to the papal tiara. He accused the Jews of the greatest crimes, such as extortion, blasphemy, and prostitution. At length, in 1569, he drove them out of his states.

Gregory XIII. recalled them in several towns; subjecting them, however, to the tribunal of the inquisition. In order to convert them, he obliged them to hear a sermon once a week.

Sixtus V. softened down some of the measures adopted by his predecessors. The Jews obtained leave to come back to those towns from which they were still excluded, but on condition of paying considerable sums.

Innocent XIII. showed both tolerance and humanity in favour of the Jews. Towards the end of the 17th century, when the Venetian general, Marozini, returned in triumph from Morea, he brought back a considerable number of Christian and Jewish captives. He granted their liberty to the former, intending to keep the latter in slavery. The pope interceded for and obtained their delivery.

In the middle of the 17th century, the Jews were very numerous in the Papal States, and possessed nine synagogues.

At length Italy was conquered by the French. The old order of things was changed. The Israelites acquired equal rights with the other inhabitants; nor does it appear that they rendered themselves unworthy the advantages they owed to the glorious impulse of generosity and justice which now prevailed throughout France, that had become a votary to the tenets of philosophy.

If we follow them from Italy to France, we shall find them in 1807 represented in the assembly of the great *Sanhedrin* which the Emperor called together in Paris; all the rules laid down by this body for organizing the Israelitish worship throughout France, were likewise extended to Italy.

The fall of the Empire, by throwing Italy back into its old routine, deprived the Jews of the title of citizens, and of all the safety appertaining to such a qualification. Again were they subjected to the iron rule of those confused, contradictory and anti-social laws, alike their shame and their despair since the darker ages. Liable to all taxes and to every burthen, they were, as of old, excluded from everything except trade. They were irrevocably prohibited the exercise of all liberal professions; and even forbidden to frequent the universities.

Such was the position of the Jews; so deplorable, so wretched that it seemed scarcely capable of aggravation. But this was an erroneous notion. What a painful sight does not both Rome and St. Petersburg present at this moment! While France and England are labouring to abolish slavery with a zeal and devotedness that disregard all sacrifices, by the strangest anomaly, he who is entitled the shepherd of his flock, is plunging thousands of God's creatures into the most odious and abject slavery.

Surely the friends to civilization, let them be of what creed they may, whether Catholic or Protestant, cannot but deplore this increase of severity unjustified by a single motive.

It is to be regretted, too, that by giving the example of

gratuitous intolerance, the head of the church should weaken the authority of any interference that he may attempt in favour of oppressed Catholics in different countries of Europe. Gregory XVI. was the scourge of the Jews, nor is the present Pope, Pius IX., one whit more tolerant. The following trait may serve as one example amongst a thousand: In December last, the agent to the firm of Rothschild waited on Cardinal Antonelli, to solicit, in the name of his principal, the fulfilment of certain concessions promised to the Jews. The Cardinal stated, in reply, that the papal government, being essentially ecclesiastical, was not free to imitate the policy of other governments, without endangering its very existence. He was, however, pleased to add that the Roman government had committed sundry serious errors (a fact he could the more readily allow, as he was entirely guiltless of their commission), but that the time was come when it must turn its painful experience to some account. In short, all that Rothschild's agent could obtain was reduced to this:—that so soon as the reform in the courts of justice, then preparing, should have taken place, the Jews of Rome should be placed on the same footing as the Pope's subjects. All of which fair promises—true *eau bénite de cour*—conceal not beneath their flimsy veil a predetermination on the part of the court of Rome, to leave the affair of the Jews *in statu quo*, or in other words to perpetuate the reign of intolerance. By such conduct Pius IX. and the holy office ought surely to perceive that they furnish fresh arguments to the enemies of the Catholic faith, which has so often been stigmatized as incompatible with all institutions founded on a due respect for the rights of humanity. They ought, too, to recollect that the times are over when theocratic power ruled the world with a rod of iron, and disregarded the violation of laws both divine and human!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FAIR SEX.

AFTER spending six days in raising the wonders of the world out of chaos, and having formed man after his own image, the Almighty, as the Bible tells us, completed His glorious work by creating woman. Truth to say this is the most perfect of his works. Cherubino, in the "Marriage of Figaro," is to be sure no learned doctor of divinity, but we can sympathize with him when he exclaims: "how ineffably sweet is the very sound of the words woman or girl."

Mahomet, according to our theologians, is a false prophet; notwithstanding this, what is the reason that he has made so many proselytes? Simply because, instead of boring them with learned disquisitions, he promised them *houris*. How many virtues which men scarcely ever possess in perfection, are the exclusive property of this sex! Gentleness, patience, strength of mind under the pressure of grief, such are the qualities peculiar to the best portion of the human species; nor is courage, glory, or science the exclusive heir-loom of our sex. Charlotte Corday is not inferior to Brutus; Sappho may be honoured next to Homer; and Madame Duchatelet was no mere tyro in the school of Newton. From the humble sister of Charity to Catherine of Russia, herself as much a king as the greatest despots, in how many of the different paths to fame do they not constantly dispute our claims, and that in a fair manner, without requiring any allowances to be made out of gallantry, a word displeasing to female ears when they feel their real value!

Woman, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary by a handful of cross-grained bigots, will ever remain the most amiable of dame nature's creations. Some few degenerate nations, or savage tribes may choose to doubt the truth of such an assertion; but every man born with good dispositions, no sooner discovers that he is possessed of

eyes, a heart, and senses, than he feels naturally disposed to pay homage to them. To whatever part of the globe an adventure-loving disposition may lead us, our looks and our heart alike are seeking for a mate. The picturesque beauties of nature, or majestic ruins, the masterpieces of art, the strange customs of distant nations, all these may excite our surprise, or command our admiration, but suffice not to charm our existence. A country without women would be like a garden without flowers; a country where only ugly ones are to be seen may be compared to desolate moors that produce nothing but brambles. But in those favoured climes where we admire fine eyes, syren voices, voluptuous forms, and mouths that seem to call for kisses, we fancy that paradise itself has opened to our view. For this reason when a man leaves one country to seek another, his first inquiry is relative to the fair sex of such or such a land; if he hears them praised, his imagination takes fire, his heart beats with hope and delightful anticipations, his very blood is in a ferment; he reverts to his age, reckons up his successes amongst the fair, as a general counts his victories, but with a still better prospect of living to fight another day! If, on the other hand, the accounts he hears are unfavourable to his amorous reveries, he sets out upon his journey with a feeling of reluctance, the future presents but a dreary blank from which he vows to escape as fast as he can, and for once he will be sure to keep his word.

Such were the reflections that naturally occurred one fine Sunday, that I was sauntering near the church of *Santo Carlo* in the *Corso*, and gazing on the belles who were issuing forth after high mass, in all their *bravery*, to promenade according to their usual custom. The appeal to the senses caused by so vast a concourse of fair ones was sufficiently intoxicating to engross my whole attention for a time, and to prevent my observing at once the multitude of spectators who, like myself, were paying their tribute of admiration to the fairest half of the human kind. I afterwards had occasion to perceive that the young men of my own standing in Rome were neither absolutely blind nor paralytic any more than in Paris.

Whoever visits Rome will be sure of meeting with beauties of the first order. The fair inhabitants of the eternal city are distinguishable by their proud lock, their picturesque dress, which is rather rich than either elegant or neat, their

magnificent shoulders, the rosy hue on their cheeks, their plump and well-formed busts, their charming smile, and fine eyes that command you most imperiously to worship them; such are the qualifications that enslave their numerous adorers. But do not expect to find amongst them one of those angelic creatures whose eyes inspire the purer joys of paradise, nor a delicate sylph-like form, nor a fairy foot that scarcely bends the grass beneath its tread, for Rome boasts none of these perfections. One would think from the partiality the ladies affect for being only seen as *kit-cats* in their calashes, that they were themselves aware of their own deficiencies; I should however rather incline to the belief that laziness or habit is their motive. Whenever I have been walking with artists, I have seen them fall into ecstasies at every female group; here they discovered a Juno, there a Pallas or a Sybil . . . but none that I ever heard seemed to trace even the shadow of a Venus. Should polygamy ever come into fashion, and be authorized by law (and who knows but such an event may come to pass in this enlightened century, where *la femme libre* has been seriously dreamed of by the St. Simonians), I should certainly take unto myself four wives, namely, a Frenchwoman, an Englishwoman, a Roman, and a German. The first of these I should escort to the ball-room, and from the ball-room to the boudoir; the second would accompany me in my travels, were I even going to encamp on the topmost point of Mount Blanc, or to descend into the crater of Mount Etna; and while the German would take care of the kitchen and the sour crout, I should exhibit myself at court, at mass, and at the opera with my Italian.

The French ladies, who understand the value of minute details in everything, will perhaps be desirous of knowing whether the Roman ladies have black or flaxen hair, whether their noses belong to the Roxalana or the Marie Antoinette school, whether they read novels, and a hundred more such questions, to which I answer beforehand, that I have seen faces with irregular features in Rome as well as elsewhere, and yet I must confess that even these have a certain character and gravity about them, owing, no doubt, to the black lashes that fringe their eyes. I have seen many blondes of all sorts of different shades, but the brunettes form the majority; and they preserve their hair longer than in France, if I may judge from the number of women advanced in years who continue braiding their locks with considerable taste even when they have turned

entirely white. They are more frequently seen with devotional books in their hands than novels, and it is but stating the truth to say that they read the former with more attention than the latter. In general they are deficient in those easy manners and *bon ton* that distinguish the well-bred Parisian from all other women; but they are gay and sprightly, and converse with the most fascinating ease. The Roman women are much alive to the charms of conversation; they carry it on with polite familiarity, which, combined as it mostly is with a taste for the fine arts, gives a great zest to their lively intercourse; albeit the matters under discussion seldom take a higher ground than the usual drawing-room chit chat, and here, as elsewhere, even the most interesting conversations are broken in upon by frivolous observations, questions asked through mere curiosity, and tales of scandal. Nobody seeks to show off their learning, still less to reason—the elements of society consist here in being capable of feeling and of laughing. Vivacity supplies the place of wit or intellect. The Roman women have not read any of those philosophical works which have turned the heads of our dandizettes, and make them so ridiculous, but they know Metastasio by heart, because he discourses of love, and sings it too. Now Montaigne says somewhere that the voice is the flower of beauty. A Roman lady being once caught in a moment of idleness, which is more of a habit amongst the fair sex in Rome than elsewhere, was asked what she was about. “I am studying,” replied she laughing. Could laziness have devised a more ingenious hit at the pompous inanities of the would-be learned? One may easily comprehend that this laziness is not without its charms. It allows that uncontrolled dominion of the senses, which exclusively favours the least platonic species of love. Thus, even the strictest amongst the Roman ladies are never straight-laced in their manners; you never offend them by making love to them. In the idle life they lead, love or devotion is their only stimulus—the ingredient they feed upon; they must have a confessor or a lover, and frequently both dignities are vested in one and the same person; in short they treat all matters of love in the same off-hand manner that other European women would give or receive a flower. Without a spark of romance in their composition, they look upon the man whom they have adopted for a lover, as the complaisant slave, whose business it is to pretend to sigh for them during the whole course of his life; or rather as a kind of panacea to what

is called in Rome *il mal d'amore*. When the fever is over the physic is thrown to the dogs, and the discarded must take comfort as best they may! I would not, therefore, advise our Lovelaces to rodomontade too much about their conquests in Italy; their personal merit is generally very guiltless of the outrages they commit against Hymen; and if the sensual divinity, that the ancients designated by the word *Temperamentum*, were to leave this country, I don't think our gay Lotharios would have the slightest chance to exclaim with Cæsar: "Veni, vidi, vici."

CHAPTER XV.

THE ROMANS.

APPEARANCES are always deceitful: if a man affects the airs of a great genius, you may be sure he is a fool. Those who are for ever boasting of their library never open a book; and when you see a hyper-magnificent bureau amply supplied with gilt edge paper, a splendid standish, and all the elegant superfluities that are so many toys for the idle, ten to one but the owner never touches a pen. In Rome, above all places, you must be upon your guard against appearances. If you give ear to their flaming accounts of themselves, you will be betrayed into a belief that the Romans are as active as they are enterprising.....Do not, however, be duped to this extent. *Il far niente* is their greatest happiness on earth. Without a thought for the future, they withdraw themselves from the vortex of worldly wants that usually hurry us poor mortals to our doom, and give themselves up to fêtes and amusements of every kind. I believe that, in the case of the Romans only, hope never entirely abandons misfortune. Folly, with her cap and bells, is ever gambolling before them, inviting them to follow her, now to the theatre, now to church, now to some amorous rendezvous. They little resemble the women, either in their noble cast of features or in point of figure; they are seldom well made, and rarely handsome. They waste their lives with as much recklessness as they squander away their fortune, when, indeed, they possess one, and by the time they are thirty they look as if they were sixty.

Except the priests, who live upon the parish, the Romans may be divided into two classes—husbands and lovers. There may be examples of the two titles being blended into one, but they are “few and far between;” their duties somehow seem to be more incompatible in Rome than anywhere else.

Husbands ought principally to be on their guard against

all the lower orders of the clergy, for these are their most dangerous enemies. But jealousy, however watchful, can seldom ferret them out, for this reason—there is generally a good understanding between themselves and the wife. How, indeed, can one be aware of these cunning Mawworms, armed cap-a-pie with all the paraphernalia of *novene*, general confessions, and even certificates of confession, of which they make a traffic, yea, in the very houses where one of the seven mortal sins is most frequently committed?

Friendship, too, has generally to answer for the greater number of the depredations committed by these poachers in Hymen's grounds. Amongst the noble and the rich, it is always some female friend of the wife's who discovers, and forthwith dispatches a Mercury in white bands, one of those personages who fulfil the offices of lector to the children, *maestro di casa* (a kind of upper steward), or valet, for in Rome these things only differ in the name. The first time they ask leave to speak to *la Signora amica*. If the messenger pleases, the bargain is immediately struck; and that very evening sees the holy man established in the house, saying the family prayers for the edification of *il Signore*, and preaching that kind of indulgent morality to *la Signora* which has been tacitly agreed upon. This is the reason that priests are to be met with in all the houses, and women are to be seen in all the churches.

Having sketched the portrait of the husband, we will now endeavour to show up the lover.

In Rome, the lover who is in possession of the *incumbency* is the confidential person of the house. The husband consults him on all matters of difficulty, and borrows money of him in any emergency, without considering himself obliged to return it. The wife sets him to carry her shawl when they are promenading. In summer it is he who treats the family to ices or sherbet; in winter his arm is in requisition for the theatre or the ball-room; and, should the husband happen to die, it is the lover whom the widow selects as his successor; once married, however, the scene changes, and the ex-lover runs every chance of being replaced in the character he has just quitted by some more fortunate *débutant*. The best of the joke is, that this species of gallantry is not even looked upon as any scandal.

To sum up their character as a whole, the Romans, often lively and witty, would be capable of succeeding in anything they chose to attempt, but they are incapable of steady application. They are a lazy people, apt to follow nothing but

their instincts. They are addicted to all sorts of vices, nor do I know that they can boast of a single virtue difficult of attainment. If they are regardless of the future, it is because the experience of the past is utterly lost upon them. They enjoy without reflection, and without a regret; they live, morally speaking, from hand to mouth. Should misfortune overtake them, they soon get accustomed to their fate, and laugh at the caprices of fortune with a degree of imperturbability that might pass current for the sublimest stretch of resignation, but which is in reality only the barefaced hardness of cynicism.

In a word, the Romans are submissive by dint of being debased. If they expect a favour, they will flatter and cringe. If you turn them away, they will threaten; and if you oblige them, they will no sooner have received a benefit than they will have already forgotten it.

A queer lot of 'em

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CORSO.

WHEN you hear of the Corso, at Rome, as the rendezvous of the nobility, who drive up and down in elegant equipages, countless in number, you naturally fancy a superb avenue, well aired, and bordered, as in most of our southern towns, with verdant trees and magnificent *cafés*—those temples of fashion and pleasure; and you even, perhaps, go the length of imagining that, as it is without question the native land of music, snatches of delicious symphonies will reveal the taste of a melody-loving people, or that, at any rate, at some distance, both youth and childhood would each be partaking of the amusements of their ages, and that it was the very place to enjoy, at the decline of day, the cooling freshness of the breeze, and to witness the parting beams of the sun. . . . Well then, good people, pray undeceive yourselves.

When, six weeks after my departure from France, I was told, "there is the Tiber," I perceived a river of no great breadth, that I crossed by a bridge, rather ill-built than otherwise, after having looked with disgust on two horrible statues of saints, the modern production of a would-be sculptor, who had been entrusted to decorate the bridge. On the right I beheld the Castle of St. Angelo, the Vatican, the sublime Basilica, and the mournful Monte Mario, with its black cypresses: On the left I perceived some abrupt hills, some kind of marshes, and a number of ruins of old castles, held sacred amongst artists, under the title of Poussin's buildings. Then appeared a desert of a street, two miles in length; then the Porta del Popolo, the piazza of the same name, that is ornamented by a superb obelisk, and disgraced by two fountains, the sculpture of which is an insult to all good taste; and, lastly, a street almost as long as the first, but much narrower, and overshadowed by tall houses, several of which

are styled **palaces**—this, they told me, was the Corso. The equipages form two lines, that cross each other, and continue circulating after passing the goal.

The whole population of Rome being thus crowded into one narrow neck, the foot passengers are well nigh trodden underneath the hoofs of the horses, luckily not much given to capering; but in summer this conglomeration of human beings occasions an excess of heat and dust that is scarcely endurable.

But at least, say you, in the midst of all these disagreeables, the rich alone surely have the privilege of dispersing mud and dust to the baser orders on foot? Wrong again! Side by side with a prince, or even an ex-majesty, comfortably ensconced in an elegant equipage, behind which are clustering a whole swarm of lackeys, strangely accoutred, you perceive a cobbler dizenied out in his Sunday clothes, and proud as a peacock in the midst of his radiant family, seated on the well-worn cushions of an old *calèche*, drawn with difficulty by two Rossinantes at the last gasp. Three or four of his apprentices are stuck up behind to personate lackeys. It is amusing to watch the airs he gives himself; how he surveys, from top to toe, the stranger whose boots he blacked that same morning, and how his robust helpmate, vastly proud of the new net of green ribbons on her head, is minutely criticising the dresses of neighbouring marchionesses and countesses. Should the carriage by chance be obliged to stop, or should some Croesus call for an ice to dispel his *ennui*, then immediately the cobbler loses no time in sending a deputation to the retailer of wines, and, while the melancholy lord of millions is pecking at an ice, or tasting his *orgeat glacé*, an enormous flagon of Romanesco, borne in triumph in the midst of his neighbours, serves to quench the thirst of father, mother, children, lackeys, and coachman, until it is fairly emptied. The merriment that presides at these libations throws a halo of gaiety over its immediate vicinity, that contrasts forcibly with the mournful gravity of all the rest.

In the midst of this carousal, the carriages of the cardinals may be distinguished by their massiveness, their redness, their old fashioned gilding, and the multitude of lackeys hanging behind them. Nearly stifled within the depth of his carriage, his eminence can only throw a sidelong glance at the fair ladies who pass and pass again; but, on the other hand, he enjoys the wondrous satisfaction of hearing the drums beat, and seeing the soldiers turn out of the guard-house to present arms to him, all of which is not without its value at Rome.

In the midst of all this, what becomes of the exquisites? Doubtless they are capering round those carriages best filled with inmates of the softer sex, or are galloping at full speed in the English fashion, at the imminent risk of breaking their necks? No such thing. It is not in the Corso the same as in the Bois de Boulogne, in France, or Hyde Park, in England. Those who require riding on horseback, either from want of exercise, from habit, or from vanity, must rest content at Rome with creeping behind the equipages—and the number of such persons is very limited. By far the greater portion of young men of *bon ton*, after having slowly paced the whole Corso (*intra muros*), come and place themselves right and left on the Piazza del Popolo. There they stand, crossing their arms, twisting their gloves, pulling up their cravats, and pirouetting abruptly round on their heels, as if some one had called to them from behind, though they know that such is not the case, and bowing every minute to the ladies that pass them, happy if they receive in return a smile or a glance which can be perceived by their rivals. Night comes on and they retire, for the most part exceedingly bored; but they have shown themselves—and at Rome this is the main point.

Such is the Corso and its pleasures!

CHAPTER XVII.

VILLAS IN THE ENVIRONS OF ROME.

ONE Sunday I took a hackney coach—a species of vehicle, by the bye, which, in the capital of the Christian world, neither owns a number, nor any fixed rate of charges, seeing that the government aids and abets all extortions practised upon foreigners, who alone make use of such articles of luxury—and drove to the different villas both in the town and in the suburbs. These villas are surrounded by pleasure grounds, to which the public has free access—a privilege due either to some ancient right granted by the original possessor, or to the ostentation, or any other motives of the proprietors.

The villa Medici, built by the Cardinal Ricci, and increased by Alexander Medici, afterwards Pope Leo XI., is now the French Academy of Painting. Nothing can be more elegant—I might almost say more fairy-like—than the façade of this building on the garden side. It is said that the great Michael Angelo presided over its erection. It is incrustured with a quantity of antique bass-reliefs, some of which are not without merit. The gardens, consisting of shaded walks, where the beams of the sun never penetrate; and a grove, terminated by a labyrinth, are highly agreeable—as one may here enjoy fresh air, and overlook Rome and its environs. That king of Epicures, Lucullus, to whom we are indebted for the valuable importation of the cherry tree, had a house on this spot for gala occasions.

Nor far from the villa Medici, but outside the town, is a villa built by Scipione Borghese, under the pontificate of his uncle, Paul V. This is the general rendezvous of all foreigners during the spring, and of the common people in autumn. The former come to arrange their bets for the next races, or to inhale the fragrance of the violets that are to be met with in profusion; the latter assemble in the month of October to dance to the sound of the tambourine and mando-

line. Besides this, several kinds of gymnastic exercises are held in the beautiful circus of Cassius, one of the ornaments of the place. The grandeur and solitude of its dark alleys of oaks that winter cannot change to the "sear and yellow leaf;" its murmuring fountains—the sighing of the winds through the tops of the pines—its groves of laurels and cypresses, adorned with statues and interspersed with tombs, together with a lake and a temple, alike embellished by art and by nature—such are the charms that justify the partiality philosophers have shown for this favoured spot. Herds of deer may be seen disporting amongst the trees, or darting across the paths with the rapidity of an arrow, if startled by the slightest cause—at which moments even the most apathetic cannot refrain from admiring the grace and lightness natural to these delicate creatures.

At a short distance from the villa Borghese, near the *Porta Salaria*, the villa Albani captivates our admiration by the richness of its different buildings, and the lovely garden in which it is set. The learned Winkelman directed the works carried on in this delicious retreat, and arranged the superb gallery of statues that is to be seen here.

Those amongst my readers who would fain see a realization of the exquisite gardens of Armida, celebrated in Tasso's immortal verse, and vary their pleasurable sensations by passing rapidly from the more cultivated precincts to the wilder beauties of simple nature—those again who delight in dreaming away an hour in the midst of tombs, or who are ambitious of treading on the ashes of great men—of stirring up their bones, and dispersing their dust amidst the graceful productions of Flora's living kingdom—ought by all means to visit the villa Pamphili, which the prince of this name embellished in the reign of Innocent X., and which is now in the possession of the Doria family. Here they will find a sumptuous edifice, surrounded by gardens, where art has lavished all its resources in the production of wonders. Tritons and nereides are to be seen in the depths of dark caverns filled with water; the roaring of a torrent accompanies the sound of an organ, which it sets in motion. A hundred jets of water refresh the air with their welcome spray. At no great distance is an ancient cemetery, recently dug out of the earth, where the antiquary will find tombs of rich workmanship, curious inscriptions, sepulchres filled with urns, which (hear it, ye desecrators, who travel through Europe for no other purpose than the gratification of chipping off a fragment from the venerable monuments time has respected!) *the hand is free to search, or the*

foot to trample upon!—for to profane the ashes of a people stigmatized as heathens would not so much as excite a murmur in Rome. A few steps further, the eye is delighted by the sight of gigantic fir-trees, grottoes, cascades, a superb canal, and a lake, with the whitest of white swans and exotic birds disporting on its surface; from thence you perceive a valley, intersected with rivulets, and where the willow, the birch, the poplar, and beech are growing in wild profusion. When you listen to the bleating of the lambs, or the neighing of the foals, and see them frisking about, while the steady ox is grazing in undisturbed tranquillity, the scene reminds you forcibly of Switzerland's lovely valleys. Your imagination peoples these delicious groves with sylphs and each fountain with its Naiad, while nymphs and amorous fawns are gambolling over the grass. From the top of the hills that are inclosed within this earthly Paradise, your eye can overlook the magnificent buildings of the Vatican and the vast desert presented by the country around Rome, bounded by the blue sky in the horizon. You will not meet with any great crowd of people in this enchanting spot,—but, on the other hand, you will often find yourself in the midst of a group of English girls, as fresh as the dew of morning, and as light as the down of the swan, whom you will gladly assist in gathering wild flowers to form into a nosegay; or you will admire the cherub faces of the lovely children sporting about in all the artless glee belonging to their age; or should the fine arts prove a greater temptation, you can amply satisfy your taste by inspecting the bass-reliefs incrusting the walls of the terraces.

How often, when resting beneath the shade of these delightful gardens, have I not wished that the ruling powers in our land would devote some of their superfluous cash to a purpose similar to the one intended by the planner of this miniature Eden. Instead of the formal compartments displayed by the Luxembourg and the Tuileries, we should then have fields to dance in, or to see others dance in—woods for those who delight in solitary reveries—and circuses for the performance of gymnastic exercises; nor would the robust artizan in his simple jacket be then excluded any more than the noisy explosions of genuine gaiety; our pleasures would be increased, and our rulers would assuredly rise in popular favour. But what boot these vain wishes? The voice of an independent-minded literary man scarcely, if ever, reaches the ear of the great! So now, having returned from my frequent travels, these longings must rest satisfied as best they may with the recollections of the past.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE VATICAN—ST. PETER'S.

THE name of the Vatican is derived from the hill upon which it is built. It is extremely vast, and not very regular, as a whole, on account of the numerous additions made at different epochs, but very picturesque. The Basilica of St. Peter, and the superb circular colonnade that leads to it, are all in one with the palace, which one enters by a door that terminates the colonnade on the right hand.

The first time I visited the Vatican, in company with a friend, a group of soldiers dressed like the knave of spades,* and carrying strange looking halberds, were lounging near this door: these were the Pope's Swiss guard. "This costume," observed my guide, "ridiculous as it may appear, is very significant; it tells of the stationary spirit of despotism which needs no disguise in Rome, where theocracy is ever present to justify any acts of tyranny. The government is like an old crazy building, composed of incoherent parts that remain in equilibrium as long as they stick together, but that falls to ruins the moment the least change takes place. This they are well aware of; therefore neither the costumes, the abuses, nor the ceremonies, nor any part of the state that surrounds the Pope, have suffered the slightest alteration. The twelfth century is still in a state of preservation at the Vatican."

So saying, my friend led the way to the Sixtine chapel, by Alexander VII.'s staircase, which is no great miracle. The porter being absent, we were obliged, perforce, to put off

* This is the Swiss Guard. The uniform consists of cloth stockings with blue and yellow stripes, wide breeches of red serge, ornamented with blue and yellow ribbons, and a *hoqueton* or vest, striped with blue, red, and yellow; a shoulder belt supports their sword, and they carry the halberd or partisan in their hands. In great ceremonies, six of these Swiss Guards shoulder as many swords, fit to serve as a sign for an armourer, being eight feet long and proportionately wide. These caricatures represent the six Catholic cantons of Switzerland.

admiring Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, and we stopped to examine the superb hall which serves as a vestibule to the chapel, and which is called the Hall of Kings, because Vasari has painted on its walls all the various humiliations endured by different sovereigns from the Popes. Here we find the Emperor Frederick the First at the feet of Alexander III.; then the Emperor Henry IV., who, after having been scourged, came with bare shoulders to crave absolution from Gregory VIII.; next Peter of Arragon in the act of owning himself the vassal of St. Peter, and pledging himself to pay a yearly tribute. The massacre of St. Bartholemew and the murder of Coligny complete the series. The pictures are surrounded by inscriptions only to be tolerated in Rome.

This vestibule leads to the galleries of ancient statues, the number of which is prodigious. There is a quantity of valuable fragments and curious inscriptions to be found in this collection. Amongst the most remarkable of these *chefs-d'œuvre*, we may mention the Belvedere Apollo, the Laocoon, the Torso, and the Minerva Medica. Our museum at Paris, though less extensive, is more select, and may set against these the Dying Gladiator, the Venus of Milo (a conquest due to the Vicomte de Marcellus), the Diana with the Stag, the Hermaphrodites, the Faun and Child, and the Germanicus. The ancient mosaics that decorate a portion of the Vatican seemed to me very inferior to what the moderns have accomplished in this line. Raphael's *Stanze*, which one enters after going through all the galleries, displays in its frescoes, painted by this great artist, all that may be effected by a sublime genius; here we find the School of Athens, the Miracle of Bolsena, and several other pieces rendered familiar to us by engravings. In a few years more the dampness, which has already begun its inroads, will have completely destroyed these noble pictures.

The masterpieces of oil painting have been placed in an upper story. Here we find Domenichino's Communion of St. Jerome, at first considered as a mere daub, and stowed away in a garret, from whence it was rescued by Poussin, and raised to a place beside the Transfiguration. Begging pardon of the numerous admirers of this picture, it seems in my humble judgment to be deficient in harmony, and some of its figures are mean and ignoble. In short, I venture to say, that placed by side of Gros's *Peste de Jaffa*, it must hide its diminished head. Raphael's Transfiguration is defective in the lower half of the painting, but the upper portion is sublime, and is really like a vision. In another room we may

admire the *Madonna di Foligno* by the same master. Caravaggio's Christ borne to the Sepulchre completes the classic works of the museum ; for the other paintings, ten or twelve in number, are praiseworthy only in certain portions, and would in all probability be very roughly handled by the critics had they been recently executed.

My friend, though admitting the truth of my remarks as to the defects observable in these works, could not agree with my judgment on the two first ; he insisted on their being unrivalled. I answered that such might have been the case formerly, but since Girodet's Deluge, David's Sabines, and Gros's Plague-stricken of Jaffa, they were now only equal to other paintings, instead of standing alone in their perfection. But this declaration was ineffectual to persuade him, and, as it often occurs in such cases, I adhered to my opinion and he to his.

We afterwards went down into St. Peter's. It is a known fact that the immensity of this edifice is unequalled in the world. Nor do I think, indeed, that any age can boast a monument combining richness and elegance with such colossal proportions. It is necessary to have seen this wonderful pile to have an idea of all that is vast and bold in the art of building, together with what is most sumptuous and magnificent in point of decoration. You enter by five different doors, the principal one of which is in bronze, and ornamented with bass-reliefs, presenting a curious medley of the martyrdom of the apostles to Christianity, and the most licentious subjects chosen from the heathen mythology. The portico is three hundred and seventy-one feet long, thirty-nine feet wide, and sixty-two feet high. At the two extremities are equestrian statues in marble of Constantine and Charlemagne. Michael Angelo, who erected the magnificent dome, wanted to give the building the form of a Greek cross ; he might then have placed beneath the cupola a portico in the style of that of the Pantheon ; after his death Carlo Maderno's plan caused the Latin cross to be definitively adopted. The result was an enormous nave, preceded by a vast vestibule, terminated by a façade in the worst taste, and so enormous as to conceal a portion of the dome, and to mar the effect of the superb colonnade that joins it. The magnificence of the interior is beyond imagination ; the principal altar especially is admirable in point of grandeur and majesty. It is placed on a platform raised upon seven steps, is quite isolated, and turned towards the east, the officiating prelate, according to the ancient Roman rite, standing opposite his hearers. The Pope alone has the right of saying

mass at this altar, where, however, he only officiates three times a year, viz. : at Christmas, on Easter Sunday, and on St. Peter's day.

The *confession of St. Peter* (so is denominated the tomb where the body of the holy apostle is enshrined) was decorated by Carlo Maderno, during the reign of Paul V. It is surrounded by a handsome circular balustrade of marble, to which are fixed one hundred and twelve gilt bronze lamps, constantly lighted. A double staircase leads you down to the level of the ancient basilica. It was between the two flights that they placed Canova's statue of Pius VI. in 1822. This pope is represented kneeling, and praying before the altar of the confession; his remains were deposited there. On each side of the door, which is of gilt bronze, stand the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, cast in the same metal, and four beautiful alabaster pillars. This door leads to the oblong niche called the *confession of St. Peter*, that forms part of the ancient oratory erected by Pope St. Anacletus, over the tomb of the apostle; at the back is to be seen a very ancient representation of our Saviour, as well as of St. Peter and St. Paul; the ground plan of the niche is coated over with gilt bronze, under which is preserved the body of the prince of the apostles. On each side of the tomb is a gilt wooden door that leads into the underground church, where one may trace the remains of the ancient basilica.

The canopy surmounting the principal altar, and placed under the immense cupola and above the *confession of St. Peter*, was executed from the design of the Chevalier Bernini, and finished in 1653.

It would take volumes to enumerate the riches of St. Peter's. The most precious marble, lapis lazuli and agate are lavished on every side. The whole of the dome is gilt; but what renders this edifice unique are its pictures, all executed in mosaic, and larger than life. All the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Italian art have been copied in this style, and with wonderful fidelity, to serve as altar-pieces; amongst which St. Petronilla, the Communion of St. Jerome, and the Transfiguration have been most admired; so that when time shall have destroyed the originals, posterity may still admire the genius that created them by the help of those unchanging fac-similes.

The conversation having naturally turned upon the artists of modern Italy, my friend, himself a painter, gave it as his opinion that with the exception of the immortal Canova, the sculptor of the age, not one seemed likely to hand his name down to posterity. Camuccini, the first amongst Roman

painters, would scarcely be admitted to the thirtieth rank in Paris. Yet so besotted are foreign amateurs to all that comes from the other side of the Alps, that he enjoys a considerable reputation. Next to him are nothing but mere daubers and copyists, who, however occupy a seat, with wonderful self-complacency, in the Academy of St. Luke, on the throne of the Carracci.

The Roman sculptors who can boast but little originality or depth, are nevertheless remarkable for a certain brilliant facility, and a great deal of intelligence. The other arts, such as engraving and music, are merely looked upon as a branch of commerce in Rome. Architecture is at the last gasp, and there is no appearance of their having yet acquired the art of casting any large works in bronze.

Our dissertations on the fine arts did not prevent our occasionally pausing before some object worthy of contemplation, either together or separately; but in this immense building, two *dilettanti* are almost sure to lose sight of each other, which proved to be our case. Finding that my friend had vanished, I concluded he had left the church, and happening to be near a door leading to the vestibule, I very naturally passed through it on my way out. Scarcely had I crossed the threshold, when my ears were assailed by a storm of curses proceeding from a group of poor women, some of whom were gesticulating so strangely, while the others seemed so dumbfounded that I thought them crazy, and could not forbear bursting out into a laugh. They then apostrophized me in these words:—"You soldier of Bonaparte! You Jew! May you die of apoplexy, for having dared to go through the holy door without bending your knees!" I leave the reader to judge of my astonishment, and the perplexed figure I must have cut in attempting to make out this gibberish! Luckily my friend, having caught the sound of these imprecations, now came up to me, and advised my getting out of the way, lest these fanatics should not restrict themselves to mere words. "Your footsteps have profaned," he afterwards said to me, "the threshold of a door, which is not to be crossed except on one's bended knees. The five patriarchal churches of Rome have each a door that is only opened every five-and-twenty years, when the jubilee begins. This door, which is the tangible emblem of the Pope's power of opening the gates of heaven to penitent sinners, is a source of indulgence and pardon for all who follow up the religious duties of this particular epoch. A year after, the door is walled up till time again brings round the day when the Pope comes in his

episcopal robes to strike it with a golden hammer.* I am surprised that the keepers should have taken leave of absence; they would have warned you, and those good women would not then have been shocked by such a violation of the sanctity of the place." I vowed inwardly that in future I would steer clear of holy doors, and never again draw down upon my head the harpy shrieks of aged devotees.

* In the interval from one jubilee to another, the holy door is an object of peculiar devotion; the good folks pray near it, kiss it, and devoutly scratch the dust off the wall, which serves as a condiment to season their soup, or sweeten their chocolate. It is likewise an infallible preservative against fever, falling sickness, sudden death, &c. &c. &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

CORPUS CHRISTI DAY—REVOLT AMONG THE CAPUCHINS.

I HAD long wished to witness one of those ceremonies, called in Rome, *Grande Funzione*—the *Festa del corpo* at length furnished an opportunity for gratifying my curiosity. This festival, likewise denominated *Corpus Domini*, was instituted, in the thirteenth century, by Urban IV., in commemoration of a miracle that took place at Bolsena, where it is said that a priest, who did not believe in transubstantiation, perceived blood oozing out of the host at the moment of breaking it during high mass. The *Festa del corpo* is celebrated in Rome with the greatest magnificence. All the religious orders and the clergy assemble in St. Peter's: the colonnade is hung with garlands and rich carpets; between the pillars are seats for the public; and the ground is strewed with flowers, for the procession takes place under cover. For fear of not getting places inside the Basilica, if we waited till the end of the procession, we went in very soon. The principal nave was strewed with green or flowering branches; it was lined on each side by a file of soldiers, and the windows were darkened by blinds, with a view of creating a "dim religious light," that should increase the devotional feelings of the spectators—a species of artifice well understood by the Italians.

We soon caught sight of the different religious orders advancing slowly, and as much distinguished by their costumes as by the banners of their patron saints, by which they were preceded. They all held a lighted taper, and were murmuring a prayer. When the order of Capuchins passed before us, Fernando said to me in a whisper: "Would not one think that every one of these shaven crowns was solely occupied with the day's solemnity? Yet they are brooding rancorous passions and fierce resentments on account of an adventure that took place last Thursday, and which is just now the town talk. The circumstances are as follows:—

"The reverend father Michesa, the general of their order, having lately been promoted to the dignity of Cardinal, was in consequence exempted from the necessity of eating his meals in the refectory of the convent. Suddenly smitten with a spirit of reform, he forthwith raked up some ancient statutes relative to the fare of the Franciscans, and which had long been suffered to remain in abeyance. These holy fathers finding themselves curtailed of their fair proportions, drew up a petition to the Pope, in which they set forth their grievances, and stigmatized the newly-made *Eminenza* as a speculator. Leo XII., himself a friend of the general, was so officious as to show him the petition: you may imagine the reformer's mighty indignation! He lost not a moment in repairing to the convent, and having reached it just as the fathers were eating their scanty pittance—he began as soon as he could speak, for he had run himself out of breath, by hurling imprecations against the whole community, whom he arraigned as a set of debauchees and epicures: and at length, by virtue of his absolute power as general of the order, he finished by summoning the author of the petition to stand forth and accuse himself, that he might receive the penance he had incurred. This command was no sooner uttered than a Capuchin rose, saying: 'I am the author of the petition. Pray, what right have you to stint our rations at the very moment when you have acquired the privilege of gorging yourself at home to your heart's content? You ought to have preached sobriety when you eat here amongst us, and when you might have practised as well as preached. You did not do so, because, forsooth, your stomach would have suffered. Why, then, should not we plead the cause of our stomachs? What business have you to come bullying us like a maniac, and calling us a parcel of debauchees? Your scarlet reverence (*reverenza porporata*) must know, that for my part I am a *castro*, and the whole convent knows well enough, by the frequent introduction of certain sinful magdalens, that the same cannot be said of you.' Hereupon the cardinal's partizans, consisting of the most ambitious and conservative portion of the order, cried shame on this bold retort, while the younger members approved it. Recriminations followed, and the noise became deafening; from high words they at length came to blows; jugs, saucepans, and knives were in instant requisition as missiles; some seized each other by the beard, others preferred the more summary method of knocking their adversary down. The cardinal, who was prudently retreating, received a pitcher in his ribs. No caricaturist ever deli-

neated a more ludicrous scene. The carabinieri, that the reverend Michesa had sent for in great haste, now arrived, and threatened to break the door open ; but the fathers required a warrant from the Pope. When the warrant was at last brought, and the carabinieri were able to enter the holy citadel, they found several lay brothers busied in clearing away the broken fragments of the benches, and sweeping up the soup and the broken plates. It is said, and even positively affirmed, that three of the combatants lost their lives, that several are seriously wounded, and that some of the most obstreperous have been confined in the holy dungeons. It is added, moreover, that the strictest orders have been given to prevent in future the introduction of any women into the monastery, from whence we must of course conclude that they have hitherto been admitted ; and the holy fathers are liable to excommunication should they venture to gossip on this subject."

I bit my lips for fear of laughing outright, while the clergy of St. Peter's parish passed before us. After them appeared several large pavilions, or chinese-shaped parasols, borne by robust porters in white dresses. These were preceded by a cross and a bell, that was rung at long intervals. These pavilions, five in number, represent the five patriarchal churches of Rome, and are followed by the clergy of each church, every member of which, likewise, carries a taper. Next come the canons and the prelates ; then the Senator of Rome, surrounded by his pages. In the midst of a group of bishops were seen the Greek and Armenian patriarchs, distinguishable by their long beard and majestic costume. They wear tiaras studded with precious stones. After these dignitaries, we perceived the rich, triple crown of the Pope, carried on a scarlet cushion by officers belonging to the court of Rome. The sacred college follows, and lastly the Sovereign Pontiff himself appears in the midst of a brilliant escort of troops, borne in a palanquin surrounded by a rich canopy, on each side of which a magnificent oriental-looking fan was courting the breezes. The Pope appears to be kneeling on the palanquin before the golden rays of the remonstrance—but this is a deception, produced by the manner of disposing the mantle, for he is seated very comfortably, and both the hands and the feet that complete the illusion are made of pasteboard.

The majesty of this part of the ceremony is really worthy the noblest edifice in the world. The pilasters are hung with scarlet and gold drapery. The beams of the sun darting through the crevices left to this effect, gild the fumes of the

incense as it rises towards the roof, and transform them into perfect clouds of glory. In the lower part of the edifice, the thousands of tapers dimly illuminating the mysterious darkness of the naves, the diversity and richness of the costumes, the singular and ascetic looking heads of some of the monks, the aerial and plaintive voices of the sopranis, the rushing noise of the vast mass of human beings ebbing and flowing, like a mighty tide, beneath these magnificent cupolas, together with the perfumed and cool atmosphere that one breathes; all, in short, combines to impress so august and grand a character upon the whole scene, as to fill the soul with ecstasy. I have seen painters half mad with despair at the insufficiency of their art to reproduce the marvels of this pompous ceremony; even atheists have owned to me that at the moment when the Pope approaches the altar, and elevates the remonstrance, which all fall down and worship, they have felt an involuntary thrill of terror, so deep rooted are the notions of man's duties towards the Supreme Being even in the minds of the most incredulous.

CHAPTER XX.

CONVERSATION WITH A CANON ABOUT THE MUSIC OF THE
POPE'S CHAPEL—A FEW REFLECTIONS.

I HAVE already observed how impressive some of the religious ceremonies appear to a stranger's eye. I was remarking as much one day to one of the pupils of the school for painting at Rome, as we were dining in the neighbourhood of the Capitol, when a fat canon, who had been listening very attentively to what I was saying, joined our conversation. Whether he was proud of the opportunity of showing his countrymen that he understood our language, or whether he wished to express his satisfaction at hearing a foreigner praise the ceremonies of Rome, I cannot pretend to say—I shall therefore let the canon speak for himself in the *piebald* language in which he clothed the expression of his thoughts.

"Monsieur," said he, "had never before witnessed this

"No, sir, this is the first time I have had an opportunity of admiring the pomp that attends it."

"Then you must have been delighted, especially in hearing the *musica del Papa*. I should be curious to know whether the voices of the *soprani* in France are *tante belle* as ours?"

"In France, sir, we have no *castrati*."

"You surprise me! Why what on earth does the king do for the music of his chapel, for I suppose he has *una musica*?"

"Certainly; but, as the French abhor all kinds of mutilation, even the king is content to forego a pleasure purchased by a species of barbarity, repugnant alike to nature and every good feeling."

"I know that the French have a prejudice against it; and they even succeeded, during their rule in this country, to instil into the minds of the Romans such a horror for this operation, that nobody now will submit their children to it, yet it would be the means of securing them a very desirable

position. Should this disposition of the public mind hold good, the holy father will be forced to go without his *musica*. I must however own, between ourselves, that this operation has been performed on some of the children belonging to the Asylum, but unfortunately it did not succeed, and their voices have not proved good."

"What! does the government sanction such odious acts of cruelty?"

"By no means; but the surgeons agree with the *maestro di capella*, and draw up a report, stating the urgency of mutilating the individual mentioned, on the pretence of some physical defect; the government is pleased to wink at this; and after all, it is better than being reduced to admit women into the holy choir."

The worthy canon appeared to lay such a stress on the importance of preserving the papal music *in statu quo*, that I avoided thwarting him by calling the necessity of his conservative system into question. Moreover, I was satisfied with having learned how far this barbarous custom was reprobated in Rome. The revolution effected by the French in the ideas and manners of the Italians, appears to me to be one of their strongest claims to the gratitude of the conquered nation. During my stay in Italy, I had frequent opportunities of remarking that several useful innovations brought about by the former had survived their dominion.

One observation I had occasion to make was that the *soprani* become enormously fat as they grow old, nor are they always beardless as might be imagined. Beside the large salary attached to their office, they make a great deal of money by giving singing lessons to the young priests.

Assuredly the social laws of this sublunary world are full of contradictions, of which these sexless beings afford a striking example. No nation, I believe, thinks more of a soldier-like appearance than the Neapolitans, yet are not they the worthy descendants of the Sybarites? On the pitiless Musulman's sword we see inscribed: *God is merciful!* In Rome, by a like incoherence of ideas and conduct, one forfeits all right to hold any political office by marrying, although eunuchs are equally excluded, both by canonical law and the constitution. As if there was a pin to choose between one who foregoes the use of his faculties, and another who is deprived of them! and as if the fate of the miser, dying of hunger upon his treasure, were less miserable than that of the poor wretch perishing from want. However it is not alone in political matters that the human mind displays

its spirit of contradiction; if we look into the interior of families, and observe the intercourse of man with man, we shall perceive the same confusion everywhere; we shall find that words, manners, and actions are all made up of deceit. I would advise every one to be cautious how they trust to Italian politeness. French civility mimics a kind interest towards the person addressed; nothing hinders our believing it to be sincere, and hence arises a degree of confidence which leads to a mutual knowledge of each other's character; but Italian politeness mimics admiration, and one need have a very strong mind, and be incased in a preservative against self love, to forbear being completely intoxicated by the delicious poison. The snare is all the more dangerous for a foreigner, who is duped by people whom he will never thoroughly know; for an Italian is always acting; his heart is an abyss that he alone is able to fathom.

In the absence of all other documents, perhaps the surest method of testing the degree of civilization of different nations would be a comparison of the style and grimaces inherent to their code of politeness. The Italians, for instance, are proud of their ancestors and their bygone glory; and thus, if you examine a collection of addresses, you will find that the most honourable titles are bestowed in lavish profusion, and without the least discrimination. You must direct a letter, "*All' illustre*, tallow chandler, of such or such an alley," unless you wish to be thought ill-bred; and if you neglect to place the epithet, *celebrissimo*, before the name of some wretched dauber that you have occasion to write to, you will be sure to get into a scrape. Two Englishmen will accost each other coldly, with heads erect, whence we conclude they belong to a people at once proud and uncommunicative; two Frenchmen would merely smile, touch hands, and exchange a few words on the trifling topics of the moment; nobody can mistake that their only object is to appear amiable to each other for the time being, without attaching any further importance to this momentary impulse. A Mussulman bows down to the ground, while he repeats some beautiful verse from the Alcoran. Does not this custom savour of the habit of providing against the sudden and violent ebullitions of despotism? The Romans have a very different mode of proceeding. On meeting after an hour's absence, they will shout for joy, as if each had returned from the antipodes; they will press and fondle each other's hands, and their faces have not muscles sufficient to caricature all the various shades of their ecstasies. When a layman meets a priest of his acquaintance, he seizes on his

hand in order to kiss it, and, if the priest is well-bred, there arises a long contest of civility between them, which appears very absurd to strangers. All candidates, clerks, and other supernumeraries, would not dare to omit pulling off their hats, and keeping their shoulders in like soldiers on parade; and lastly, making a profound bow when a cardinal's coach goes by, and, *nota bene*, the coach is frequently empty. Friends greet each other from afar with a simple motion of the hand. These details, once known, give one the idea of a people more demonstrative than sincere, more fawning than respectful, and more lazy than simple.

If you go into society you will see none but smiling faces, and hear nothing but honeyed words. Every sentence that is addressed to you contains a compliment. Your face, your voice, your clothes, your profession, your character, each and all become embellished, as seen through the prism of Roman flattery. If you belong to a noble family, you are at once greeted as a count or as a marquis. If you are only an ensign, you are immediately made into a colonel; in short, from a mere sacristan you are raised to a canon. Should you prove insensible to so tempting a bait, they will change their note and let you talk, when, instead of ever contradicting you, they fall into ecstasies at every word you say; your worst jokes will be hailed with bravos; and as flattery, like calumny, is sure to leave some traces behind, you retire with the half conviction that you are intellectual, handsome, talented, and even titled.

An attentive observer, nevertheless, will often perceive that a treacherous yawn frequently intercepts an intended bravo; that a dead silence often suddenly follows the most noisy enthusiasm, and that the general hilarity flags as easily as it arose; and on such occasions we feel much about the same as we do when on the point of abandoning ourselves to some theatrical illusion, the cords give way, and discover the nakedness of the land, and a few miserable planks covered with dust, leaving us to wonder how we could ever suffer ourselves to be fascinated by such a spell.

Like the Greeks of the lower empire, the Romans supply the place of sincerity by the most hyperbolical epithets. *Divinissimo, illustrissimo, carissimo, eccellentissimo, amatissimo*, are words of constant recurrence in all their conversations. A beggar woman once addressed me as an *eccellenza* on requesting my charity: finding that I gave her nothing, one of her companions suggested that she had probably not given me my proper title. "Ought I then to say your majesty?"

inquired the poor creature. "Certainly," answered the other; "for there is no knowing whom one may be speaking to."

Ever obsequious and fawning so long as they expect anything from you, the Romans soon alter their tone when they find your friendship to be profitless. The same *employé* who, not knowing you, was ready to infringe the duties of his office in order to satisfy your demands, will treat you with the utmost arrogance should he presently discover, through some hesitation on your part, that your credit is but limited; and, generally speaking, a passer-by will push you into the mud without a word of apology. In Rome, therefore, one had need of both modesty and patience. If they bedaub you with mawkish adulation, you must go a step further, pile Pelion upon Ossa, and beat them with their own arms; for even the most crafty will put his head into the noose. If they throw mud at you, throw mud at them. The Romans are too apathetic to be susceptible, therefore they cannot understand the susceptibility of any stranger who should take it into his head to be offended at the coarseness of their manners.

CHAPTER XXI.

BULL FIGHTS.

THE Romans have a decided taste for bloody exhibitions, and the indulgence of this depraved appetite is one of their highest pleasures. One day, seeing crowds flocking to the Mausoleum of Augustus where the bull fights are held, I gave up my intended walk, and followed the stream, endeavouring in my own mind to account for this ferocious propensity the more strange in a people of all others the most fawningly polite, and making sundry reflections upon this repulsive contradiction between tastes and manners.

Manners, it is true, are moulded by such or such laws of society, while tastes spring direct from the heart. Thus the Italian fears death, because Hell is his constant bugbear; and his cowardice being transmitted from father to son by the same causes, the effeminacy with which we tax him has become a second nature; but he delights in horrid sights, because his heart degraded by slavery, and dead to every noble impulse, stands in need of some stimulus to be reminded of its own existence; he likes them, too, because they present not the slightest danger for himself. The ancient Romans, trained up to the brutal manners of an ever conquering nation, vented their disgusting rage for slaughter upon the captives whom they had taken at the risk of their own lives: the modern Italians, quite as cruel but more dastardly, have chosen other champions, and now-a-days it is bulls and dogs that share the honour of diverting them.

In the midst of these reflections I had reached the Mausoleum, on the ruins of which a number of circular seats have been erected that reach up to the galleries. About twenty thousand persons can be accommodated. In order to draw a full house, they take care to publish, the day before each representation, a list of the new dogs that are to be gored for the diversion of the spectators, and in

order to nail the more irresolute, this is accompanied by the enumeration of the prizes distributed to the victors, and those reserved for the fortunate few who will be gainers in the lottery that is to be drawn immediately after the bull fight, and for which everybody is to receive a ticket upon entering. The Romans being passionately fond of lotteries, flock in crowds to the *giostra* (joust). On the day that I went, the prizes consisted of twenty pounds of macaroni, a dozen pair of cotton stockings, thirty chickens, two turkeys, and a pair of English razors,

The arena, which is five feet below the level of the first seats, is surrounded by cells where the belligerent parties await the signal for the fight. This time the bulls would not come out; but they stirred them up so effectually with sticks pointed with iron, that rushing out with headlong fury they would certainly have gored their aggressors had not the latter dexterously avoided them by jumping into the first seats, a manoeuvre to which they frequently have recourse. Half a dozen dogs were now let loose, upon which one of the two bulls prudently retired; the other awaited them with undaunted courage, and butting with his horns both right and left, tossed a couple of his assailants high in the air. The unfortunate dogs fell, whining most lamentably; their frightened companions continued barking incessantly, while the public shouted, and endeavoured to excite the intimidated combatants. In the midst of this general excitement, the bull remains at his post, rolling his eyes in a threatening manner, panting with fury, scratching the earth, and raising clouds of gravel around him. The jousts then hamper him in turn; fresh dogs are let loose, that rush upon him all at once; he struggles, tramples them under foot, and flings them to a distance; he now triumphs, but his triumph is purchased by blood, and his efforts have exhausted his strength. A vigorous bull dog then attacks him in this weakened state, and seizes hold of his ear: in vain the terrible animal gives him a violent shake, the dog keeps his hold and tears his flesh. Shouts of applause burst forth at the impotent rage of the victim, as covered with dust and sweat, with foaming mouth and eyes half starting out of their sockets, he suffers himself to be dragged round by his merciless conqueror. A perfect frenzy seems to convulse the whole assembly—fresh clapping of hands, stamping and huzzaing give vent to their cruel delight. The blood that inundates the ground, the gasping of the vanquished bull, the dangers encountered by the fighters are so many subjects of savage ecstasy, even to

the fair sex so proverbially humane in all other countries. Heat, dust, and parching thirst are alike forgotten by these true daughters of ancient Rome, as they gloat upon the horrid sight ; and the spectators one and all overlooking the fact that the principal actors are wholly insensible to blame or approbation, bestow their bravos and their hisses as eagerly as if they were applying them to gladiators of the biped race.

• When the bull is thus far vanquished, a rope is thrown round him, and he is dragged back to the den he came out of ; previously however it was necessary to compel the dog to loosen his fierce hold, by putting a stick down his throat. Fireworks too had been let off to frighten the bull ; but it often happens that instead of retreating, the enraged animal runs bolt into the middle of the crackers, and overturns the scaffolding ; this is the *ne plus ultra* of *taurine* intrepidity, and is accordingly rewarded by a round of applause.

Artists, who are perpetually in quest of strong emotions, who prefer rugged pathways and abrupt mountains to the even luxury of smooth roads, who delight in ragged beggars, and who regret that our *belle France* owns no more colonies of brigands, may find both instruction and amusement in such a sight. Much good may it do them ! I leave it for their enjoyment ; but, for my own part, I secretly vowed I would never again take any share in a sport that only consists of slaughter and suffering.

CHAPTER XXII.

PUBLIC WORKS.

DURING one of my stays in Rome, the Pope repaired the town walls, a portion of which, though recently erected, had fallen down during a thaw. He was also erecting terraced walls on the *Pincio*, for the pleasure of promenaders, and fountains in the *Piazza del Popolo*. The greater part of the galley slaves were consequently assembled here. The government architect, M. Valadier, renowned for the fall of all edifices built under his direction, happening to know the friend who accompanied me, addressed us politely, and the conversation having turned upon the works he was now directing, I expressed some astonishment at the want of activity apparent amongst the workmen, and the familiarity of the galley-slaves with their keepers.

"What is to be done?" said he, "the government prefers letting these people carry baskets full of mould or stones, to furnishing them with wheelbarrows which would be a great expense to have made. You will perhaps object that this is but a bad speculation, and there I agree with you; but here, the aim is not to finish buildings rapidly; the capital being very small admits but of a gradual advance; and, as you see, the materials are wretched. And what is the result? Why that the greater number of edifices fall down or get injured before their completion. Thus I am blamed, and my brother architects crow over me; but can I prevent the first purchaser farming out the speculation to another, who again undersells it to a third? Unluckily I cannot; those who ought to repress such abuses are the first to profit by them, and prudence bids me overlook these things. As to what regards the familiarity existing between the galley-slaves and their keepers, you will be less surprised when you take into consideration that in Rome caprice has quite as large a share in condemnations as in absolutions,

and consequently less infamy attends here upon condemned felons in general, than in your country; consequently people entertain less repugnance in holding communication with them; and so little are they dishonoured by the species of punishment inflicted, that many of them, when set free, continue wearing the prisoner's dress until it is worn out. This costume, as you perceive, consists of a goatshair jacket, with brown stripes on a gray ground, and trousers to match. You will now understand why the Roman workmen have no objection to work in common with the galley-slaves. Should you ask me how it happens that these wretches, though so badly watched, should not seek to escape, I can only answer that such a fact is best explained by the inherent indolence of the Romans; so as they can live without much exertion, they little care on what conditions it may be. The state therefore of a galley-slave is looked upon by a certain class as the *ne plus ultra* of happiness; and this is literally so true, that many of them have no sooner finished their time, than they commit some offence of small importance, on purpose to get back into prison. You see they are never put to any dangerous employment, they are never hurried, the task that is set them is not a long one, and they even receive trifling wages that serve to procure them snuff and brandy. In this respect they are far better off than soldiers.

"Another thing to be taken into consideration is this—in France, the laws being generally applied with firmness and impartiality, occasionally disgrace culprits whom either fortune or education has placed in a better sort of position; the state to which such persons then become reduced, is a kind of purgatory, from which they are incessantly endeavouring to escape. In Rome one may be certain to avoid punishment if one has any protection, and the most grievous scrapes can be hushed up by money; exile is the worst penalty likely to be inflicted on an opulent culprit, unless, indeed, his misdemeanors relate to the Pope. Thus the prisons are filled with nothing but poor wretches to whom captivity presents a retreat rather than a punishment."

"Am I to infer from all you tell me," said I to the architect, "that dishonour is thought nothing of in this country?"

"The point of honour," he replied, "is no doubt a useful prejudice, but utterly unknown in Italy. A well-directed administration that lays down undeviating rules of right and wrong and adheres to them, establishes a standard of rigid morality that is not to be infringed upon with impunity; under such a government, society of course rejects and stig-

matizes the culprit who violates its fundamental laws; but under a government at once capricious, absolute, prejudiced, ignorant, and liable to incessant changes, people are always inclined to suppose that the prisoner has been condemned less on account of his guilt, than from want of being ably defended; and thus public opinion—far from branding him with contempt—revenges him by its compassionate sympathy."

Our conversation was here interrupted to my great annoyance. My friend and I continued our walk, in the course of which I had indeed occasion to remark that none of the prisoners appeared to feel the least sense of degradation. Some were walking proudly with heads erect, and a peacock's feather stuck into their hats; others were singing a chorus, in which they were frequently joined by the soldiers themselves. We looked in vain for one sorrowful countenance. Each and all wore an expression of indifference or happiness.

CHAPTER XXIII.

INSCRIPTIONS ON PUBLIC MONUMENTS—CARDINALS—
BISHOPS.

ONE day that I was returning by the *Porta del Popolo*, with a Roman friend of mine, from a tolerably long excursion beyond the city walls, I stopped at the *Monte Pincio* to examine an obelisk erected in the year 1813. On expressing some surprise that Pius VII. should have put his name on this obelisk which was set up before his reign, my companion laughed, saying: "Paul V. repaired Trajan's aqueducts, and flattery erased the name of the Emperor who had thus contributed to the well being of his subjects, and substituted the Pope's name in its place. Nor is this a solitary instance of the kind. All the improvements, whether ornamental or useful, effected by the French, will be laid to the account of the Papal government by these deceitful inscriptions, unless posterity is put upon its guard. Nor ought you, though a Frenchman," continued he, "to criticise this mania; they go equal lengths in your country. Did not the predecessor of Charles X. style himself King of France for the last nineteen years, when he assumed the reins of government for the first time in 1814? And what is the inevitable consequence of such an assumption? Why that everything Napoleon has done towards your aggrandizement, the Triumphal Column, the Arch in the Carrousel, your Museum, your Code, must all be attributed to Louis XVIII. Nor do I 'aught set down in malice.' Were not the very initials of the conqueror of Jena replaced by a couple of Ls on the magnificent bridge, that owes its name to that victory? But it seems to be inherent to all party people to sacrifice common sense to their peculiar bias, and to distort even positive facts in order to salve their wounded self love. The herd of flatterers were famous for impudence in all times, as may be gleaned from a minute inspection of the monuments of antiquity.

The few that have remained entire in Rome present a series of names scratched out and replaced by others that have no business there—the sad effects of frequent revolutions. The pompous style of these inscriptions has greatly increased during the last century, that is to say, exactly in an inverse ratio to Papal power, which, growing weaker and weaker, has become incapable of performing anything great. Nor must you expect to find these boasting inscriptions conveyed in a language understood by the mass of the population; they are invariably in Latin. A priest, with whom I was lately talking on this very subject, maintained that Italian, being but a corruption of the Latin tongue, was not worthy to be placed on public monuments. At this rate there is no reason for not excluding Latin as a corruption of Greek and Tuscan, and the language of Demosthenes as being derived from the Phœnician. However this may be, certain it is that our rulers, though ambitious of attaining celebrity, have adopted the very means of confining their fame amongst the select few; they seem to forget that popular reputations have always proved the most lasting. Nor is France, as I have already observed, one whit better off as regards her learned men and makers of inscriptions. These latter, probably imagining that the whole nation was concentrated in the university, committed the absurdity of engraving Latin words on the base of the statue of your Henri IV., the King of the peasantry, instead of addressing the people in their own mother tongue. I should not be surprised if the antiquaries of some future age should come to the conclusion, on finding nothing but Latin everywhere, that Petrarch, Tasso, Racine, and Voltaire, wrote exclusively in the language of Cicero.

“The ancients, whom we are always aping, ought to be imitated on this head. The Greeks immortalized themselves in Greek, the Romans in the language spoken in the Forum, and if the Egyptians hid their knowledge from the vulgar eye through a spirit of despotism, at any rate their hieroglyphs were borrowed from no other nation.

“And mark to what an extent this system of rendering everything obscure is carried! The Basilicas of Rome have confessionals dedicated to different nations, the priests belonging to each of which speak the current language of the respective countries; well, the inscription placed above each confessional must needs be in Latin, though addressed to people who are supposed to know nothing but their mother tongue.

“And worse than this—the heads of criminals are exposed

in iron cages above the *Porta Angelica*, accompanied by an inscription that gives an account of the crime that has brought them to the scaffold. This inscription is of course intended as a salutary warning to the illiterate lower orders, whom misery frequently leads into crime; yet by a height of absurdity scarcely credible, this warning is conveyed in a dead language. Does not this remind one of the Spanish priest, holding forth to the chief of the Incas, and threatening him with God's wrath if he did not do homage to the truths contained in the gospel, though written in a language and characters, of which the poor Peruvian had not the slightest notion?"

A lame beggar here interrupted us by an appeal to our charity; a few *baiocchi* soon got us rid of him. I expected to see him next fix upon a group of ecclesiastics who happened to go by, but to my great surprise he turned his back upon them to dodge the footsteps of an Englishman. "You must not be astonished at that," said my friend, "it is one of the maxims of the church to take all they can get, and not to return it, for you will never, by any chance, see a priest giving alms here. The poor are well aware of this, and take care not to lose their time vainly soliciting what they are sure not to obtain."

"Yet I should think," replied I, "that these ecclesiastics might relieve their fellow creatures without danger of running into debt; the footmen that follow them sufficiently show them to be rich."

"Yes, indeed," replied my friend, "one is a cardinal, the other a bishop, and the third a prelate."

Such being the case I could not help thinking that their charity ought, at least, to equal their faith, and I observed that it was one of the first virtues that ought to adorn a servant of the Lord.

"This remark may apply to the bishop," answered my friend, "but nothing proves that either the cardinal or the prelate are in holy orders." Seeing that I did not understand his meaning, my friend continued: "I believe I must give you some few details about prelates and cardinals, as the constitution of the Roman states is but little known out of Italy."

"You must know, then, that the title of cardinal was formerly bestowed on all the principal priests of capital towns; this custom lasted till the twelfth century, and was even preserved by the canons of Milan, Naples, Compostella, and Ravenna, from that period down to Pius V. Now the cardinal priests of *San Giovanni Laterano*, being frequently

employed upon different missions by the Pope, soon acquired a degree of importance, and in the Council of Leone, in 1245, they even obtained the right, under the sanction of Innocent III., who bestowed the dignity of cardinal upon them, to take precedence of bishops. Having previously secured the right of electing Popes—a right formerly vested in the people, then in the entire clergy with the approbation of the people, and the confirmation of the Emperor—they became electoral princes of the church. The bishops then solicited the favour of being admitted into the sacred college; and laymen aspired to a dignity which had become a political one, and to which Urban VIII. attached the title of *Eminenza*. So that one can be a cardinal without being a priest, or even being in holy orders; but to be thirty years of age, and either single or a widower, were *sine quâ non* conditions of eligibility. The same conditions apply to the Popes. They may have been married, and be surrounded by a numerous posterity, but their election can only become valid when they shall have passed through the different degrees of the orders, all of which are often conferred in a single day.

“In order, however, to have a vote in the conclave, one must have been at least a deacon. Marriage has the effect of instantly disqualifying a lay cardinal.

“Bishops, whom the vulgar look upon as inferior to cardinals, possess equal authority as the Pope, according to the ecclesiastical hierarchy. Before the tenth century, they took the title of Pope; but towards this period the Bishop of Rome having taken upon himself the title of universal bishop, was recognised as the true and only Pope. There has, however, been often a great discrepancy between the different titles they have assumed; thus, while styling themselves the servant of the servants of the Lord, the Popes caused themselves to be addressed by the title of Holiness. Your bishops, too, have taken the title of *Monseigneur*, since Louis XIII.'s time, instead of *Révérend Père en Dieu*, and since Louis XIV. they are pleased to be called *Votre Grandeur*. But we must not be too severe upon them; laymen are not more modest. We see nothing now but Highnesses and Majesties; and if things go on at this rate, the great Dons amongst kings will be driven at last to get themselves called *Your Divinity*.

“The same changes that took place with regard to the cardinals have likewise obtained amongst the prelates. Formerly they were either generals of an order or priests, while now they are mostly laymen, and mere agents or employés of the

papal government. Their office is purchased, and the title of *Monsignore* is attached to it. They form courts of law, under the name of congregations, in which they sit in judgment on criminal and litigious causes. He who obtains the post of secretary to one of these congregations becomes, *ipso facto*, a supernumerary cardinal; he is distinguished by a red hat-band; that of the simple prelates is violet, and the bishops wear a green one; the cardinals are to be recognised by their red stockings.

"Besides the right of electing a Pope, the cardinals consider it as their prerogative to decide in a body any theological question that may be raised by the Pope, and to be entrusted with the superintendence of certain religious communities, and the administration of certain parishes. The prelates, who share these functions with them, have the right of penetrating as often as they please into the interior of convents. When the head of a family dies, and his survivors apply to the Pope for a guardian, he appoints a cardinal or a prelate, who adopts the interests of the orphans, and saves them from the rapacity of the lawyers—a custom worthy of approbation.

"The remark formerly current that it was enough to visit Rome to lose all faith, now no longer holds good; in spite of all that is daily written by those travellers who compile their works from the satires of the sixteenth century, Rome has an air of decorum not to be seen elsewhere. The clergy, more tolerant than in Paris, because enjoying an undisputed influence, lead a more regular life, and are more enlightened and sociable, because they are not placed in a false position here as they are with you. Yet our bishops do not assume that dignity that they maintain in France, and the reason is obvious: their number is too great for them not to sink into mere nobodies; moreover, their sees generally consist of some wretched village, where they live in obscurity, and they scarcely appear here except when soliciting promotion, which puts them in rather a degrading light. For the sake of decorum, and with a view to maintaining a certain degree of state, they are obliged, like the cardinals and prelates, to be continually followed by a lackey. I cannot answer for their being irreproachable in their conduct, but certainly nothing is omitted to make it appear worthy of public respect."

As my friend finished speaking, we reached the *Strada del Corso*, where he lived. I then left him, after a mutual promise of soon resuming our walks through the eternal city.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SUICIDES—SUDDEN DEATHS.

THERE is a great improvement in the conduct of the Roman clergy compared with the French ecclesiastics. The Roman clergy do not refuse their prayers to the poor souls that have been forcibly ejected from their earthly tenements by those who had a *life* interest in them; but think, rationally enough, that a *de profundis* or two can do no harm to a dead man, whether he be damned or not. This is the reason why they parade through the streets the bodies of the hanged, the asphyxiated, or the victims of sharp instruments, in cases where no one claims the remains, or when their surviving relations are too poor to defray the expenses of the celebration of a funeral service.

History informs us that the ancient Romans exalted suicide into an act of heroism, and considered sudden death, either by apoplexy or a stroke of lightning, as an especial favour from the Gods; their descendants, far from sharing in this opinion, look upon Cato's death as his last piece of folly, and are by no means ambitious of going *ad patres* in a summary manner; whether because they think with St. Augustine, that man is not the master of his own body, or whether, like the philanthropists of the day, they think it sinful to deprive the state of one of its members; for the state cares a deal about the life of each individual, witness the reckless waste of human beings ever since monarchies, oligarchies, democracies, and aristocracies have been known upon the face of this earth!

Suicide, in short, is looked upon in Rome as a kind of fabulous monstrosity, only heard of once in every twenty years.

Gambling, bankruptcy, and all sorts of hazardous speculations in shares or otherwise, are not known of in the capital

of the Christian world, therefore love alone can be a sufficient motive to occasion suicide. Count Galti, who belonged to the Pope's body guard, and was sent to Paris by Leo XII. to present the *barretta* to the cardinal de la Fare, blew his brains out on his return, because it is said that he found the Princess Buonacorsi, his mistress, provided with another lover, and his tragical end made so great an impression, that nothing else was talked of for a month. Formerly, those who destroyed themselves were not buried in consecrated ground; but, as we before observed, the Roman church is more indulgent now-a-days. She very properly assumes that folly has a larger share than impiety in all such acts, and she receives the self-destroyed into her catacombs, leaving it to God's wisdom to punish them, if so it pleases him, by setting them apart in that district of hell especially devoted to fools, so faithfully described by Dante, himself an excellent theologian.

Sudden death is the greatest of misfortunes in the eyes of the Romans. Like true sons of Adam they are sure to have some accounts to settle, either between the arch tempter or their guardian angel, for which a receipt must be drawn up in proper form by the help of their confessor. Should they die in a state of mortal sin, not all the waters of Jordan, nor all the masses in Christendom could extinguish the fire that is to roast them for ever and aye. They say, however, that St. Leo the Great, one day, delivered the soul of the Emperor Trajan, in consideration of some act of humanity that he performed in Germany, I think; but the casuists deny the possibility of such a fact; and as the casuists are always right, I feel of course perfectly convinced that Trajan is still being broiled like a damned soul as he is, as well as all those who have died unbaptized or unshrived. The Italians, who place an unbounded confidence in their theologians, look upon a stroke of lightning as a trick of the devil's; in order, therefore, to thwart his designs, so often as a storm arises, they instantly set all their bells in motion, in utter contempt of those natural philosophers who should venture to maintain that all this bustle only tends to draw down the electrical fluid on both bells and bell-ringers.

It was, probably, in accordance with this system, that a man who was executed, during my stay in Rome, for having killed a priest, declared upon the scaffold that he would not confess and receive absolution, because, as he suspected, that his victim had some heavy sins on his conscience the day he

murdered him, he hoped to meet him in hell, and occasion his death a second time.

In Rome, if you exasperate any one, he will think to do you a great injury by saying: "*May you die of apoplexy!*" It is true that such a wish is not unfrequently followed by a stroke from a knife. Mem.—Let foreigners be on their guard!

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LOTTERY IN ROME.

READER did you ever reflect on the vast importance of a single dot placed at the head or tail of a numerical figure. Perhaps not. It is, however, to an unfortunate arrangement of this kind, during my stay at Rome, that I owe the loss of a good hard dollar, and of a superb chateau in Hungary, surrounded, interlarded, and spiced with fifteen hundred head of human cattle; or, in other words, if the lottery had been so kind as to favour me with a 6 instead of a 9, I should now be the high and mighty lord of fifteen hundred slaves, with whom I should traffic according to my will or pleasure, since they would be base enough to put up with it.

This preamble is to inform you, reader, that, like many others, I sacrificed to Baal, or rather to the spirit of Cagliostro. If you have never sinned, I give you leave to cast the first stone; but be that as it may, you will surely agree with me that these games of chance, so long indulged in by us infidels and excommunicated sinners, but which, since my return from Italy, have been at length prohibited by a moral law, ought not to be or ever to have been held in honour in the capital of the Christian world. The Vicar of Jesus Christ, however, keeps a public gambling-house, and this I learned in the following manner:—

My charwoman at Rome was named Maria; a blind woman, called Annunciata, was her companion and helper. Now it happened one morning that, on returning from a walk to the Tarpeian rock, I found everything at sixes and sevens in my household, when the following dialogue took place:—

“Maria! Maria! Why don’t you bring me my breakfast?”

“I was saying a few words to Annunciata.”

“You can say them another time.”

“I was speaking to her about the lottery.”

“You had much better be thinking of blacking my boots.”

"I don't deny it."

"My pitcher has not been replenished."

"I really quite forgot it."

"My room is all in disorder, and it is now nine o'clock."

"Pray forgive me this time."

"You have folded my clothes all wrong."

"It was blind Annunciata's doing."

"Since she is unable to see, you ought to watch her."

"You are quite right, sir; but the dazzling white flower, the window, the hat, and All Souls'-day that she dreamt about—"

"A fig for your dreams! I tell you that your carelessness puts me out of temper."

"I am extremely sorry for it; yet if your honour would but listen to me—"

"What then?"

"Why, your Excellence would then perceive that Annunciata is wrong."

"Deuce take your quarrel!"

"I say she is wrong; for the hat in her dream means number 1—it was at the window, that is 4, All Souls'-day, 43; and the flower at the top showed clearly enough that I ought to put into the Florence lottery 1, 4, and 43. Well, instead of that, she will have it that 4 meant the days that will pass before the drawing of the Roman lottery, and the flower 90; consequently, she has taken a ticket in the Roman lottery—"

"What is that to you?"

"What is it to me? Madonna! why I shall lose my share of the two baiocchi and a half that she has risked, since we go shares."

"A mighty affair, truly; you could'nt make a greater piece of work if 25,000 livres a year were at stake."

"What do you say? How much?"

"I say that you will not lose 25,000 livres a year, therefore take comfort."

"You first said 25 or 45; now you say—a thousand thanks! May St. Anthony bless your words! Annunciata! Annunciata! listen to this: 25, 45 and 20; the gentleman gives us these numbers: he'll bring us good luck."

"You are mad, Maria."

"Mad! why ask the woman who sells *cocomeri* (water melons) if I hav'nt given her lucky numbers?"

"Did she win, then?"

"No: because, after seven or eight months, she grew dis-

couraged; but the number came out in the next drawing. Only think! six beautiful Roman crowns would have fallen to her share, if she would only have believed me eight days more! Didn't her husband give her a good beating for it!"

"Really there was cause for it."

"Warn't there now? I should never have been so foolish, for I cried with rage a year ago, at being penniless, and consequently being unable to lay anything upon the numbers that I had seen on the convent door of the Trinità del Monte. Civetta, who has the means, immediately got hold of them, and gained fifty piastres, as true as I am a Christian; and yet—would you believe it?—she never so much as said to me, 'Maria, do me the favour to accept of this *foglietta* (pint) of wine. Yet this fortune obtained for her the happiness of marrying Monsignore Gregori's groom, who has such shoulders and such calves as would do your honour good to look at! Besides, she is always treating Father Polycarpe to some brandy, though he always makes her lose. But the world is peopled with ungrateful wretches now-a-days."

My charwoman's long yarn at length began to interest me. I inquired who Father Polycarpe was. "He is a Capuchin," she replied, "who drinks like the cloaca of the Campo Vaccino, St. Francis forgive me for saying so! He makes a practice of distributing lottery numbers in return for small presents; but the *sommario* (jackass) undertsands nothing at all about it. Commend me to brother Pancrazio! There's a holy man for you, as fat as Easter ham; he has always a dozen *zitelle* (girls) at his heels, who come to consult him; his wallet is really a mine of blessings. Marialina, who has a foot like an ox, may well curtsey when he goes by, for if she has found a husband it is because brother Pancrazio's numbers got a dower for her. When we fall in together, the good friar and I, we talk of dreams, visions, signs, cards, and coffee; and he always goes away laughing, while the other is grumbling with envy. And yet, as I told you, I give my tickets gratis."

Here I asked Maria whether she did not think that the Pope ought to have prevented the monks from making such a traffic.

"Blessings on me! what are you saying?" cried she. The girls would then no longer be able to put into the lottery, or gain a fortune and get married; and poor people would lose all hope of making their fortune! Ah, if Annunciata had but believed me! My left ear tingled this morning, and that bodes no good."

"When is the drawing to take place, that you are making such a fuss about, Maria?"

"What! Didn't your honour take a walk yesterday in the Corso? and warn't all the lottery shops full of thousands of numbers until midnight, which is a sure sign that the drawing is to take place to-morrow?"

"I did not pay attention to it, thinking that Sunday was exclusively devoted to the Lord."

"Why, no doubt; and that is the very reason why the poor, who are God's brethren, are particularly favoured on that day, when, their pockets being still full of the earnings of the week, they are then charitably offered an opportunity of enriching themselves by risking a portion of them."

"How much do they generally put in?"

"It depends on circumstances; rich people put as much as ten baiocchi (five pence); I know an abbé who ventures no less than two paoli, although the devil always overturns his calculations. We poor people generally go into partnership, for—oh Lord! the Captain's milk is tumbling into the fire! Poor me! your servant, sir, I must run to the kitchen."

I gathered from all this tittle-tattle that the Pope takes advantage of the credulity of his poor people, to extort money from them; and that the monks degrade the holiness of their cloth to the basest species of trickery; and lastly, judging from the number of houses illuminated on Sundays, that Rome is but one vast gambling-house, where, contrary to what is the case with us, opulence plays the part of the swindler, and poverty gets ruined.

So monstrous a state of immorality put me quite out of sorts. I endeavoured to set to work, but Apollo proved unpropitious; I went to see some friends, but derived no gratification from my visit; and at last I sallied forth, without any aim in view, when I found myself mechanically impelled, towards the Piazza Colonna.

There I was disturbed from my reverie by a little old man, a sort of an abbé, who came up to me with a mysterious air, and asked me whether I knew what had been the *estrazione*? Not understanding what he meant, I was going to ask for an explanation, when an *eminenza*, who passed by us, called out:

"Old gentleman, don't you see that it is not yet twelve o'clock? the ceremony has only just begun."

Upon this, the old man bowed profoundly to me, and followed the *eminenza*. A great number of people, with a scrap of paper in their hands, were following in the same direction. I found out that the head-quarters of the lottery were held in

the neighbourhood, and yielding to my curiosity, I joined the crowd.

My walk was not a long one, it ended at the Monte Citorio, the piazza of which is only separated by a clump of houses containing the post-office, the exchange, and the one only diligence-office. Here I perceived a company of grenadiers drawn up in battle array before a palace, the balcony of which was hung with red silk embroidered with gold, and surmounted by a magnificent flag. This was filled by prelates in full costume, who were passing lottery tickets from hand to hand, and calling out the numbers in a loud voice successively up to ninety. A silver vase, placed in full view, received them by degrees, not open, but rolled up in the shape of a cigar. A thousand anxious looks were watching this process from below, and were alternately fixed on the fatal urn and the clock of the palace. At length the hammer is uplifted; the moment is come. Some turn pale, their mouths are wide open, their chests are heaving, and their knees are knocking together; you would think they were awaiting their sentence of life or death. At this moment a child, who belonged to that class of orphans who are distinguished from the rest by their white dress, and destined for the church, was brought into the balcony by the Administrator-General; he now made the sign of the cross, and having turned up the sleeve of his cassock to the shoulder, he lifted his bare arm towards heaven, and brought it back, by a rotatory motion, to the vase. Five times he drew a number, and five times did the countenance of the multitude undergo a change. Hope, doubt, despair, depression, and joy, assume a thousand different shapes, and plainly point out the interested gamester. I saw some jumping like maniacs; others muttering imprecations; but none who appeared resigned. I remarked a singular circumstance; the crowd on dispersing communicated its agitation to the whole town; the pavement was full of people, eagerly inquiring after the important news: all the women were at their windows, and the account of the numbers come out ascended from floor to floor, up to the very terrace. This explained to me the peculiar aspect that Rome assumes every Monday from twelve to one o'clock.

I have since learned that when a criminal is executed the government, almost as superstitious as the people, only allows a limited number of ventures, because the Romans are all eager to take the numbers mentioned in the necromantic manual in the article that treats of executions.

This is all I can say of the Roman lottery. I thought it best to give my conversation with Maria, because the mouth of a native is apt to describe, or perhaps I might term it betray, unconsciously the manners of a country, and lead us to reflect upon things, not with our individual prejudices, but in the moral spirit that characterizes them according to the place we are in.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MADONNAS.

BARONIUS, Bona and Mabillon pretend that previous to the 15th century, neither missals nor monuments mention the Virgin Mary as the mother of our Saviour, although modern theologians assure us that she received this title under Celestino the First, at the fifth Ephesian council, in opposition to the opinion of Nestorius, patriarch of Constantinople. I would not wish to set myself up against such authorities; but certainly any man, a stranger to the Catholic religion, who should enter Rome, would be apt to doubt whether Julian the apostate was right when he exclaimed: "Thou hast conquered, Galilean!" and whether his words would not have been addressed more correctly to the mother of our Lord, who, judging by the number of altars raised in her honour, and the number of her devotees, is in fact the sovereign deity of heaven and earth. Every shopkeeper, publican and artizan is forced to keep a lighted lamp incessantly before her image in the most conspicuous part of his house, warehouse or workshop. Those who let furnished lodgings are obliged to place her image or picture in each of their rooms. Before the reign of the French, the streets of Rome were lighted only by the lamps of her chapels, which still blaze forth at the corner of every crossway; a number of churches are dedicated to her under different names, and when her festival comes round, the town is like one immense ball room, so great is the profusion of illumination lamps, drapery, and flowers everywhere to be seen. Every evening, all the year round, her votaries come and kneel before her oratories, and sing beautiful hymns; and on Wednesdays and Fridays, one meets organized companies who go about vociferating *Viva Maria! Viva Maria!* If a woman has a mind to try her choice in the lottery, or a young man is desirous of succeeding in his amorous designs, or a girl wishes to find

a husband, the Madonna alone is invoked. On recovering from an illness, or being saved from some great danger, it is to her only that thanksgivings are offered up. The tricoloured ribbons that one sees hanging from the belts of widows in their weeds, whom one meets in the streets of Rome, are a sign that they are the slaves of the holy Virgin, and subject to different sorts of servitude till a given period. May the Madonna be with you! says the beggar to his benefactor—May the Madonna confound you! exclaims an angry vixen—Madonna! too, is the last struggling cry of expiring virtue. If you see early in the morning both women and girls popping their heads out of window to throw a few *baiocchi* to some snaffling singer, you may be sure it is rather because he has invoked the name of the Madonna, than from a wish of relieving the souls in purgatory by causing masses to be said for them. There is not a bandit so lost as not to wear three or four medals bearing her effigy in his hat, nor a peasant but what wears her image in lead, on silk or on paper, hung to his neck. Nevertheless it would seem that in 1829 the worship of our Lady grew less ardent; for in the course of that year, her marble statue in St. Augustine's church, bid a little child go and tell the parish priest that she was very ill satisfied with the cool devotion of the faithful, and that she would not perform any more miracles, if things continued in this state. The child at first was frightened, but Mary having honoured him three several times by laying her commands upon him, he went and told the priest. The latter exhorted his parishioners, and since that day both her chapel and the neighbouring pillars have been overloaded with legs, arms, and noses, both in wax and silver, golden necklaces, jewels, daggers, crutches and guns; they even carry their delicate attentions so far as to nail silver crowns, basso-relievo fashion, on the paintings that represent her. The painters, it is true, raise a hue and cry at such a piece of vandalism, but what right have they to give themselves the airs of criticising what the sacristan so highly approves?

Every reigning power has its militia; that, of the Madonna is very numerous. Almost the entire population of Rome is enrolled in these brotherhoods; there are red, green, blue, yellow, and white societies, all of whom have their individual temples where they pay homage to her.

The days on which these festivals are kept, the clergy air the whole wardrobe of each parish, with the help of numerous porters who are paid to don all the ancient chasubles.

When bedizened out in these rich accoutrements, they look something like the wolf disguised as a shepherd in the fable. In the processions, which on these occasions go through the streets, the votaries carry long sticks tipped with bits of glass, the clashing of which seems to ring so many fairy peals of bells. Besides an immense gonfanon, on which the Virgin is depicted, they generally carry an enormous pasteboard cross, painted to imitate a tree in its rough state; the bearer of this cross must needs poise it with the greatest nicety to prevent its falling, and it is said that he pays a large sum to obtain the honour of "strutting and fretting" beneath his sacred burthen. Nevertheless, I must again repeat, that all these solemn celebrations that fall under the direction of the lower classes of Roman citizens, are conducted with far less decorum and harmony than in France.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SIGNS OF DIFFERENT TRADES AND PROFESSIONS—PALACES.

"I HAVE lived long enough in Paris," said Fernando one day to me, "to be able to appreciate all the advantages and all the drawbacks of your great metropolis, and to have acquired a sufficiently clear insight into the customs that necessity or fashion may have introduced there, to be able to compare them with those of other countries. And talking of Paris—that plate of metal with a coat of arms upon it, that has been stuck upon yonder palace, reminds me of the fund of amusement afforded by its out-door gallery of paintings, from the beautiful pictures that adorn the shops of the *Rue Vivienne* and the *Rue St. Denis*, down to the humble ambulating signboard of the Dog-shearers on the *Pont-neuf*. With the least spirit of observation, and especially if one is either an artist or an author, what a rich field is offered us to exercise our criticisms or our taste! How many a picture that has been carefully preserved in some gallery is not half so good as the boar's head, pig's feet, and other swinish attributes at the sign of the *Gastronome* in the *Place de l'Ecole*! Your government entirely overlooks the good results that might be extracted from the prodigious quantity of these signboards, were they directed towards a moral and political aim. I have seen the prostitutes of the *Rue de la Monnaie* half melted to pity, as they contemplated the kneeling Maid of Honour, painted by Mauzaize, I think, for a haberdasher's shop in that neighbourhood!

"Rome, at first sight, seems destitute of this ornament, yet on a closer inspection she is found to offer some specimen of the kind. We distinguish here three sorts of signboards—those of great families, those of apothecaries, and those of bootmakers and barbers.

"The former, as you perceive, consist of large escutcheons, containing the arms of the inhabitants of the house which they adorn : five or even six of these are sometimes to be seen on the same story. Cardinals, besides their own heraldic bearing, hoist the arms of the reigning pope and those of the city, consisting of a field of gules, with the letters S. P. Q. R., in a bend, which, like many other mottoes, is but a mockery. In this great display of armorial hieroglyphics our vanity peeps out undisguisedly, and affords a complete illustration of our manners.

"The class of apothecaries, a kind of amphibious race—half learned, half shop-keeping—do not fail to deck their counters with curious vases and rare animals, a politic measure intended to insure a degree of confidence in Chiron's art. Being the only Romans who condescend to patronise the fine arts, they generally entrust the execution of the subject hung over their doorways to the pencil of some dauber of the academy of St. Luke ; and the choice of the subject is of course in the true theatrical taste of the Italians. It is either a Philoctetes, suffering from the envenomed sting inflicted by the serpent of Chrysa, or Herminia dressing Tancred's wound, or Cleopatra putting the asp to her bosom. Of course Esculapius and Hippocrates are not forgotten ; and, as in Paris, the word *Theriaca* is written in golden letters on a vase, surrounded by palm-trees, Indian fig-trees, and other exotics.

"Every time you see a figure of Fame with outstretched wings, or a Cupid in the midst of a halo, you may at once look beside it for a pair of elegant dancing pumps, or a bottle of English blacking (*lustre raro*). A more tragical delineation, such as an arm or a leg from which a stream of blood is spurting into a glass, announces a temple dedicated to razors and wash-balls, for in Rome, barbers are still invested with the privilege of using the lancet. You frown at this, but you should consider that practice often supplies the place of science ; besides it is to be supposed that they are not allowed to exercise their calling without having previously undergone a due examination with regard to their capacity."

"You will never make me believe," said I to Fernando, "that a barber can be as fit to perform an operation on the human body as a professional surgeon?"

"Who says that they neglect the studies necessary to their calling?" inquired Fernando. "But you are a true Frenchman, you persist in judging superficially instead of sifting the matter, and it is the word barber that startles you : the very same men, if dignified with a scholastic title, would inspire you with unbounded confidence."

"This remains unproven," I replied; "and I have all the less confidence in these operators, from having heard a learned professor of anatomy declare that he never caused himself to be bled without a degree of alarm, although he trusted to none but the cleverest practitioners, because the slightest error may occasion the most serious consequences."

"Listen to me," said Fernando. "A man once travelling during the night, when it was so dark that he could not see to the distance of a yard around him, on reaching the extremity of a defile, felt his way across a very narrow bridge that terminated it, wholly ignorant of the depth below, and merely taking care to get a good footing. On the morrow he had to pass the same spot, but it was now daylight, and finding that the bridge was hung across a precipice, he was so frightened by the time he reached the middle, that he lost his balance, and fell into the abyss below. Now this is an exact picture of your learned physician; if he knew less he would be more confiding, and his trembling arm would not run the risk of dazzling the vision of a skilful practitioner."

There was some truth in Fernando's comparison, more, perhaps, than the inherent self-love of our nature would allow me to own, and I thought myself a clever tactician by calling his attention to some other object. I therefore asked him abruptly, whether there were a great many palaces in Rome, and whether all the houses decorated with armorial bearings were so styled?

He answered: "What you in France call a *hôtel*, and every house indeed that has a carriage entry, comes under this denomination; so that, in Rome, one may be the proprietor of a palace without possessing an edifice of any great extent. Indeed, the greater part of these buildings, having been erected by imprudent spendthrifts, and loaded with heavy taxes due to the clergy, have passed into hands too poor to maintain them in a suitable manner; poverty, therefore, is to be found in these dwellings almost as frequently as beneath the humblest roof. Several of our palaces are in truth only barracks, filled by the lower orders. Yet there are a great many really sumptuous palaces to be seen in Rome, in which we find golden cornices, granite and porphyry columns, galleries of pictures, everything, in short, except opulent masters, and a train of servants suited to such magnificence. The proprietors of these mansions lodge in the garrets, and throw open their apartments to the curiosity of strangers, sharing with their porters the tax that is levied upon each visitor. Were these splendid deserts kept with

any tolerable degree of cleanliness, fancy might suppose them peopled by invisible beings ; but, alas ! all such illusions are most rudely dispelled by the sights and smells that meet one at every turn on the staircase ; the filth is such that one must beware at every step one takes. In short, the Augean stables were purity itself in comparison with these palaces !

“ At certain periods, such for instance as New Year’s Day and Easter, one of those men that are called, Lord knows why, a Swiss, although in France they come from Picardy, and in Italy from Naples, stations himself beneath the gateway with a gilt or silver-headed cane in his hand : he has brought to light a most magnificent livery, for that day only, and has had his stockings washed, all of which preparations are intended to impress his master’s visitors with a high idea of the family importance. And let us give the devil his due ; the Swiss belonging to Prince Piombino, at once the richest and most stingy person in Rome, blazes forth on these occasions like a tabernacle ; he almost sinks beneath the weight of his broad shoulder-belt, fringed with golden tassels, and the wide bands of gold lace that bedizen him all over. You will naturally ask how a Harpagon’s Swiss comes to be tricked out so expensively ? One thing is, that the gold being almost in ingots, is not injured by exposure to the air, and besides, the Prince is very careful in having it weighed each time it is returned to his treasury, for fear it should have been clipped. And observe, that during three hundred and sixty days in the year the poor Swiss goes about with elbows coming through his coat.

“ The Colonna, Doria, Barbarini, and Borghese families, together with a few others, still keep up a respectable appearance ; for no rule is without its exceptions. Your princes of the blood would not think it beneath them to inhabit the fine *Palazzo* Barbarini, the *chef d’œuvre* of Bernini, nor the *Palazzo* Doria, containing some fine paintings by Annibale Caraccio, and Claude le Lorrain : the architecture is fantastical in its details, but it is a vast and sumptuous building. The *Palazzo* Corsini, formerly inhabited by the great Christina, of Sweden, is remarkable for its beautiful staircase. As to the apartments of the Colonna Palace they are decorated with royal luxury. Amongst all these various buildings the Farnese Palace, now the residence of the Neapolitan ambassador, is the one most justly admired. The cornice that surmounts the building is a sublime conception of Michael Angelo’s, and the apartments are adorned with the fine frescoes of the Carraccios.

"In point of elegant architecture and perfection of taste, connoisseurs award the palm to the little *Palazzo* Massini, erected at the time of the renaissance by Balthazar Peruzi."

"You now reconcile me with your city of palaces," said I to Fernando, "I suppose that those families who have not lost their fortunes, make a point of keeping open house for the entertainment of their illustrious but needy fellow citizens?"

Instead of a direct reply, Fernando took me by the hand, and leading me into the *Palazzo* Ghigi, he guided me towards a half-open door, and asked me what I saw? I replied: "I see a vast kitchen, judging by the empty *fourneaux* that I perceive; moreover, I can distinguish a rusty spit, and three saucepans in a ruined state, one of which contains some macaroni."

"Do you see nothing else?"

"I think I perceive a man playing at making an omelette, over a little fire composed of bulrushes, and I observe too, that the walls and ceiling are as black as the chimney, and smell of soot and rancid lard."

"Well!" replied Fernando, "all the kitchens in Rome are like this one sample! Woe to the parasite who leaves France for Rome, in hopes of dining with our princes! his discomforture will be complete. And woe to the epicure who accepts a dinner in our town! I cannot answer for it but what, on leaving the house of his entertainer, hunger may not lead him to some *osteria* of mean appearance. One class alone eats and drinks copiously in this country, and that is the clergy; but as they are supposed to live on alms, why they keep themselves to themselves—like your Lafontaine's rat turned hermit."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BEGGARS.

I WAS sallying forth to dine with some friends, and had stopped a moment on the peristyle of the house I inhabited to speak to a neighbour, when the following hurried dialogue reached me. "For heaven's sake let me go." "March!" "Let me loose." "March! I tell you." We ran out to discover the cause of these expostulations, when we saw an old man with a white beard dragged along by some carabiniers, who were drubbing him on the back with their fists, because he refused to go with them, and resisted with all his might. We asked the cause of his being arrested; a woman answered: "Alas! poor man, he was begging without a licence, that is his only crime!"

A carabinier, who overheard her, replied: "This is the fourth time this old vagabond has been turned out of Rome for the same misdemeanor, he is incorrigible, and so we are taking him to the police office."

I turned towards my neighbour and asked what he thought of this scene; I added: "This comes of the luxury that Rome displays. Would it not be better if she had fewer palaces and fewer beggars? Such a shameful scene as this never takes place in Paris." My neighbour smiled. "You are superficial," said he; "I must remind you that you ought not judge a people by a single fact, and above all not to be so apt to see the mote in your neighbour's eye, while you are so willing to overlook the beam in your own. You have been told that Italy is full of beggars, and you will now confirm the report from your own experience, because you have seen one man taken up; instead of concluding that beggary is all the rarer from this one instance of its suppression.

"Besides, this man, as they told you, is incorrigible. I have seen him at an artist's, a friend of mine, holding out his

hand in the most piteous manner after receiving a piaster for acting as his model, an exorbitant reward if we take the poverty of the country into consideration.

"Now just take a retrospective glance. Are not your quays, your boulevards, your bridges, the avenues to your churches and palaces, constantly encumbered by an organized set of beggars, who have their president, their public house, their treasurers, their corporation dinners, and their meetings for discussing their affairs? Nothing of the kind exists in Rome. I don't mean to pretend that you are never importuned by demands on your charity; but I maintain that it is rather accidentally than in the way of a regular profession. This once admitted, there is certainly no country where one is more pestered by claims on one's purse. The custom house officer, who has ransacked your trunks, the soldier who sets you free after having arrested you merely because you have been carried away by a crowd, and involved, *nolens volens*, in some drunken brawl, the girl whom you have looked at with a glance of admiration, the child who has nearly thrown you down by running against your legs, the lackey who brings an invitation, the sacristan who catches you looking at one of the paintings in his church, the porter of whom you have asked your way, all persons in short that chance, or their calling may happen to place in a state of inferiority with regard to yourself, become so many claimants on your charity without feeling one whit humiliated by so doing. Nor must you imagine that they entertain the slightest gratitude for your gifts, which in their eyes are merely a tax levied upon your opulence or your good nature, or perhaps a service they confer on you by helping you to get rid of your superfluous cash. Such is their arrogance and thanklessness, that, seen from afar, the giver would be mistaken for the receiver."

"Then I am no longer surprised now," said I to my neighbour, "at the sort of indifference displayed by those to whom I may occasionally have given alms; since it would seem that when one thinks to confer a favour, one is taken for a dupe."

"Exactly so, and I may confirm what I have already said by a trait not wholly un-*à-propos*. I was walking about the Forum, with a French painter, and an artist belonging to your opera, whose name I think is Alexis Dupont, when a girl who was hanging out some linen near Phocas's Pillar, held out her hand to us in the most piteous manner. She was rather pretty, and we each gave her a silver piece. 'You must be pleased now,' observed M. Alexis Dupont. 'You

have many more pieces left,' was the ungracious reply, when we expected to have excited the greatest gratitude."

"And pray, my good neighbour," said I, "can you account for this general propensity for living at the cost of anybody and everybody?"

"It is a problem somewhat hard to solve," replied he, "yet I may venture on a few conjectures. You know that formerly the Roman population was divided into tribes, and these into centuries, each having their patron, and each family even possessing a patrician protector, who undertook to defend their rights, on condition of their giving him their vote whenever any promotion took place amongst the magistracy. This state of things though desirable in one respect, because it linked the aristocracy and the democracy together in the bonds of good fellowship, was open to a great abuse, viz:—that in all such elections the plebeian attended far less to the whisperings of his conscience, than to the suggestions of self-interest. It then became easy to purchase votes. At length, however, deprived of the shameful privilege of selling themselves, and dispossessed of their rights by the very tyrants they had raised to supreme authority, the Roman people lived to see their mercenary power pass into the hands of the tools and freed bondsmen of the Emperor.

"The honour of sitting below Pallas at Nero's table, was purchased at an extravagant price; it then became impossible to approach the master without flattering and feeing his servants, corrupting his guards, and giving a premium to spies and informers; thus the vilest portion of the population insensibly took the habit of practising extortions on both citizens and strangers—a custom which increased during the early times of papacy as soon as it became a lucrative dignity. The Popes who owed their election to the clergy and the people, then composed of slaves and miserable wretches, were obliged to purchase their votes, and several had occasion to repent having neglected to pay their *foot ale*. At a later period the emperors of Germany having consented by the most inconceivable weakness, to receive their crown and suffer themselves to be anointed by the bishop of Rome, could not of course do less than distribute their largess amongst the congregation now become their subjects; and lastly, the wealth of such noble pilgrims whom the fear of hell led to visit the holy relics, which were already converted most unscrupulously into an object of traffic, greatly contributed to encourage Roman idleness. At the same time the Popes and their legates laid hands on everything, and

for a long time it seemed as if the world were composed of nothing but purveyors, while sleek, happy, idle Rome had no other mission on earth than to consume their commodities. Poor and disinherited of her glory as she is now-a-days, she yet contains a great number of inhabitants who live on pensions furnished out of the ten or twelve millions (of francs), that Spain and Portugal are good natured enough to present her yearly. So you see that feasting at other people's expense is neither a modern innovation, nor a habit unpeculiar to the lower orders; it took its rise in ancient times, and was strengthened by the imbecility of other nations. Let these nations cease to contribute anything, and Rome will be obliged to become industrious."

"Do you wish this to take place?" said I to my neighbour.

He answered hastily: "To be sure; because in becoming industrious, there would be some chance of her regeneration."

So saying we took leave of each other.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MOSAIC OF THE TRICLINIUM OF LEO III.—PORTRAIT OF CHARLEMAGNE—TRICK BY WHICH BONIFACE VIII. BECAME POPE—SEPULCHRAL INSCRIPTIONS FOUND IN THE CATACOMBS, AND TRANSPORTED TO THE VATICAN—ST. PETER'S STATUE.

WHOEVER visits Rome for the purpose of examining its monuments and inquiring into their traditions, may find ample food for years of investigation. One of the greatest curiosities of Rome, in my opinion, is the beautiful mosaic that belonged to Leo III.'s Triclinium, and which, thanks to Benedict XIV., is still to be seen in the *piazza* of St. Giovanni Laterano, at no great distance from the holy staircase. Besides the apostles, who are represented surrounding Christ, Charlemagne and Leo III. are depicted kneeling. The monarch wears a mantle of cloth of gold, embroidered with pearls; his head is encircled by a crown in the form of a diadem; and his nether garments consist of a pair of green trousers adorned with spiral stripes of gold, which are doubtless intended to represent the fillets then worn round them. In his hand he bears a green standard spotted with peacock's eyes, surmounted by a lance ornamented with a fleur de lis. The Pope, dressed in cloth of gold, is bare-headed, and has his crown shaven like a monk. The authenticity of these portraits is founded on the inscription that is to be read under the prince's effigy: "Blessed Peter, give eternal life to Leo, and victory to Charles." I lay the greater stress upon the authenticity of this portrait, because, for want of proper data, the greatest monarch that France ever boasted till Napoleon, has never been correctly represented. His effigy as depicted in the collection of seals at St. Denis, cannot be a

good likeness. His picture in the king's cabinet is little better than the caricature of a magistrate of the fifteenth century. I would advise artists by all means to consult the mosaic.

In St. Giovanni Laterano is to be seen the portrait of Boniface VIII., painted by Giotto, in the act of opening the jubilee (A. D. 1300), instituted by himself. It may not be considered foreign to our subject to advert to the species of trickery to which Boniface VIII. owed his election. After two years' deliberation and disputes, the cardinals had at length promoted a poor hermit, a man of no sort of importance, and moreover credulous to a pitch of absurdity, to the papal dignity, under the name of Celestino V. Benedict Gaetano, then a cardinal, being well aware what kind of man Celestino was, took it into his head one day to counterfeit the voice of an angel, and to command him in the name of the Almighty to abdicate in favour of Benedict Gaetano. Celestino, really believing the voice to come from heaven (for the cunning Gaetano had taken care to ensconce himself in a garret above the Pope's chamber), lost no time in laying down his new dignity. Gaetano having become Pope by this stratagem, took the name of Boniface VIII., and caused his predecessor to be shut up. It is said that the latter, on being made acquainted with the trick of which he had become the victim, addressed him in the following manner: "You seized on St. Peter's see like a fox, you will reign like a lion, and you will die like a dog"—a prophecy fully justified by the events that followed. This proud prelate, the first who added two crowns to his tiara, after alternate quarrels and alliances with the Emperor Albert, after excommunicating Philippe-le-bel, persecuting the Ghibelines, and keeping up a perpetual state of warfare, died at last of rage in the prison into which he had been thrown by his constant enemies the Colonnas.

San Lorenzo *fuori le mura* boasts a painting equally curious, representing Honorius III. crowning Pierre de Courtenay, Emperor of Constantinople.

If one wishes to gain an insight into the primitive ages of Christianity, one ought to go down into the vaults of St. Martin's. In the beginning, these vaults formed a part of Titus's baths, and afforded a place of assembly for the early Christians. They were then on a level with the soil, and consisted of vast halls, which now only receive light from above, owing to the raising of the ground; large marble slabs of fretwork serve as window panes according to the

antique mode. The aspect of this building is exceedingly strange: the walls and pillars look as if painted green, such is the dampness that adheres to them; cardinals' hats and bishops' mitres are hanging from the roof by way of trophies, but they are so encrusted with saltpetre that their colour is scarcely to be distinguished. Each chapel contains several tombs in ruins, stones bearing Christian inscriptions mixed with pagan attributes, and broken fragments of an altar; and on lighting up their dark recesses with a taper, one may yet discover barbarous paintings, representing holy subjects.

Another church, St. Clement, likewise deserves some attention. Though less suggestive of meditation than St. Martin's, it is perhaps more remarkable as being the only one amongst all the Basilicas of Rome that has preserved in its pristine form the space surrounded by a balustrade, where the Christians used to congregate—the second space for the catechumens, and a third enclosure intended for the profane. It contains likewise two pulpits; one for preaching, and the other for reading the epistles. Still one must not infer from this internal arrangement that St. Clement's church is of the highest antiquity; for in Boniface VIII.'s time Italy still contained a great many heathens, whom it was not thought advisable to admit within the sanctuary.

Nor must we forget to mention the collection of sepulchral inscriptions belonging to the first ages of the Christian era, which have been transferred from the catacombs to the Vatican. On these the sculptors have been pleased to depict the history of Jonas, Noah's ark, and the Dove bearing the Olive Branch, a pharos, near which a figure of Hope seems to be stilling the waves, and sometimes Christ's monogram. All these inscriptions are later than Constantine; the custom of burying in the catacombs having been continued in Rome till the eleventh century.

A singular fact deserves to be chronicled. In all other countries we think we are speaking metaphorically when we talk of eating any one up with kisses; we are, however, mistaken in imagining that such an expression must always bear a figurative sense, as a statue of St. Peter, in the Basilica of the Vatican will show. So ardent has been the devotion of his votaries, that they have literally kissed his great toe away, and soon nothing but his heel will be left. Apropos of this statue, some connoisseurs maintain, I cannot think why, that it was formerly a Jupiter. A little attention, however, would soon lead them to discover the analogy between the head of the statue and the portraits of that apostle, left us by the

fathers of the church, and its utter dissimilitude to all the known models of Jupiter. Besides it is obvious that the hand holding the keys, which adhere to his chest, is all of a piece with the rest of the statue, and could never have been employed for any other attitude, any more than the arm extended in the act of blessing. Moreover, the long sleeves worn by this personage are never to be seen on a Jupiter; while the saints represented in the ancient mosaics are dressed exactly in the same style; and at the time this work was completed no more statues were being erected to the Pagan deities.

CHAPTER XXX.

ST. ONUFRIO—TASSO'S TREE.

THREE young men of my acquaintance—a sculptor, a landscape painter, and a musician, happened to meet me one day, as I was sallying forth with Fernando to go all over Rome. The musician, a man of intellect, albeit his profession usually grants a special license for mental incapacity, proposed paying a visit to the monastery of San Onufrio, where Tasso died. We agreed the more willingly as it was an opportunity of seeing the venerable tree, under the shade of which the poet of Ferrara used to sit, and indulge, according to tradition, in melancholy recollections of the princess he loved in vain.

The monastery of San Onufrio, is situated on a mountain in the neighbourhood of the Vatican. A simple stone marks the tomb of the great poet; it is to the left near the entry of the adjoining church. On entering the cloisters one is pleasingly impressed with the religious halo that seems thrown around each object; the unbroken silence of the place, the idea that Tasso has trodden on that very ground, and perhaps pencilled verses on those elegant pillars, all in short, even its minute dimensions, conspires to lend an ineffable charm to this hallowed spot. I could not help exclaiming how happy were those who had relinquished the cares of the world for this delicious retreat! "Yes," replied the musician, "it would no doubt be all very well for a fortnight; for a lover's huff, or a distaste for society has sometimes been known to last as long as that!"

"Surely one may like solitude even when there is no lover's huff or distaste for society in the case?"

"No doubt, when one is free to leave it at pleasure; but what can well be more monotonously tiresome than to get up

at a given hour, to pray at another, to eat at a third, and to fill up the rest of the time meditating in one's cell, unless an order from the superior should interrupt the usual routine, and then to begin the same life over again, like a horse in a mill, the next day, and every day all the blessed year round?"

I was about to reply when Fernando forestalled me: "We are all creatures of habit," said he, "and by degrees we may get as much accustomed to vegetate in a convent as to lead a life of dissipation."

"That may be," resumed the musician, "but vegetating in this fashion is only a negative state, and I doubt much whether such who argue against my opinion would be willing to lead the life of those paralytic persons who are insensible to heat or cold, and are sunk into mere digesting machines."

I observed that we have no proof that the monastic life was made up of such abnegation and monotony as he seemed to think, and that if we conversed with the monks we should perhaps find that their minds were quite as speculative as ours.

"We can easily settle that matter," said Fernando, "I happen to know the prior of the convent; we will request him to show us the bust of Tasso that is in the library, and that will give us an opportunity of sounding him."

This proposal met with general approbation, and we went up to the prior. He was a man apparently forty, of pleasing appearance and well made, though his *embonpoint* threatened to become exceedingly inconvenient at no distant period. He received us courteously, and seemed delighted to be able to gratify us by showing us the riches of the house; on reaching the library, however, some scruple seemed to move him, and he inquired rather cavalierly to what country we belonged. "To Belgium," answered the three artists. The prior frowned, and seemed embarrassed. At last, with an air that betrayed an inward displeasure in spite of his affected reserve: "You are no doubt Protestants?" said he.

"Protestants!" exclaimed the cunning musician, "Protestants do you say, Don Prior? no indeed, you wrong us. We were born at Liege, which, as you well know, was formerly governed by an orthodox bishop."

A slight degree of confusion mixed with satisfaction was visible in the holy man's countenance; but he answered with a sigh: "Yes, you were ruled by a prince of the church, and therefore you had the good fortune to remain uncorrupted in the midst of error. But now-a-days you are subject to a

king who behaves very badly; he has turned out the Jesuits, the propagators of our holy religion, and favours heresy and phil—Are you, too, a Belgian?" said he, interrupting himself, and turning towards me.

"I am a Frenchman and a Parisian," was my reply.

"Oh! French!" and he looked at me for a moment in silence, after which he inquired in a sort of mysterious tone: "Well! and how do matters go on?"

"What matters do you allude to, Don Prior?"

"Why I mean—I suppose you have some religion?"

"Now I understand you, Don Prior; matters are exceedingly satisfactory; we have missionaries, Jesuits, and capuchins; thanks to M. de Villèle and his worthy colleagues, the censorship has once more put a gag on the mouths of the liberals; the *frères ignorants* have everywhere replaced the professors who advocate the system of mutual instruction; our bishops have revived all the mandates of the fourteenth century!"

"And the miracles? What do the incredulous say to the miracles?"

"The miracles, most reverend father, meet with the greatest success. There appeared in the wood of Beuvrage, not far from Valenciennes, a holy virgin who was brought thither by a mushroom. She was beginning to cause the lame to walk, and the blind to see, when the bishop of Cambrai, under the specious pretext that the pilgrimages undertaken by the youths and maidens were less for holy than profane purposes, caused the whole fabric to be thrown to the ground."

"I know this bishop from hearsay; he is a jacobite. I have been told that he still preserves Bonaparte's eagles on the tapestry hangings of his sitting room; and, moreover, that he refused to admit missionaries into his diocese, contending that his flock was not composed of savages. But go on."

"A luminous cross was seen on the gable of the church at Minié, near Poitiers, at the moment when the people were listening to the Lord's word."

"This time I should hope that the incredulous were convinced."

"Alas! no, they pretended that it was only the contrivance of a firework maker."

"They are philosophers, then."

"I am entirely of that opinion."

"And choppers of logic."

"I agree with you."

"And enemies of the Pope."

"Possibly so."

"And obstinately incredulous."

"That is clear."

"They will think better of it some day."

"Amen!"

This dialogue having restored the good Prior's entire confidence, he treated us in the most amiable manner. He brought Tasso's bust out of its corner, and showed us with what religious respect they have preserved the fragments of the crown that the Pope placed on his head after death. The leaves are fastened on to other leaves in iron that adorn his bust; the features were modelled from nature. He likewise read us a letter from this great man, written during his last moments, and carefully preserved under a glass case. I took advantage of the prior's good will to intreat him to favour us with a sight of the famous tree, under whose shade the unfortunate poet used to rest.

"What!" cried he, shrugging his shoulders, "do you too believe this foolish tradition? Know then, that Tasso was brought to this convent in such a state that he could no longer leave his bed, and that he died at the end of a few days. Besides, the tree in question is young though of good size, and, moreover, it is out of the limits of the convent. It is only a century ago that a door of communication was opened into the place where it grows, as you shall see."

He then conducted us to the spot, and we acknowledged the truth of his assertions. It must be confessed, however, that there is something romantic about this tree; it overshadows a little amphitheatre where the monks come and hold converse, from whence may be discovered the Tiber, the castle of St. Angelo, the botanical garden, and a portion of the town. The most delightful breezes come loaded with all the sweets of the gardens below, as if for one's own especial gratification; it is, in short, a little paradise, disturbed only by the convent bells, and the chanting of the monks. So potent was the charm of this spot, with its present beauties and past recollections, that we exclaimed simultaneously: "How happy you are, good father, to inhabit such a delicious solitude!"

The prior sighed deeply, cast down his eyes, and answered: "Doubtless a heart full of holy love enjoys a boundless degree of happiness in retirement; but the unhappy events of our times influence even the existence of monks, and withdraw

them from their holy contemplations to the tribulations of this earth. This convent, for instance, now only contains five monks. Formerly the prior was like a shepherd leading his numerous flocks to pasture, without a thought for the future, for the pious legacies of the faithful were constantly swelling the income of the community; now-a-days, notwithstanding the limited number of my brethren, I am obliged to farm out my kitchen garden in consequence of the low state of our finances; and if I did not follow the progress or the tribulations of the church militant, I should not know how to employ my time."

Saying which he bowed, and, on our taking leave of him, returned to his cell.

So it turned out that the musician's estimate was nearer the mark than mine.

CHAPTER XXXI

PARALLEL OF ANCIENT AND MODERN ROMANS.

THE longer I stayed in Rome the more necessary Fernando's society became to me. Whenever I went forth alone into the streets of the capital of Christendom, half the interest attached to the place seemed lost upon me : for my friend possessed, in an eminent degree, the power of converting the least remarkable things into objects of importance and curiosity, by the original view he took of them.

Fernando had been absent for several days. Time seemed to hang heavy on my hands, and Nina, whom he had left at home under the guardianship of an elderly female relation, agreed with me, that his absence had been protracted rather too long ; but he had written to her, and she expected him that day. In her impatience for his arrival, she was every now and then looking out of the window : " He cannot now be long," said she repeatedly, " the Tivoli coach generally arrives at eight, and it is now nine." Then chattering away with graceful familiarity, she went on to tell me that her father was superintending some excavations that a friend of theirs was making in his vineyard ; and that several statues had been found ; for in this country it is sufficient to turn up the soil to meet with antique fragments and precious relics. Here, however, Nina cut short her observations, listened a moment, and then darted towards the staircase, exclaiming that she heard her father's voice, and recognized his step. It was he sure enough. On advancing towards him, I perceived that his eyes were swimming with joy at the sight of his daughter, but instead of embracing her as I should have expected, Fernando merely extended his hand which Nina kissed with ill concealed emotion. On greeting me he perceived my surprise, and as soon as we had sat down he said :

"I don't wonder at your being disagreeably impressed by our mode of addressing each other, but you would be much more so were you domesticated in a family more complete than mine. The fond embrace of affection, those maternal caresses so welcome, and often so consolatory, that tighten the bonds of love between parent and child, are utterly unknown here. Nay more; a father would deem it incestuous to touch his daughter's forehead with his lips.—A most deplorable prejudice truly, and one that proves the demoralization of our ancestors.

"Childhood, in spite of its innocence and winning grace, meets with nothing but mentors and tyrants here. They are taught to kiss the rod that chastises them. You would think, from the dignity that a mother affects with her children, that they were strangers whom she had suckled out of charity rather than maternal piety. I am bitterly annoyed by these shackles that clog our domestic happiness; but I am obliged to bend to custom, which is never set at nought with impunity.

"My fellow citizens, you must know," continued Fernando, "are quite as much shocked at the intimacy and easy freedom that subsists between fathers and children in your country, as you are at the contrary excess in ours. They cannot conceive that one can say *thee* and *thou* to a parent without failing in the respect that is due, any more than they can imagine that a mother should not blush to kiss her son every night and morning. These ideas, you will perceive, are quite characteristic of a people degraded by long slavery. Governed by arbitrary power, they solace themselves by exercising in the interior of their homes the same iron sway that galls them abroad, preferring fear to affection, and respect to confidence, and thinking it beneath their dignity to make the slightest sacrifice for the happiness of their family."

Nina, who had been longing to put in a word, now profited by a moment's silence to say: "When my mother was alive, far from imitating other Romans, she used to kiss my brother and me every time she gave us her blessing——"

Fernando interrupted her vehemently: "That was in the time of the French!" said he, and his look seemed to add: "either hold your tongue or forbear speaking of certain persons."

Nina blushed, cast down her eyes and said no more. Fernando, somewhat put out for a moment, soon recovered himself, and drew me towards a window looking into his neighbour's yard, where I perceived that the walls were festooned with garlands, and the ground strewn with flowers

and sprigs of box. A splendid banquet was prepared in a room decorated after the same fashion. "These preparations," said he, "give token of a fête intended to celebrate the ordination of a young abbé. All his relations are in ecstasies, and dreaming of distant visions of mitres and tiaras; and, indeed, the chance of sovereignty is held out here to every ecclesiastic. Impressed with this conviction, those very parents whom I have represented as so distant towards their children, will at once lay down all their dignity in favour of the young priest. As soon as he will have said his first mass, at which all his friends are requested to be present, his parents will come, not to receive his grateful acknowledgements, not to tell him they rejoice at his having profited so well by the education they have given him, but to kiss his hand with humble respect, because from that moment the son is become a minister of God, and the laws of paternity are cancelled by priesthood."

"What an absurdity!" I exclaimed.

These words made Fernando grow pensive; but he soon muttered: "Don't let us be too hasty in our judgments; what would be an anomaly in your country may be here only a natural consequence of the state of society."

I replied: "Then so much the worse for the Romans; after having boasted of a Cato and a Cincinnatus, after having tasted of freedom, and subdued the world, it must be hard, indeed, to submit to priestly omnipotence."

Fernando looked at me earnestly, and then said mildly: "It would seem that you share the vulgar error of being led away by a few grandiloquent words, and that you lose sight of the real state of the case; well, I maintain that Rome, wretched and degraded as she is, compared with France, enjoys a sum of happiness and liberty greatly superior to what she possessed in the best times of the republic."

This assertion I observed was paradoxical, and I requested Fernando to make out his case, which he accordingly did as follows:

"The laws of society are that especial compact which ensures an equal degree of well-being to each individual composing the commonwealth.

"Whether this compact be a tacit one or drawn up in writing, its execution can only be guaranteed by well-framed political treaties.

"These premises granted, may not an impediment be thrown in the way, to hinder their working freely, and to render their advantages nugatory by a false direction being given

to them? It seems to me that the interests of a party, or the schemes of a faction are two obvious causes, amongst a thousand others, for such a result.

"Now the Romans in ancient times enjoyed very extensive political rights. What good did these procure them?"

Myself.—The inestimable blessings of freedom.

Fernando.—Is liberty to be coveted when a people is forced to deluge half the earth with their blood in her name, and obtains peace only twice in seven hundred years?

Myself.—This people, be it remembered, fought for their dearest prerogatives; and each citizen came in for his share of the spoil of every conquered nation.

Fernando.—Then pray account for the murder of the Gracchi, and tell me why, when the patricians were gorged with wealth, the old legionaries could not obtain the carrying into effect of the agrarian law that was to ensure them bread?

Myself.—No doubt injustices were frequently committed; but as the people elected their own magistrates, they could avoid the permanence of arbitrary power.

Fernando.—History informs us that the candidate who had the greatest number of rascals in his pay remained master of the Forum, and consequently of all the votes. Nor can we forget the ridiculous figure cut by the consul who shut himself up in his house during the whole period of his magistracy, for fear of being knocked down by his colleague's satellites.

Myself.—At any rate you will own that their sumptuary laws, and the establishment of a censorship, do honour to their morality, which is, after all, the surest safeguard of the happiness of families.

Fernando.—I think differently. Whenever a law is passed against some abuse, it is a clear proof that the abuse exists to an unbearable degree; and the intended remedy very often only makes a scandal, without repressing the evil effects of example. Nor do I find that any laws were able to counteract the prodigality of a Lucullus, or the immoral excesses of a Cæsar or a Scylla?

Myself.—You seem to have forgotten the continence of Scipio?

Fernando.—I have no objection to revert to it, as a proof that the very praise bestowed upon so simple a deed is but an indirect satire upon his contemporaries.

Myself.—But he was at all events a great citizen.

Fernando.—Say rather a good general, and a great robber.

Myself.—I know that he was accused of peculation, but he disdained replying to such an accusation.

Fernando.—Because he despaired of clearing himself.

Myself.—Granted; but surely that country must be worthy of envy for which such men as Regulus were ready to lay down their lives.

Fernando.—Every cause has its fanatics, but it would be putting doctrines and institutions to a very false test, were they judged by the zeal of their martyrs. Doubtless, Regulus was an excellent patriot, and we should have found it out even if Cicero had not pointed him out as such to his son. However, though I quote the great orator on account of the weight his name carries with it, I must needs think that he does not discuss the matter fairly. Regulus was sent as an ambassador to negotiate a peace; as such he made, or ought to have made, the tacit agreement of advising his fellow citizens to conclude a treaty of peace; he so thoroughly considered himself as the Carthaginian ambassador that he refused to take a place in the Senate, and yet by a trick worthy of *Escobar*, while, respecting his engagements as far as regarded his own person, he violated them in what related to his mission, by advising a continuance of the war. Therefore I consider him guilty of fraud and perjury.

Myself.—You will stand alone in your opinion.

Fernando.—My judgment is founded on conviction, and I am not dazzled by specious appearances.

Myself.—You will at least own that in those days there existed a kind of national probity, to which all other feelings were made subservient.

Fernando.—What says Jugurtha? “O, mercenary city, would that I were rich enough to purchase thee!”

Myself.—An epigram is no great authority. Besides, the depravity of a few could hardly have prevailed against the virtue of such men as the Catos.

Fernando.—Do but call back to life the eldest of that name, and I'll engage to have him put into the pillory. Where is the virtue of a man who shows severity towards usurers, only to facilitate himself the means of lending money at a more exorbitant interest; who stickles for morality, and then marries a girl of fifteen in his decrepit old age; and who, by the most hideous combination of avarice, prostituted his slaves to one another to enrich himself by the shameful tax that he levied upon them? Talk of ecclesiastical tyranny! But is aristocratical tyranny one whit less galling? And did not the second Cato uphold all its abuses? Was

not he the constant and determined opponent of any proposition, however just, that was favourable to the people? You may admire his tragical end, if you will; but his contemporaries must have been rather shocked at the bad example he set, when he used to stagger along drunk, through the streets of the eternal city."

I was about to reply, when Fernando continued: "If I proceed to investigate imperial Rome, I find her people, after being torn by long dissensions, bowing before a tyrant, from which an assassin's hand at length delivers them, only to plunge them in yet more abject slavery, by forcing them to raise altars to other tyrants no less hated or deserving of execration. Then, as now, the same prejudice that causes us to eulogize ancient times was handed down from generation to generation. Pliny tells us that the elders of the senate in his time used to praise the decorum and the virtues of the patricians they had formerly known; and while he listened, Pliny no doubt forgot that this good old time and golden age of the senate referred to a period when Tiberius had filled it with his freed men, who, later, held those grave deliberations that were summed up in the decision *that Domitian's turbot should be dressed à la sauce piquante*.

"Now-a-days Rome obeys, it is true, an absolute sovereign; but this ruler, being elected by old men, and having himself passed the age when the passions are the fiercest, generally owes the supreme power to his talents or his virtues. Moreover, as any citizen may pretend to the tiara, there is at least an equality of rights amongst us."

Myself.—The Papal throne has, nevertheless, been occasionally dishonoured by monsters.

Fernando.—Because they were formerly chosen from amongst the turbulent body of the aristocracy, which is now nothing but a mere name. You will object that the clergy has taken the place of the aristocracy. Granted—but any one who chooses may become a priest, and it is the privilege of casts only that constitutes oppression.

Myself.—The natural consequence must be, that the military order is thought very little of here.

Fernando.—Would to God it were held in universal execration! the world would then be at peace, and liberty would no longer be an empty name. Do you think that the right of the sword is so very respectable? or that the instrument of tyranny is so necessary to the well-being of the human race? If the Romans, misled by an ardent imagination, still dream of admiring the warlike fame of their ancestors, they

have at least the good sense to cherish peace, which suits their indolence and laziness, and their innate love of a contemplative life. They may be called cowards, but a coward lives a long time. And pray, what remains after our death to justify the great pride we take in despising life?

Nor need you pity the Romans for being precluded from all share in public affairs, since, on the other hand, they are free from all those obligations with which you are fettered. They are subject neither to the *conscription*, nor to a war tax. Their daughters are portioned, their ancestors beatified, their ruined nobles are pensioned, and even their brigands converted. They delight in music, and the *soprani* of the holy chapel enchant their ears; their taste for sights is sufficiently fed by the pomps of the Vatican. In short, they can pass through life tranquil and unheeded, and, provided they occasionally attend mass and receive the sacrament once a-year, their duties to the state are completely fulfilled, and they enjoy the most perfect security. What need they envy the ancients?

Myself.—Honour and glory.

Fernando.—Both of which are unknown in a state of nature; and although they may exercise an immense influence over the public mind, the good results they are likely to produce are as doubtful as the acceptation of such words is varied according to the standard of each nation. Thus in Sparta, glory consisted in letting one's throat be cut, to maintain one's right of eating black broth and onions for the rest of one's life. In Sybaris, on the contrary, it consisted in avoiding battles, and sleeping comfortably on a bed of roses. While your Francis the First, who exclaimed: "All is lost, save honour," after the battle of Pavia, made no scruple of getting the casuists of the Sorbonne to palliate his broken faith on his return from Madrid.

Let us reduce these baubles of society to their true value, and you will agree with me, that since the Romans of our day look upon Paradise as the only country worth conquering, they need not blush at renouncing all worldly glory, and drowsily waiting for the hour when the gates of eternity shall be opened to them.

Fernando had failed in convincing me; but as I was somewhat tired, and felt little inclined to push our controversy any further, and, moreover, had no good arguments to adduce, I remained silent.

He added: "Were I led away by my own individual resentment, I should be fully justified in joining those who find

fault with the Papal government; but my regard for truth obliges me to confess that it is far from doing all the mischief it might."

"What then," said I, affecting surprise, "have you any cause to complain?"

"More than you think for!" cried he. "May you, my dear friend, never have such outrages to endure, nor such secrets weighing on your heart." And so saying, he sighed deeply.

I inquired whether I might not be allowed to share his sorrows. A shake of the head was his only answer.

Thinking that Fernando stood in need of rest, I withdrew. At that moment we heard a great clatter outside the house. "Lord!" cried Nina, "there is our neighbour's linen all fallen to the ground."

A gust of wind had just thrown down some long poles projecting horizontally from the top of the house, on which the wet linen had been hung out to dry, breaking in their fall a whole system of wires, likewise loaded with linen, so contrived as to be brought nearer or withdrawn at pleasure, by means of ropes running through rings, from one house to another. The whole neighbourhood was attracted to the windows. Fernando, who never omitted calling my attention to the slightest incidents, remarked that all the houses of Rome are provided with these poles and wires. He finished by advising me to visit the public *lavatoj*, which of course I did.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PUBLIC LAVATOJ—THE SCULPTOR'S MODEL.

As aforesaid, it is the custom in Rome for all the houses to be furnished with these large poles and moveable wires, which are worked by means of ropes that pass through rings that serve as pulleys. These poles are intended to be used for drying linen, as everybody has their wash dried in front of their windows. The Quirinal and the Vatican themselves are not exempt from this custom. Now it happens that when the wind blows violently, the poles sometimes snap, and the linen flies about in all directions, to the great satisfaction of those who are nimble and clever enough to take advantage of such a disaster to recruit their wardrobes at a cheap rate.

The public *lavatoj* are large sinks, breast high, and divided into compartments. A cock, or merely a pipe, at one end, sends forth an abundant supply of water. The compartment that receives it, serves to rinse the linen; from thence it falls into a second division, in which the soaping is carried on, and lastly into a third, where they wash coloured garments, and dip the other things. These *lavatoj*, which are situated in low places, being calculated to receive the water that has passed through gardens or public squares, mostly owe their origin to some pious foundation; the rest has been effected by the zeal of the government. Nor is it only in Rome that the people enjoy this gratuitous convenience; the smallest villages possess their *lavatoio*, often superbly decorated, and shaded by ancient holms. The principal *lavatoj* of Rome are near the *Porta del Popolo*, and at the foot of the Quirinal. This latter is styled the Pope's *lavatoio*. On the day I went to see it I found a vast number of women and girls, of all ages, washing and chattering at a great rate. One of them especially attracted my attention. Her hair was dishevelled,

her trembling and almost livid lips were every now and then muttering curses; then she would wring her linen with a convulsive jerk, ever and anon casting a threatening look upon a man who was quietly smoking a cigar at a short distance from thence. By degrees her anger worked itself up into rage; the veins of her neck gradually became inflated, she ceased washing, and burst out into the following indignant harangue: "So, you scoundrel! while I am working the skin off my bones to clean these shirts, you go gadding about and getting drunk with a heap of low fellows. May the Madonna's and the infant Jesus's curses light upon them! And you must needs pawn my Sunday gown, and sell my ear-rings, in order to make a beast of yourself! Would that you had fallen down in an apoplectic fit at the moment you married me! It would be the same in the end, for one day or other I surely shall strangle you!" On listening to this conjugal address, the husband merely murmured between his teeth: "You want a beating, do you? very well, then you shall get it, that's all!" He kept his word; for his spouse waxing more and more furious, he rose, seized her by the hair, and never left off beating her till fatigue compelled him to desist.

Solomon has said somewhere or other, that the mouth of a loquacious woman is like unto a sewer that incessantly vomits forth all manner of filth. This simile, notwithstanding its antiquity, is as correct as ever, as the poor beaten creature undertook to convince me by sending forth a volley of fresh invectives after her discomfiture. One of her companions thought to oblige her by joining in the chorus; but to my great surprise, she put her arms a-kimbo, and apostrophized her as follows: "You daughter of Old Nick! I think it very impertinent of you to poke your nose into other people's concerns; if my husband chooses to beat me, sure he has a right to do it: and I shall think your meddling more becoming when your husband grows a little less indifferent to the sprouting honours you have conferred upon him."

"You lie in your throat, you wicked witch," said the other, "he gave me a good beating but a week ago, a proof that he loves and esteems me."

The lie direct thus formally given in the open streets, *coram populo*, was not to be borne tamely; accordingly, the adverse party forthwith despatched three or four shirts fresh from the suds, right into the middle of her face. Now the lady who had given the lie was a *paina*, i. e. belonging to a sort of intermediate class between the nobility and the *mobility*;

consequently she wore a little black hat, with a black crape veil, and the top of the said hat being severed from the crown, like a tile blown off a roof, now fell upon her nose. Enraged by this mishap, she rushed upon her aggressor, in the midst of the hooting of the crowd, and fastened her nails into her face; but the other, like a true *eminente* as she was, had not forgotten her stiletto. She hastily withdrew it from underneath her hair, and plunged it up to the hilt into the stomach of her fair enemy, who fell to the ground recommending her soul to her patron saint. This murder would no doubt have been the signal for a pitched battle between the *paine* and the *eminente*, had not the carabinieri fortunately been apprised of the row, and made their appearance at one end of the *Piazza*. In a moment, men, women, and children, friends, foes, and *amici curiæ*, instantly took flight. The patrol, finding nobody left, wreaked their fury on the shirts and stockings, that no one had taken time to pick up in the bustle, and raised the wounded woman who was carried to the hospital.

It so happened that a man, with a long beard, and in his shirt and drawers, opened a little door near at hand, and advanced, pitcher in hand, towards the *lavatoio*. No sooner had he begun to fill his pitcher, than the carabinieri surrounded him manfully, and called upon him to surrender. Surprised at such an intimation, he requested to be told the reason.

"Come, no nonsense," said the corporal, "you must go to prison."

"But why?"

"What's that to you? March!"

"Let me, at any rate carry back my pitcher to the artist to whom I serve as a model."

"March!"

"Let me dress myself at least."

"March!"

The poor man was at last obliged to obey, and I remained in the *Piazza* to see how it would all end. Nor was it long before the artist made his appearance at the little door, and began raving and swearing in the persuasion that his model had vanished into the public house. On recognizing in him a sculptor from Antwerp, whom I had occasionally met at the Greek café, I addressed him, and related what had just happened. My account made him wax very wroth, and he requested me to accompany him to the governor's, to which I consented. We entered the palace, accordingly, and went into the governor's audience chamber. The Antwerp sculptor knit his brows as he addressed him: "*Signor Governá-*

lore, I want to know by what right your carabiniers have taken away my model."

The governor stared and seemed not to comprehend him.

"I come to claim my model," repeated the sculptor.

"What model are you speaking of?"

"Why the honest fellow who serves for my bass-relief of St. Vincent de Paul."

"Well! I suppose he was arrested for some misdemeanor."

"Not at all; this gentleman can inform you that they pounced upon him without any motive."

"That cannot be."

"But it is, I tell you; give me back my model."

"He must first be judged."

"I tell you to return me my model."

"You forget the respect due to me; I shall have you arrested."

"I am Flemish. I complain of an injustice, and I defy you to harm me."

"Go away."

"I will go—and complain to the Pope, whose bust I am taking."

"Eh? What?"

"And I shall accuse you of detaining an innocent person in prison."

Here the governor made a sign with his hand as if to entreat him to be calm, and gave orders to have the man in question brought before him. He was presently introduced, escorted by those who had arrested him. On the governor's inquiring what crime he had committed, they were at a loss how to answer; nevertheless, on being summoned a second time to answer, the brigadier replied: "Please your Excellency a woman was mortally wounded in a quarrel; and not having been able to catch the guilty parties, we thought that the honour of the police required our arresting the first suspicious person at hand."

The governor shrugged his shoulders, and addressing the model: "How often," said he, "and how long have you been a galley-slave?"

"A galley-slave!" exclaimed he, making the sign of the cross, "Lord bless your Excellency, why never! I am an honest man, and have a wife and children, and take the sacrament every Easter."

"You see, Sir," resumed the artist, that all this is sheer nonsense." So saying, he roughly pushed his model on before him, and elbowing his passage through the soldiers who

stopped the way, he left the audience chamber without even bowing to the governor. •

There is an innate sense of justice in the heart of man, that yields to evidence almost unconsciously ; thus, notwithstanding the rude form in which the Flemish sculptor took the law into his own hands, he was allowed to depart without the least opposition.

A Roman would not have dared to act in a similar manner, but the title of foreigner allows a great latitude for liberties of all sorts. The government dreads the remonstrances of a foreign ambassador, and endeavours not to incur them. The Antwerp sculptor, who was certain of the protection of his ambassador, was quite resolved to keep no bounds ; besides, he was generally reckoned a hair-brained fellow, by this token, that he was still so full of his resentment when I left him, that he never thought of thanking me, for which oversight, however, I bear him not the slightest ill-will.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.

ONE evening as I was walking through the Via Pia, a very long street, agreeable from its solitude and its position on the Monte Viminale, and offering a pleasant lounge to those who delight in tranquillity and fresh air, I happened to meet Fernando. After discussing our accustomed subjects, we were walking along silently, when, contrary to his usual habit, I saw him make a profound bow just as a carriage, with green liveries, passed by us. I asked him why he had bowed, and was not a little surprised when he answered: "I always proportion the degree of respect I pay according to the personal nobility of each individual, rather than according to their influence; and the mother of Napoleon, I think, deserves as much deference as anybody on earth."

"What!" cried I, "is it Madame Lætitia whom I have so often seen ensconced in that carriage?"

"Herself," answered Fernando, "and I am glad to read in your looks a feeling akin to mine."

I did not conceal from my friend the regret I felt at not having known sooner that it was the Emperor's mother who had just passed, and insensibly I gave way to the expression of all those vivid sensations that gave way to the recollection of our glory never fails to awaken in me, as often as I take a retrospective glance to console myself for the present by recurring to the glorious events of the past. Born under the empire, Napoleon had been the god of my idolatry from my childhood upwards. His fall had only made him seem the greater in my eyes, and rendered him dearer to me still. That brow on which misfortune had set its seal always appeared to me impressed with the august attributes which a diadem is supposed to confer. In like manner, I should not fail to

recognise, even in the fragments of the Belvidere Apollo, the sublimest effort of art and genius. This constant adherence to my idol, which I had steadily kept inviolate in times of apostacy, seems now-a-days to form a bond of sympathy between the different nations of Europe and myself. For, indeed, far from sharing the jealousy of the crowned pigmies who united their efforts to overthrow the colossus of the age, all countries celebrate his achievements, and respect his effigy. Not a Frenchman especially visits Rome without endeavouring to see the members of his family, and without paying them that tribute of respect, which, though resembling a bow of mere politeness, is not less full of meaning.

Fernando perceiving how enthusiastic I was on this subject, observed that many people in his place would accuse me of fanaticism: "For myself," continued he "who am a stranger to France, and beyond the suspicion of party spirit, I may safely say to your countrymen: the extraordinary man whom circumstances, unparalleled in the annals of history, elevated to the dictatorship of a great empire, ruled you with a rod of iron, in order to force Europe to restore you that respect which you had forfeited in so flagrant a manner. Who, but he could have unravelled the bloody chaos of your revolution, repressed all opposing factions, and promulgated his immortal code—that monument of justice and wisdom, the admiration and the envy of your neighbours? Your financial resources, the prosperity of your manufactures, the vigorous, and able management of public affairs, have been your constant boast; to whom is the credit due but to him? The canals, roads, and useful erections of all kinds that we meet with throughout France, speak volumes for his solicitude for the welfare of the *grande nation*, and his love of the fine arts. It is true, that Napoleon said somewhat imperiously: Obey! but it was the despotism of genius, not averse to the lights of civilization, and whom the petty intrigues of mediocrity could not bend to its own advantage, nor hypocrisy ever degrade.

"To him you owe that France, though twice invaded by the combined forces of Europe, and delivered up to be pillaged by the holy alliance, and impoverished by the indemnities granted the emigrants, may still be reckoned the most fortunate of nations. You will cry out at this, and maintain that your prosperity is but the natural result of peace. What sheer ingratitude! The sun and the dew from heaven are certainly vast helps to bring forth the corn that feeds you; but of what use would be their influence if some industrious

hand had not taken care to sow the seed? and who would venture to compare France in 1790, to the France of 1814?

“What Napoleon performed for France certainly exceeds all that a people ever expected from their chief; and the magic of his name is so potent, even here, that the sight of his mother is more ardently coveted than that of the Pope himself.

“Madame Lœtitia is, indeed, the most illustrious person at present on earth. Past times furnish no example of so extraordinary a fate. Mother of a great number of children, she found herself surrounded by a family of kings, after having experienced the poverty and miseries of exile. This unexpected fortune did not change her prudent reserve. The most dreadful catastrophes could neither shake her courage nor lower the pride she justly felt; and those who at first accused her of parsimony, were obliged, later, to do justice to her forethought, for it is to her sayings that her children are indebted for a portion of their incomes, and their faithful adherents for the pensions that support them.

“In spite of their fall from their high estate, the Bonaparte family has by no means descended to the rank of private persons. Jerome, as brother-in-law to the King of Wurtemberg, enjoys the prerogatives attached to the title of Prince of the blood Royal. Joseph is connected in a very high quarter through his wife, sister to the Queen of Sweden, and the King of Rome, vainly disguised under the barbarous title of Duke of Reichstadt, may console his grandmother's pride were it merely by his relationship to the Imperial house of Austria. I was going to mention Marie Louise; but the wife of a one-eyed Austrian,* without either name or merit of any kind, can do no honour to the mother of the creator of kings.

“Madame Lœtitia is fond of this long avenue, no doubt on account of its solitude, and that is why one meets her so often here.

“Since your residence in our city you have, perhaps, seen Lucien, the most ardent of republicans, whose son lately perished, unfortunately, at the very moment of arriving in Greece, whose rights he was about to defend; Jerome, to whom no unfortunate Frenchman ever yet applied in vain, and Louis, too good and gentle to hold the reins of government in Holland with a sufficiently firm hand. As to

* The Count Von Neipperg.

Joseph, he is now in America. Their merit, though eclipsed by the prodigious genius of their brother, might have shone to advantage in a less elevated sphere.

"You no doubt remember the time when a series of songs, at once warlike and tender, kindled a sort of chivalrous enthusiasm among the French. *Partant pour la Syrie*, *Léonide*, *Le Troubadour*, became popular songs at a period when glory had been naturalized in France. These patriotic effusions were characterised by an energetic rhythm, and a style of music that partook of grandeur and simplicity; suddenly they were heard no more, and the mine seemed exhausted—the spring dried up. Other songs, purporting to celebrate honour and fidelity, were addressed to the new rising sun on the political horizon, by the traitors who had violated both; but they found no echo in the hearts of the French people. Meanwhile, what had become of the muse of glory? Alas! she had been doomed to banishment in the person of the Queen Hortense, the worthy daughter of the Empress Josephine! She adorned the throne she once occupied, and now-a-days her intellect, her talents, and her exquisite tact still render her delightful to all who step within the charmed circle of her presence. Her palace is at the end of this street.

"It is only since Italy has been given back to her petty tyrants, that she is able to appreciate the benevolent intentions of this family. If you go to Naples you will find the most touching gratitude for Murat's administration embalmed in the memories of the people, degraded as they are. I once asked a fisherman who had erected a certain monument. At this question he raised his cap most reverently, and pointing to heaven, answered: "The blessed soul of Joachim." (*E l'anima benedetta di Gioachino*.) An expression that shows the profoundest veneration."

These words of Fernando recalled to my mind the unanimity of feeling amongst all we meet with after leaving the French frontier, whether one is bound for the north or the south. Indeed, you are reminded of Napoleon at every turn, his memory has the freshness of an evergreen, his name is constantly sounding in your ears; and, strange to say, by one of those wonderful effects inherent to the singular destiny of St. Helena's captive, this name, which every echo is made to repeat, no longer awakens a feeling of hatred or revenge anywhere, but is mentioned just as we should refer to the name of any of the colossal celebrities amongst the ancients. Napoleon appears already to be seen from a distance, like

the Jupiter of the heathens. He passed from earth without either ancestors or posterity to aid in rendering him illustrious. Nothing before him and nothing after him! He stands alone in his glory. The giant is all the more colossal from his loneliness; and as he sat on the throne without an equal in the world, so will he remain alone and without a peer in the whole range of history. Too bright a meteor to allow of a near contemplation, Napoleon seems scarcely to belong to modern times. After distancing, at a single bound, all contemporary glory during his lifetime, he seems, since his death, to have started back, by many centuries, to take his place amongst the illustrious dead of antiquity. The Cæsar and Charlemagne of these progressive times, has suddenly become the Hercules and the Prometheus of fabulous ages. He has now taken his place amongst those old and immortal celebrities that belong neither to one dynasty nor one nation, but to the annals of the world, and to all nations of the earth. His reign belongs not to French history alone, but to the history of the universe. One studies Napoleon as one would meditate on Romulus. At every step one takes in Italy, Spain, or Germany, one meets with some useful monument of his creative and inexhaustible mind; and one is told remarkable anecdotes, all of which end in the praise of Napoleon. I confess I have often felt a glow of pride when Italians have said to me, on finding that I was French: "I, too, have followed the campaigns of Prussia, Germany, and Russia."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE COFFEE HOUSES OF ROME.

AFTER taking a long walk with Fernando, we reached the Corso near the *Piazza Sciara* : when he proposed to me to enter the *Café del Corso* to rest awhile, an offer I willingly accepted.

The ceiling and walls of this coffee-house were covered with a gauze veil, underneath which one perceived glasses and paintings : this singularity was explained by Fernando : "Whatever coffee-house you may enter," said he, "you will see what you may have remarked in certain repasts, where the most delicious pastry appears under sundry artful forms, but on condition of remaining untouched. In like manner, you will catch a glimpse of looking-glasses that are denied the privilege of holding the mirror up to nature, of paintings that conceal themselves, probably on the system of the old saying :

Quanto men si mostra
Tanto è più bella,

and of lustres shrouded in eternal darkness. The owners of coffee-houses pretend that these precautions are taken against the flies ; but this pretext is too convenient not to be attributable to their laziness and parsimony. And I may here remark that the proprietors of such establishments in Rome, do not ruin themselves in sumptuous decorations as their brethren of Paris ; and to my thinking, they are quite right, for the Romans spend too little money with them to deserve the luxury of sipping their ice or lemonade under gilded ceilings.

"There are but few coffee-houses in Rome. The principal one is on the ground floor of the Palazzo Ruspoli ; but it is so badly lighted, that one can scarcely see. The most frequented is the Greek *café* in the *Via dei Condotti*, which is constantly filled by artists of all nations. It is a perfect ren-

dezzvous for smokers, and one's lungs need be made of iron to endure such an atmosphere. Another coffee-house, in the same street, is remarkable for being as clean as its Parisian prototypes. But in none of these are to be found elegant *limonadières* seated at a counter loaded with precious vases, and exquisite fruits, nor musicians, mountebanks, or jugglers, to contribute to one's entertainment. On the other hand, there are no insolent waiters who come to inform you that your bottle being empty, you must either call for another or decamp. I must observe, too, that sherbet and ices being served up in smaller quantities than in Paris, cost only eight or ten *soldi*, and that half a cup of mocha coffee, ready sweetened, comes to fifteen *centesimi*. So that even those whose circumstances force them to be economical, are not obliged, as with you, to deprive themselves of such small luxuries.

"There is scarcely any gaming carried on in the coffee-houses, because a Roman has but little to lose.

"You would perhaps be lead to imagine, from the number of newspapers that are read in these resorts, that the press enjoys complete liberty in Rome: but recollect that they all come either from Milan, Genoa, or Naples, and that you see stamped at the bottom of each number: *with the permission of the government*. The *Gazette de France* is the only journal from your country which is at present allowed to be read in public; and it is from this paper that the *Diario di Roma* borrows all the news that does not refer to the ceremonies of the court of Rome."

So saying, Fernando called the waiter, to pay for what we had taken. As I naturally was endeavouring to forestall his polite intention, we were informed that a gentleman had been beforehand with us. Fernando looked at me and smiled.

"You must have gained the good graces of some Roman," said he, "for I see no one here of my acquaintance."

"I am quite sure," I replied, "that none of my friends have appeared here."

"That does not matter," answered Fernando, "in Rome it is quite sufficient to have spoken to somebody once, for such person to take an opportunity of watching in silence what expense you have incurred, and then paying it, without saying a word to you: it is the mode of doing a politeness in this country."

"Such being the case," said I "it would be vain to attempt to refuse, and the form is certainly a very delicate one, as it dispenses one from all ceremonious contests."

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE BUTCHERS.

IF there is a corporation that can boast of having preserved both the costume and habits of the ancient Romans in an unaltered state, it is surely that of the butchers of Rome. Of this one may be instantly convinced by examining the bass-reliefs that represent the taurine sacrifices. Here you will recognise their long white tunic, gathered up above the hip by a leathern belt, their peculiarly shaped sheath, ornamented with silver or brass nails, and even the beard, which they let grow under their chins like the rest of their countrymen. Their legs usually bare, complete the classic severity of their costume. When standing on an elevated platform, on which is placed their table, frequently composed of fragments of ancient architecture that give it the air of an altar, they look like real sacrificial priests; especially when bituminous torches are fastened to the pillars, lighting up the dark arches above the shambles with a lurid glare, and the crowd below are silently receiving each their portion, that has been weighed in a pair of scales made in the antique fashion.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

TOMBS AND INSCRIPTIONS.

IT sometimes happens, in the most favoured climes, that clouds will arise and sadden the fair face of nature. On such occasions even the garden of the world, the land of classic recollections is not exempt from atmospheric influences; and unhappy beings may be seen wandering on the banks of the Tiber, a prey to the spleen, like the souls of the damned on the shores of the Styx. It was on one of these unhappy days, when a fit of the blue devils had come over me, that I took a fancy to go and visit the tombs of illustrious Italians. These monuments are numerous, but most of them are inscribed with noble names that have become extinct in the homicidal solitude of the cloister, or the lonely opulence of the sacerdotal order.

In Paris, I frequently used to visit the necropolis of Père la Chaise, the City of Tombs, whither love, gratitude, and vanity flock alike to hang garlands on the monuments of the departed. How many heroes of a few short years before, lie mouldering beneath their granite trophies! How many rivals on the world's vast stage are now peacefully wrapped in eternal sleep under the shade of the self-same cypress! What food for meditation is contained within the narrow precincts of a few graves! Frequently have I been beguiled of my tears on reading those simple inscriptions that tell of heart-felt regret on the less ambitious tombstones; nor could I ever pass the mausoleum of Héloïse and Abeilard without a sigh. The impressions that awaited me at Rome were of a widely different character. All is silent and desolate around their sepulchres. In vain the busts and statues of the departed seem to live and breathe; the sculptor's chisel has imparted but one expression to their features, and this unchanging expression seems to say: "Is there no one that recollects me, or regrets me?"

Alas ! no one, ye illustrious deceased ! But a priest daily comes to celebrate the pompous rites of his religion beneath the gorgeous roof your piety has raised, and he will not neglect to mention your name in his prayers. And what more can you reasonably expect in a country where sooner than in all others, the events of yesterday, are cancelled by the vanities of the morrow ?

The social spirit of each century is easily traced in these sepulchral monuments. Thus the Popes of the eighth and ninth centuries merely caused their profiles to be engraved on their tombstones. Later, they were represented, like the conquerors of Italy, lying on beds of state. Honorius III. is thus represented in the *Ara Cæli*; his sarcophagus is adorned with mosaics. Opposite, in the same chapel, another monument was erected to the members of his family (*Sabelli* or *Savelli*); the lower part is an antique tomb with bass-reliefs representing several divinities of heathen mythology, while the upper part is of gothic workmanship, and supports the effigy of the Virgin and Child—a strange amalgamation that bespeaks the confusion of those dark ages !

One cannot set a step in these Roman churches without treading on the tombs of kings, cardinals, and magistrates. In vain has their effigy been surrounded by pompous inscriptions, the knees of the peasants and the sandals of the pilgrims have effaced them completely or nearly so. Happy are those amongst the illustrious dead who have been buried in solitary churches ! They have escaped this second destruction. Learned men and artists, when making their researches, can still do homage to them ; for a man once in power still inspires a certain awe even after his death. His memory may be detested if he were personally hated ; but his image will be contemplated with the same sort of respect that his fortune excited.

On examining the sepulchral figures of the fifteenth century, we quickly perceive that a new era had begun for the Popes. They were now so certain of their power over the temporal rights of kings, that they wished to strike awe into the beholder even after their death. Standing erect over their own tombs, they appeared in an attitude of regal dignity, with a severe look and threatening gesture—and, oh vanity ! ill-befitting the tiara !—they caused their sarcophagi to be adorned with bass-reliefs representing the humiliations of the potentates of the earth, and the usurpations of priesthood !!

This barefaced display was however at length suppressed. But was it pride or gratitude that caused the bones of the

Countess Matilda of Mantua to be transferred to Rome under Urban VIII. ? The inscription engraved on her sarcophagus in St. Peter's, informs us that she showed great zeal in upholding the interests of religion. I was desirous of learning what these interests consisted of, when the bass-relief placed beneath, furnished the solution ; it was she who brought the Emperor Henri IV. to the feet of Gregory VII. ; and I then recollected that she bequeathed her states to the holy see.

Not far from this monument, Pius VI. and Clement XIII. appear much as we suppose them to have been in life. They are prostrated on their mausoleums, and praying ; not, we will charitably hope, to beg of heaven to restore the scandalous power that caused their predecessors to be detested. Pius VII., humbler still, sleeps beneath a stone that bears no ornament whatever.

But what is this pyramid, the door of which seems to be closed for ever ? It is the tomb of the Stuarts. These pretenders to the throne of England have left no posterity, and nothing now remains of their dynasty but an empty name.

A few steps further I find the tomb of Leo XI., and I recognise Henri le Béarnais abjuring his religion at the feet of the Pope ! . . . Yet this sacrifice could not wrest the dagger from the hand of a Ravallac.*

Christina likewise abjured her faith ; but her bust only surmounts the urn on which this voluntary act is depicted.

I did not leave St. Peter's without paying my respects to Gregory XIII., and then I visited Santa Maria del Popolo. Here likewise the names of illustrious families, who had slept for ages in the bosom of eternity, were chronicled on marble tombs, in the language of empty flattery. One inscription alone struck me as curious in a historical light, and riveted

* A deal has been written upon the assassination of Henry IV., though the motive for the deed was, during a length of time, a mystery to all, as it still is to the many. We therefore think fit to chronicle the following fact. On the 22d of October in the year 1791, the *citoyen* Dumont de Ste. Croix (an intimate friend of ours), was informed by the *citoyen* Lefevre Villebrune, that he had seen a manuscript in which the death of Henry IV. was attributed to his having seduced Ravallac's sister, and then abandoned her. According to the author, advantage had been taken of Ravallac's resentment to work him up to the pitch of committing the deed. The same writer adds that he heard from the ancient mayor of Chartres that a Mademoiselle Ravallac (perhaps the king's natural daughter by this amour), died at an advanced age in a convent, where she received a pension from the court, which was always paid with the greatest exactitude. If we may place faith in this account, the same motive actuated two brothers, at the distance of a couple of centuries, and impelled them to revenge a sister's dishonour ; and the name of Ravallac ought to be coupled with that of Louvel, the murderer of the Duke of Berry.

my attention. A Roman knight is represented reclining on an urn, upon which are engraved the following lines:—

MARCO ANTONII EQUITIS ROMANI
FILIO EX NOBILI ALBERTORUM FAMILIA
CORPORE ANIMO INSIGNI
QUI ANNUM AGENS XXX
PESTÆ INQUINARIA INTERIIT
AN: SALUTIS CHRIST. MCCCCLXXXV DIE XII JULII.

Which would seem to imply that the antiquaries need not endeavour to trace the origin of a certain disease to the discovery of America, which did not take place till three years later than the date here specified.

In Rome, as in France, though from different motives, one single monarch has survived in the memories of the lower orders; this is the famous Sixtus V. A mere swineherd in his childhood, he raised himself to the papal throne by dint of talent and shrewdness. On the day he was enthroned, when the prelate reminded him according to custom that nothing lasts upon earth, he answered: "The memory of my reign shall last, because it will be founded on justice." He kept his word; and did more for justice, morality, and the fine arts in the short space of seven years than any Pope had effected in a much longer period. His tomb is to be seen in Santa Maria Maggiore.

In pursuance of my investigations amongst the Roman tombs, I then entered the silent aisles of *La Minerva*. Its gothic arches, so rarely seen in Rome, and its majestic simplicity recalled to mind those impressions of religious terror so often experienced in our gigantic cathedrals. I recollected with a shudder, that the temple I was now standing in, is served by the Dominicans, those too well known ministers of the inquisition The figure of a Pope seated on a porphyry pedestal seemed to glare upon me with a threatening look—I recognised Paul III.; the *Indice* owes its existence to him, and history relates the many outrages heaped upon him after his death, by the well-merited hatred of the people.

The epitaphs of the divine Raphael of Urbino, and of the cruel John of Torquemada, next excited the most opposite sensations in my mind. My attention was then arrested by the figures of a venerable old man and a modest matron; on inquiring who they were, I was told that Clement VIII. was their son, and I rejoiced to have found at last one monument due to filial piety.

This temple is rich in illustrious remains, and yet on perusing the epitaphs of the different tombs, it struck me that although containing the ashes of those who had been great, learned, virtuous, and respected, not one of them seems to have inspired simple friendship; there was not a single expression that could touch a responsive chord in my heart. Yet surely I am mistaken; that young man whose features seem so delicately beautiful as he lies in the attitude of eternal repose, no doubt owes so splendid a mausoleum to the tender feelings of some devoted friend? Winged chimeras support his couch, which is exquisitely carved by some master-hand that lavished all its skill on these beautiful ornaments. The gilding, which is but sparingly employed, seems to heighten the beauty of the marble without destroying the chasteness of the general effect. It is a casket intended to enshrine a gem. Was it an inconsolable sister, or the yet more tender anguish of a despairing mistress, that raised and decorated this tomb, and seemed to take a melancholy delight in impressing so voluptuous a charm on the sculptured image of a beloved object? By the inscription, which is full of genuine grief, I discovered that this monument was erected by Sixtus III. to one of his nephews. I would rather have found any other name upon this mausoleum than that of Sixtus III.; however, all the accusations raised against this Pope seem to vanish in presence of this sarcophagus, and I fell to reflecting how often friendship receives the deepest wounds; and that for those who have lived long, death is but a welcome deliverer from human ills. No doubt it was at a moment when some such conviction flashed across his mind that Cardinal Cibo composed his epitaph, still to be seen on his tomb in the convent of the Chartreux:—

Hic jacet Cibo, verminus immundus.

And on returning home after visiting the ashes of the celebrities of bygone days, I said to myself: “And I, too, should my name ever be known to fame, shall cause this inscription to be recorded on my tomb:—

Hic jacet cinis, pulvis et nihi.”

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LAST AGONIES—CONFESSIONS—UNDERTAKERS.

ONE day on calling at Fernando's, I found his daughter all in tears. Nina pointed to a chair without saying a word. Somewhat surprised at such a reception, my first question led to the following dialogue.

Myself.—You seem to be in affliction Nina?

Nina.—Indeed I am. Three young friends of mine are weeping in the adjoining room; their mother is on her death bed.

Myself.—I did not know that any strangers lodged with you?

Nina.—You misunderstand me! My young companions only came here an hour ago, because the confessor has posted himself by their mother's bedside; there is nobody left in their house but an old servant and the doctor, who has declared his patient has only two hours to live.

Here Nina covered her face with her hands, and tears streamed down her cheeks. When she had grown somewhat calmer: "Tell me," said I, "how comes it that your friends have abandoned their mother in the last moments; do they set no value on her maternal blessing?"

Nina.—What! would you have them afflict their mother with their wailings, when she ought to be preparing herself to appear before her Maker?

Myself.—But my dear Nina, surely it is far more cruel to abandon persons in their last agonies, and when, on the eve of an eternal separation, they must naturally wish to look once more on the objects of their dearest affections, and bid them a long farewell and breathe their last sigh in their arms? Is it not barbarous to leave them in the struggles of death without endeavouring to soothe their latest pangs,

and to let them feel the dreary solitude of the grave even before it has closed over them?

Nina.—Doubtless it is cruel; but nevertheless it is the custom in Rome to leave one's paternal abode the moment the sick person is given over.

Myself.—In France, the most imperious duty required at the hands of filial piety is to close the eyes of a parent, and accompany their remains to their last resting place.

Nina.—Is it possible a son can have the courage to do so? Can he bear to follow the hearse that contains his mother or his father? And do not his tears and his anguish distress all the beholders, as the funeral passes through the streets? Ah! Sir, how different are your notions and ours. When my mother died, I took refuge at the house of these same friends whom I am receiving to-day; and there I concealed myself in the furthest room from the street, lest the sound of funeral chaunts should remind me still more bitterly of my irreparable loss. During several days, as often as a bell was tolling for the dead my heart was wrung and my tears flowed uncontrolledly. In the state I was in, I would fain have hid myself in the bowels of the earth, to escape from the empty consolations that people tried to give me; and had I been condemned to follow her whom I wept to the grave, I should have died on the way.

Myself.—Yours was a sincere grief Nina, and therefore it required solitude. But do not imagine that a Frenchman's sorrow is one jot less deep on account of its different mode of expression. In the midst of a crowd, an afflicted heart forgets the whole universe, to think of nothing but the object of its regret, and at least with us the mourner enjoys the melancholy satisfaction of never leaving the loved remains till the earth has closed over them.

Nina.—Our religion bids us show another species of piety; it teaches us to loosen the bonds that attach us to one whom God has pleased to call unto himself. And we should therefore be disgusted at the sort of theatrical pomp that attends your obsequies.

Myself.—My countrymen in their turn have often been shocked to see a body carried about through all the windings of the town by some indifferent brotherhood, or band of mercenary monks.

Nina.—Monks are holy men, and the alms they receive are agreeable to God, who is all the more merciful to the soul of the departed; as to his friends, if they do not accompany the dead man, it is because they have to console his

relations. This duty is far more imperious, and such a one my father and I are called upon this day to perform. I do not know to what extent we shall be able to fulfil it. My young friends subsisted on their mother's life annuity; and their brother, who took possession of all the property at the death of their father, is a bad-hearted man and cannot be depended on.

Myself.—Explain to me, my dear Nina, how this brother came to inherit the whole estate?

Nina.—Why in the most natural way possible. The eldest of the family is entitled to the whole of the property in Rome, except what is technically called the *pizzillo* (dish) or portion, for the younger brothers; and sons even in the cradle entirely exclude the daughters. Indeed they must think themselves very fortunate when their brother is generous enough to give them a marriage portion. Hence it frequently happens that a man is in absolute poverty while his brother is rioting in luxury.

Myself.—Did not the French change this state of things?

Nina.—Yes, indeed; but their system was soon overturned, as savouring of jacobinism.

At this moment the door, which was ajar, was pushed open, and a man dressed in a black mantle, and with a long staff in his hand, stood on the threshold. Nina screamed aloud at the sight of him, and her companions rushed out of their room as if at a given signal, exclaiming in the most lamentable tone: "Mother! mother!" and one of them, overcome by her grief fell half fainting on the floor. Nina pressed the two others to her heart, and wept with them. I felt deeply touched at this agonizing scene, and advancing towards the black stranger, I asked him what brought him there. He answered, that he was sent by the parish priest to inquire at what rate the funeral of the young ladies' mother was to be reckoned? This answer so revolted me that in my first impulse of indignation, I pushed him out of the room, saying that it should be considered about. On turning round I perceived Nina kneeling beside her companions whose dishevelled locks were trailing on the floor. "Yes," cried she with one of those flashes of religious inspiration not unfrequent among the ardent imaginations of Italy, "You have lost your all upon the earth; but you still possess a mother in heaven. The Madonna consoles the afflicted, and extends her mantle over all orphans. Let us pray to her; and let us offer up our grief in expiation of the sins of her who is no more! Oh! my beloved companions, let us unite

our voices to implore her aid." So saying, she began the litanies of the Virgin with a faltering and tearful voice. The despair of the three orphans heightened their fervour, and all three began to implore the Madonna. I would not intrude upon this sacred scene, and I retired quietly. The pitiless black man had not left the door; he was waiting for a favourable moment for re-entering. I asked him harshly why he did not go away; he replied with the most imperturbable coolness: "As the defunct took all the sacraments before she died, the church is obliged to bury her with due ceremony; and as I am what they call in Rome a *beccamorti* (undertaker's man, literally, *nabber* of the dead), it is my duty to come in the name of the parish priest and inquire what Signor Fernando means to do for her soul; for he has declared his intention of taking upon him all the necessary arrangements, and I cannot return to the presbytery without having taken his orders." I answered: "Fernando is not here just now; as soon as he returns he will go to the priest's."

"Then let him make haste," observed the *beccamorti*, "for, thank God! we have no time to lose. The great heat of the season, and the doctors give us plenty to do. It is one of the best years I have seen since I set up in business."

So saying, he retired as quietly as he came.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ORPHANS.

ON leaving Fernando's dwelling, I went and sat on a stone in the Forum, near the ruins of the Temple of Concord. I hoped to work off some of the painful emotions occasioned by my visit to Nina; and, accordingly, I soon directed my attention towards a group of women belonging to the lower orders, three of whom were sitting on the grass, in the sloping pathway to the Capitol, and preparing their flax for spinning, with that due regard to Horace's precept *festina lente* so peculiar to the people of this country; a fourth was standing before them, holding two little children by the hand. This woman, though old, was robust; her fiery red hair still grew in patches over her forehead and on her occiput, and was gathered up into a knot on the top of her head, but the sides were completely bald. Her complexion was the colour of a slate, and her large black eyes, flashed about with considerable vivacity in their deeply sunk sockets. Her voice and gestures were quite in keeping with her personal attributes.

"My son is dead," said she, "the Madonna and the great St. Michael be merciful to his soul! if, indeed, the devil has not already got it in his clutches. He was a vagabond who used to drive me away with a stick, every time I asked him for a crust of bread to keep life and soul together; but I am a Christian, and, as his children are my flesh and blood, I shall not forsake them."

"Poor little things!" said one of the women she addressed, looking at them with an air of compassion, "how did they manage to live during their father's illness?"

The old woman replied: "God, who feeds the little birds, took care of them. A Frenchman, although a heathen like

all foreigners, save and except half of the Germans, used to send them every morning a loaf and four *baiochi*."

"May God bless him!" exclaimed the spinners.

"But, sister Magdalen," said one of them, "what did you do with the four *baiochi*?" The old woman put her hand to her throat, and seemed to swallow the water in her mouth.

"In my decrepit state," said she, "how could I employ them better than in strengthening my stomach with a little wine and brandy?"

"Much good may it do you!" cried another, "but did this Frenchman promise to continue assisting you?"

The old crone shook her head, and, stooping down, she whispered mysteriously that he had warned her that she was not to depend on him after the end of the week. So saying, she began whimpering. The gossips dropped their spindles, and after laying their heads together, one of them raised her voice, saying: "Mother Magdalen, why don't you take your children to Termini?" (an asylum for the poor.)

At this insulting question the old beldame erected her crest, and raising her scraggy arms to heaven: "As long as I have breath in my body," said she, "my grandchildren shall never go into an asylum for beggars!"

"What do you mean by beggars, you old spitfire?" said she who proposed the offensive measure, "know, then, that the establishment of this asylum for the poor, has put an end to begging, on the contrary. You are old enough to remember that before the French came here, all orphans were reduced to beg their bread from door to door, or else become thieves. When the revolution took place, several convents were seized upon for the purpose, and the boys were put into some and the girls into others. All vagabonds were obliged to work; and work was furnished to the industrious poor. Since then they have been all gathered together at Diocletian's baths, where there used to be granaries and oil pits as everybody knows. There they are well fed and clothed, and have good beds; they are taught different trades, and not dismissed until a place has been got for them; besides which they take away a lump of money that has been saved out of their earnings—and you call them beggars do you? I have two nephews and a niece there, who are at least as well born as your little ones, for their father was a porter, and their mother sold cast off clothes. Your old age has set you a-doating. And, after all, tell us how you'll manage when your Frenchman, blessings on him, shall have

withdrawn his alms? You can scarcely keep yourself from dying of hunger."

"God will take care of that," replied the old creature in a solemn tone, "and if the worst comes to the worst, I shall go and beg for them, and it shan't be said that mother Magdalen's grandchildren have been seen parading through the streets dressed in grey clothes, and cheek-by-jowl with a band of bastards, who are forced every Sunday to go about singing hymns, instead of being let to play in peace."

So saying, she called to one of the children, who had strayed to some little distance; but as the child seemed in no great hurry to obey the summons, she ran after him with clenched fist, and seizing him roughly by the arm, she gave him a good scolding, and then walked off with him, strutting and briding as though she were vastly proud of her son's legacy.

It seemed to me that Mother Magdalen had her own peculiar notions of liberty. How many wiser heads than hers do not understand it one whit better!

CHAPTER XXXIX.

PAPAL BENEDICTION AT SAN GIOVANNI LATERANO.

ROME, at first sight, seems to contain little that distinguishes it from other unremarkable towns. During the first few days its mummeries almost excite our ridicule ; but in about a month's time one begins to appreciate its majestic features, its unchanging calmness and gravity that dispose our minds for contemplation, and make us incline to the *dolce far niente*, that I shall simply call laziness.

In Rome there are neither political discussions, ministerial intrigues, nor contending factions ; hence neither agitation nor tumult. Each being alike subject to priestly despotism, which restrains without oppressing them, they all live in peace, and free from the cares of ambition. Some towering spirits, it is true, envy the liberty enjoyed in France and England, and their soaring genius repines at the trammels that bind them down ; but as the nation is not ripe for liberal institutions, it is far better that such as these should be doomed to obscurity, than purchase celebrity at the price of anarchy.

Many a reformer will start a number of objections to such a proposition, but every sensible man will agree that it is as absurd to emancipate a people still in the infancy of reason, as to force upon the enlightened French of the nineteenth century the old abuses of feudal times.

Such was the subject of a conversation I held with one of my friends on Ascension-day, and I added that the Papal government, on losing the means of dazzling the people as its riches gradually declined, would find the necessity of reforming its administration. Though joining in my general opinions, my friend could not indulge in such a hope. "Chance alone," said he, "has cemented the harmony subsisting in this coun-

try between the state and its subjects, and if ever these solemn ceremonies were to fall into desuetude from impoverishment, the inhabitants, far from reaping any benefit from such a circumstance, would experience a real loss. For want of reasoning faculties, the lower orders give way to the strong emotions excited by these festivals, and measure the power of their God and Supreme Judge by the magnificence of his temples and the opulence of his ministers; and, mark me, the day when they shall cease to be dazzled by these outward pomps, will be a day of despair for them, and a signal of anarchy to the state."

I forbore to press any further upon a subject that seemed to affect my friend. Besides, we had just reached the *Piazza San Giovanni Laterano*, where a grand benediction was about to be given, and so we placed ourselves on the steps of the principal façade of this basilica, in order to command a better view.

The sky was cloudless and ardent. A strangely mixed crowd was flocking to this one point. The steps of the side gallery leading to the sanctuary of the Most Holy were filled with mountaineers, whose sunburnt complexions and varied costumes were thrown up in bold relief by the dazzling marble walls of this chapel. It was high noon, and the sun was shedding torrents of light over the whole assembly of devotees, and the picturesque arcades of the ramparts of ancient Rome. The green trees of the walk leading to the church of *Santa Croce di Gerusalemme*, situated in a natural amphitheatre, contrasted agreeably with the dark colour of these ruins, and formed a most imposing scene. The ground was sufficiently elevated for the eye to wander over the tops of the avenues and buildings, till it reached an immense desert intersected by aqueducts, and bounded by bluish mountains, half concealed by the hazy exhalations of the plain. The sounds of military music were ringing through the air, and its noisy harmony was ever and anon overpowered by the many-tongued multitude. The sight before us was sublime, especially when one turned away from the buildings and mountains to contemplate the façade of the church, then decorated with scarlet and gold hangings, and an immense awning that threw the peristyle and a part of the *piazza* into the shade with admirable effect.

As I was gazing in speechless delight, the bells suddenly pealed forth, the cannons thundered, and all eyes were directed towards the gallery hung in the middle of the colonnade. The Pope now appeared, borne upon a golden throne, shaded by

costly fans, edged with peacock's feathers, and surrounded by cardinals in their scarlet robes. The cannons continue to roar, and clouds of smoke arise in the air, and mix with the incense that pours forth in volumes from the church. The Pope has now reached the edge of the balcony—he rises, and this gives the signal for the people and the soldiers to prostrate themselves on the ground; and the profoundest silence succeeds to the discharge of the cannons and the busy hum of the crowd. The Pope, a feeble old man, raises his eyes to heaven, and extends his hands over the attentive multitude; his trembling voice seems more majestic in its weakness than if it had sounded forth in all its strength, as it calls down blessings on the heads of the prostrate thousands then bending before him. The effect was wonderful! A thrill ran through me; nor can I attempt to describe my sensations at the moment when the people arose, and rushed forward and crowded towards the foot of the gallery to seize the bulls of indulgence which one of the princes of the church had flung amongst them from above. When the Pope withdrew, and the cannons once more roared amidst the clashing sounds of military music, ringing of bells, and religious chaunts, in which all the faithful united their voices, I pressed my friend's hand, and, half carried away by the scene, I exclaimed: "Yes, I must own the wonderful effects of this impressive ceremony! It is impossible not to be deeply struck on beholding the lowest ranks of the people, side by side with their princes, all kneeling in brotherly devotion at the feet of an aged man, invested with the dignity of God's vicar on earth. I feel that these half savage tribes will carry back to their mountains an exalted opinion of the Deity; and while enwrapped in the mantle of philosophy I coldly analyze these well-calculated effects, I can easily imagine that the hearts of these simple men will be very differently impressed, and will be opened to the consolations of hope, under favour of a God of mercy."

My friend seemed touched as he looked at me, and replied: "Would that I could have the satisfaction of seeing you entirely adopt a religion that can offer such inestimable consolations! Would that I could impress its dogmas upon your heart! you know not how much you would be the gainer by allowing yourself to be convinced. Your feelings, now half withered, although pure, would procure you unknown delights, to which you must ever remain a stranger; for, unfortunately, however easily faith is implanted in the soil of a young and fresh mind, it seldom takes root in a soil ren-



dered unfit to receive it by the cold arguments of reason ; and, no doubt, the moment your imagination, now heated by the sight of this imposing scene, shall have had time to cool, you will return to your deplorable indifference."

This reflection was well put in ; for I was already casting a look of regret at the broken panes of the palace of Laterano, built under Sixtus V. This premature decay seemed in strange harmony with the carriages that filled the avenues ; their wheels being gilded, while their thin and sorry looking horses were dragging them along with evident labour. I contrasted the *embonpoint* and rosy complexions of the priests who sat in these carriages, with the pale and wretched appearance of the surrounding crowd. The Pope himself seemed to inspire less respect, when I observed his shabby escort and dirty lackeys : it was near the obelisk that this sight struck me, and it seemed to me the most eloquent refutation of all arguments in favour of those institutions under which such anomalies were to be found. I did not, however, favour my friend with my thoughts.

CHAPTER XL.

ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS.

ONE cannot entirely live upon observation. The most subtle workings of the mind, and the most delicious reveries the soul indulges in, were never yet able to encroach upon the rights of the stomach, and it was in obedience to its imperious summons that Antoni, a friend whom I have had occasion to mention before, and myself, after taking a long walk, were fain to enter the first eating-house that we found on our way. I believe that I have already remarked, that in these kind of establishments in Rome they do not pride themselves on any great activity; every thing is done deliberately; we had therefore, ample time, while waiting our turn to be served, to enter into conversation on the uniformity of gait and manners amongst the Romans. It seemed to me that so apathetic a people could not offer any examples of original characters and eccentric spirits.

"A little attention will convince you to the contrary," observed Antoni, "and, as a sample, I would advise you to study that fat and rosy priest seated opposite us. As soon as he enters, he takes off his wig, wipes his scull, and stands still for several minutes to let the perspiration drop off, after which he sits down, and calling to that great fellow in waiting: 'Petruchio,' says he, 'my little Petruchio, bring me some good broth, and mind you break three eggs into it; the rest of my dinner is left to your choice. You know I think less of quantity than quality, but don't hurry, my good son, for everything requires time.' After giving these orders, he takes possession of a large flagon of wine, which he carefully corks with a piece of bread, for fear the spirit should evaporate. He then fans himself with his hand, to ward off the swarms of flies that he no doubt

considers highly impertinent in disturbing him. However, in due time, his broth makes its appearance, and the canon, after feasting first his eyes and then his palate upon it, at length perceives that he is not alone in the place. He greets his friends, and complains of his bad stomach and want of appetite. Five small rolls, eight dishes, and two flagons of wine are all that the poor man dares allow himself to take. He has even been obliged to bring a slice of Viterbo ham in one pocket, and a Bologna sausage in the other, while his handkerchief, which he has carefully placed before him, contains half a pound of Parmesan cheese, these dainties being indispensable to his digestion. When once he has reached this point of his meal, you will hear him calling out every now and then : ‘ Petruccio, my little Petruccio, I am very well pleased with you ; you have catered very nicely for me.’ And Petruccio, vastly proud of his good opinion, will receive what is called here a *buona mano* or *mancia*, or in other words he will be handsomely tipped for his pains.”

“ But there is no originality in that,” said I to Antoni, “ epicures are so numerous now, that they must needs offer some shades of variety in their manners ; and I am less surprised to meet with sensuality or gluttony in a canon than I should be to find him possessed of the opposite qualities.”

“ There may be some truth in what you say,” replied Antoni, “ but when we get out of this place I will show you some half a dozen figures that are quizzical enough.” This promise was soon fulfilled.

On reaching the Corso, which is the general rendezvous for all that is most illustrious and most ridiculous in the town, a slight nudge from Antoni made me aware that some eccentric personage was going past. It was a tall, spare young man, dressed in black and wearing an order.

“ What do you take him to be ?” whispered Antoni.

“ Why, I don’t know—perhaps a learned man, or an *employé*, or a soldier.”

“ Neither of all these. Being as ambitious as he is vain, he is desirous of being thought a great deal of, although he is neither high born, learned, rich, nor industrious ; and for this end he purchased the order of the golden spur, as several Frenchmen have done before him. One of your lawyers in Paris, one Monsieur Masson wears the insignia of the same order. This knighthood, which Prince Cesarini has the singular privilege of conferring, may be purchased for ten Roman *scudi*, provided one proves, over and above, that one belongs to a good family, which means, in plain language,

that neither one's father nor mother are at the galleys. The title of Count Palatine is attached to it. Luckily no sovereign recognizes the validity of such knights, unless the holy father himself has bestowed the dignity upon them. Without this precaution, every churchwarden who visits Rome would come back with spurs and a title; it does not, however, prevent a number of individuals getting themselves knighted in Cesarini's fashion, and, though not deigning to wear the hackneyed title of Count Palatine, styling themselves *Monsieur le Comte*, without indicating the name of their county. And observe that the ribbon is red, and precisely similar to that of the legion of honour, and at the time when the latter was the reward of real military prowess, the trumpery ribbon of the golden spur might pass a man off for a brave soldier or a worthy citizen. To return to the individual in question, he fancies himself another being, since this red ribbon has been stuck in his button hole. Consequently he walks here as often as he can to offer himself to the public gaze. The forced abstemiousness that he has been obliged to observe to cover the deficit in his finances, occasioned by the purchase of his order, may, in some degree, account for his extreme thinness."

Antoni had scarcely finished speaking when I saw a man with grey moustaches, and spurs that had once been plated, coming out of a palace. "This individual," said he, "whom you would take to be a tea merchant from Faltrank, is Prince Piombino, the richest and most miserly person in Rome. He once possessed three rosinantes, on which himself, his son, and a servant used to parade about the streets. But one of the poor beasts having died of old age and inanition, he got rid of the others, for fear they should ruin him by playing him the same trick. He now always goes on foot; and if he still wears spurs it is because they are fastened to his boots, and he has only that one pair."

An elegant *calèche*, with several lackeys in new liveries stuck up behind, now passed before us. Its only occupant was one man.

"You see this vulgar-faced personage," said Antoni, "who is always chuckling with satisfaction. You would think, from his heavy, stultified look, and his cravat that swallows half his face up, and especially from his huge powdered pigtail, that he was a horse jockey grown rich; he was, however, only a pavior. By dint of industry he has made a fortune of sixty thousand livres per annum. Astonished at his own opulence, he knows no greater delight than to ride continually over the streets he once paved. There he sits, the envy of all the

Roman nobility, whom he far outvies in luxury, continually tapping his boot with an elastic switch, a trick in which he indulges, either for amusement or to keep himself in countenance, and which has deceived many into the belief that he was formerly a clothes' brusher. In order not to be wholly without a coat of arms, he causes a calf's head, (a suitable emblem truly), to be carved on all the houses that he purchases, because his name is Vitelli.

"There is an old woman who has fallen into the gutter and got covered with mud, and is calling down curses on the head of that man who hurries off as if all the affairs of the world were upon his shoulders. Probably that eccentric character threw her down. He is to be met on the *Corso*, the *Pincio*, the *Piazza Navona*, and the Capitol, with his hands and pockets crammed full of papers. One would take him for a notary at least; yet his occupation merely consists of the trifling one of making folks suppose that he is not an idle man. He is, in short, a would be busybody; and like the wandering Jew, he is always in a bustle, because he will not condescend to stop anywhere."

Two enormous dogs rushed past us so rapidly, at this moment, as not only to interrupt Antoni, but nearly to throw us down. "These animals are the forerunners of another piece of eccentricity," said Antoni, laughing, "namely, Pinelli, the engraver. The quantity, rather than the merit of his works, have acquired for him a sort of celebrity. He is known throughout Europe for his compositions from Greek and Roman history, and his outlines of costumes. He never goes out without being attended by his faithful Cerberi. He always wears an iron-tipped cane in his button-hole; two long love-locks hang on each side of his face down to his shoulders, and his gait is more that of a ruffian than an artist. His audacity is in keeping with his outward appearance. His priest having excommunicated him, and the deed of censure having been placarded, according to custom, on the church door, designating him as an engraver, Pinelli took a chair, climbed upon it, and substituted the word *Pittore* in its stead. He completed this new reading by inserting an expression, relative to the Priest, intended to convey a hint that the latter did not belong to the family of *Soprani*. Every body but Pinelli would have been sent to the galleys for this piece of bold irreverence; but as he has conciliated the affection of the lowest orders by treating them to abundant libations of wine, the priest let the matter rest for fear of being run through by a stiletto.

"Pinelli, as you may perceive, thinks himself a painter, whereas at best he is only an eccentric engraver."

CHAPTER XLI.

THEATRES—BURATINI'S PUPPETS.

"AND pray," said I to Antoni, "is not this man, who is hurry-scurrying about with his hands full of tickets, which he seems to be selling, also an eccentric character?"

"He is a monopolizer of tickets," answered my friend, "and it is in consequence of the trade carried on by himself and his fellows, that we were unable, the day before yesterday, to find any good place to hear *la Boccabadati*."

"Will you explain the nature of the business he carries on?"

"Certainly. In Rome, the pit is the only part of the theatre where one can take a single place; the rest of the house is let by the month, and several persons join in hiring boxes for certain days. In consequence of the difficulties caused by this arrangement, the pit, where women are admitted, is always full; you take your place according to the number set down on the ticket, which corresponds with the one placed on the back of the seat. So that, in the morning, when you purchase your ticket you know beforehand how you will be placed; and the Romans, who are chary of their steps, are very willing to give in to the speculations of this monopolizer.

"This custom has its drawbacks, no doubt, but it has one very great advantage, that of superseding the necessity of waiting at the doors of the theatre, of avoiding disputes, since the place of each is marked out, and, in short, of keeping us in happy ignorance of those companies of mutual insurance that annoy all their neighbours by their boisterous expressions of applause, which you call *la claque*, a monstrous coalition, injurious alike to actors, authors, spectators, and, above all, degrading to good sense.

"Our theatres," continued my friend, "are tolerably numerous; they are vast, but seldom in use, and are scarcely more interesting than those of small provincial towns in your country. A tolerable actor and a good prima donna are phenomena rarely seen at the same time in Rome. Nothing can be poorer than our stock of plays, or more monotonous than our theatre. If a piece has succeeded in Milan or Naples, it is acted here, not only during the whole season, but the year after besides, without our people seeming to perceive that it has grown stale; even a bad representation is scarcely able to draw from them a few murmurs of disapprobation. It is true, that if there are no friends to support a piece, the carabinieri are ready at their post to quell the least attempt at a disturbance."

"That is highly improper," said I, "and the Romans ought to be revenged on such a restraint, by agreeing not to appear at the theatre till a thorough reform shall have been effected, and till it is established, once for all, that the liberty of hissing a trumpery work

'Est un droit qu'à la porte on achète en entrant.'

"Think you," objected my friend, "that your thorough drunkard gives up the pleasure of tippling when he can get nothing but Surène? Believe me, there are certain wants that must be satisfied no matter how; and for us Romans, the theatre, whether good or bad, is an article of primary necessity.

"What annoys foreigners is the great length of our dramatic entertainments. It is true they begin very late, and that a comedy is played between the two acts of an opera, which considerably lengthens the intervals between the acts, so that the representation seldom ends before two o'clock in the morning, Thursdays, however excepted; on that day, or rather that evening, the curtain is let down at eleven o'clock, whether the entertainment be finished or not, for the day on which Christ died, is to be devoted entirely to religion."

On questioning my friend as to the style and subject of the plays that were acted, he said: "The materials on which our poets set to work, generally consist, *imprimis*, of a cunning girl, who tricks a young man into marrying her; secondly, of an imbecile uncle, whose niece runs away with the dancing master or something of that sort; and, lastly, of some honest citizen, who is obliged to pay the piper for some youthful

peccadillos of the son of his petty sovereign. As to the actors, when they attempt to be gay they sink into buffoonery ; and the serious parts are compounded of extreme arrogance and extreme servility ; the intermediate line of characters is totally unknown to them.

"If one of these gentry is applauded, he immediately interrupts his part, and, clasping his hands, almost prostrates himself before the public. Consequently, it happens that when he has stabbed his antagonist skilfully, or has poisoned himself according to rule, he obtains the honour of an encore.

"And, observe, that applause sometimes takes a very singular form here ; for instance, a well-represented tyrant will be received with hissings and hootings, and the actor who is the object of so singular an ovation, will take as much pride in recording the number of hisses as your actors would in noting down the bravos they have obtained.

"To the honour of our police be it spoken, it constantly insures the maintenance of public decorum. There are no *loges grillées* here, for fear of the use that might be made of them ; nor is any one allowed to converse with the actresses behind the scenes, on pain of getting into a scrape with the carabinieri, with whom it is far safer never to have anything to do.

"Now if you want to know which is the best troop of comedians in Rome, I shall unhesitatingly tell you that it is Buratini's puppets. Cassandrino, a little wooden manikin, eighteen inches high, is the star of the company. He never changes his name or his dress, and the plays acted at this theatre represent all the different events of his life. I think even the nature and simplicity of your Bouffé are surpassed by this little unique. Jacomino, the Frontin of the troop, is also an excellent actor. Formerly harlequin was a very great man amongst them ; but his interpreter having died, his successor had not the good fortune to please the public, and he was reduced to appear only in the ballets. And don't imagine that a puppet dance is a mere childish display ; not all the art of Vestris and Perrot was ever yet able to infuse into your Parisian *bayadères* the grace and precision that are to be found in their Lilliputian sisters. A professor of the craft would be able to expound, in more technical terms, all the difficulties that they overcome, but it is enough to say that the illusion is so complete that I have often caught myself longing to whisper a few soft words in their ear!"

I took occasion, since this conversation, to visit these

famous puppets, and I can really account for my friend's enthusiasm on the subject. The secret of the perfect acting of the Roman puppets is simply this—that the persons who cause them to move and to speak, endeavour to imitate nature as closely as possible, while in more important theatres they think it necessary to lay it entirely aside.

CHAPTER XLII.

NOCTURNAL VISITS OF THE POLICE.

THE French laws prohibit all domiciliary visits on the part of the police, before the rising and after the setting of the sun. Not so in Rome. And for fear of making scandal, the bloodhounds of the police are only let loose at night. If one of these gentry happens to see a lady entering your house, whom they shrewdly suspect not to be your lawful wife, they lose no time in warning their brethren, and they will come and wake you up in his Holiness's name at the most unseasonable hour. Should they find nothing in your bed-room to justify the suspicion of a crim. con., why, after turning everything topsy turvy, rummaging your closets, and making a careful search under your bed and sofas, they think a sufficient excuse is made by begging you to pardon their mistake; but if, unluckily for you, you should that night have extended your hospitality to some beauty whose folly has led her

To trust in him who did not wed,

you are forthwith marched off to prison with your *Dulcinea*, and there you will stay till it pleases the governor to decide upon your fate. Should you and your accomplice both be free, you are compelled to marry; in the contrary case, you are heavily fined, and the woman is sent to the penitentiary.

Nevertheless, the protection of a prelate, a canon, or a parish priest, is sufficient to rescue one from such exactions. Foreigners, too, treat the matter more cavalierly; they flatly refuse to open their door, and no one dares to annoy them, for fear of the interposition of their ambassador.

My next door neighbour was a handsome blonde of the *eminenti* race, but very poor. One evening I saw her at the play in such an elegant costume that I could scarcely recog-

nize her. Unable to account for such a metamorphose, I concluded that she must have hired this fine dress, in order to do honour to the gentleman who escorted her, whom I set down as her cousin. But I had soon occasion to learn which way the wind blew. When the play was over and I had gone home and retired to rest, I was startled out of my first sleep by a violent knocking at my fair neighbour's door. At first all remained silent within; but at length, as the knocking went on, a harsh voice screamed out: "You ragamuffins! what do you come and wake people up at this time of night for?"

"We are no ragamuffins," was the answer, "we are the carabinieri of the district, and we come in the President's name to summon you to open the door."

"You are thieves," replied the harsh voice.

This insult was received with vociferations, and in the midst of the din of fresh thundering at the door, I distinguished these words: "To dare call carabinieri thieves! and pray what have you to steal, you old hag? Do you think we don't know that your daughter came in with a stranger, who is still in your lodgings at this improper hour? But wait a moment, and the President will set it all to rights."

No doubt alarmed by these threats, the voice from within answered that she was going to put on her clothes and open the door. And then I heard some hurrying to and fro, a moving of furniture, a slamming of doors and opening of windows; at length the blonde herself called out from the window overlooking the yard: "Father Joseph! Father Joseph! make haste and come! the carabinieri are surrounding the house!"

This appeal seemed likely to increase the interest of the scene, so I looked out of window. The carabinieri continued their vociferations. On a sudden I perceived a lantern at the corner of the street, and as it approached I found the bearer to be an ecclesiastic in his dressing-gown. "You good for nothing carabinieri," said he, puffing for breath, "you had better let this poor girl alone, or I'll make you answerable for it."

The carabinieri alleged their orders, referred to the President, and began bawling all together; but the priest talked them down, and treating them as a parcel of impertinent busybodies, he at length compelled them to sound a retreat, upon which he went back to his bed.

The next day the whole neighbourhood rung with the events of the night, and father Joseph's protection was made the subject of many different comments.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A FEW PARTICULARS ABOUT POPES—LEO XII.

I HAD taken a long walk through the Papal city, and I was just leaving St. Peter's, in company with Antoni, when I perceived a numerous troop of mock pilgrims and seminarists crossing the *piazza*. The former wore broad brimmed hats, either white or black, with a long tunic of grey, white, or crimson cloth, fastened by a girdle with tassels at the ends, and an oil-cloth tippet over their shoulders, and advanced slowly, singing hymns, or repeating aves, and carrying a long white staff surmounted by a cross, in their hands. The latter were dressed in long blue, red, or black cassocks, with three-cornered hats. This troop was followed by a band of youths scarcely out of childhood, in a costume entirely white, hats, cassocks, shoes, stockings and all; these were under the superintendence of an ecclesiastic. In the midst of the throng were to be seen monks, black and brown, bearded and shaven, shoed and bare-footed, besides idlers of all nations, and a number of lackeys and peasants. It would be difficult to picture to oneself the singular character of such an assembly.

While I was examining this odd crowd there came by a heavy coach, drawn by sorry-looking horses, and followed by the Pope's body-guards on horse-back. A few women and children prostrated themselves as he went past, calling out: "Holy father, give us your blessing." This could only be the Pope. Antoni said to me: "Here comes Christ's vicar; his features are far from being noble, and his countenance is not expressive of goodness; however, his tall figure and serious manner give him a certain air of dignity. Whether from affectation or some natural defect, his eye is often turned obliquely towards heaven, which gives him that ecstatic look,

in keeping with the duties he is called upon to discharge.

“He was formerly sent to Germany as ambassador from the holy see, when he found means to conciliate the good will of the diplomatists of that country, to which circumstance he is indebted for his elevation; for the Sacred College, on the death of Pius VII., never thought of him, and the majority of votes centred upon Cardinal Saveroni, a pious and charitable man; but Austria, who owed him a grudge, for having formerly opposed the marriage of Napoleon with Marie Louise, now interposed her veto. They then proceeded to a fresh ballot, when the French cardinals were made to understand that they had better give their vote to Genga to gain time. ‘It is not likely, such was the pretext given, that it will be of the slightest consequence.’ The cardinals fell headlong into the snare that was laid for them; Genga was elected, and took the name of Leo XII. The first act of his Papal dignity, was to return the Jesuits a part of their possessions, and to make over to them the superintendence of public instruction. This measure was followed up by the suppression of several useless offices, and the grant of several pensions to persons who had no claims whatever. Pius VII. had always forgiven assassins; Leo XII., by causing them to be executed without mercy, has succeeded in repressing the robberies and excesses committed on our highways, in remembrance of which M. Soyé, a clever French founder, presented him with a large bronze medal, representing his effigy, in the name of the children of Apelles; but the natives, who look upon all assassinations as legitimate acts of revenge, and robbery as a mere tax levied upon foreign wealth, and were, besides, irritated at the suppression of several sinecures by which they profited, bore him no sort of good-will for his reforms. It is true that he contributed to alienate the love of his subjects by laying an additional tax upon wine, and re-establishing the monopoly of bread. The jubilee year, to which they had looked forward with considerable hope, only added to the general discontent by its disastrous results. The rigid observance of lent, and the absence of all diversions, drove the foreigners from the city, and they went and spent their money in Naples. There came but a small number of pilgrims, and these were mostly poor Germans who were taken in from charity. So this joyful year, as it purports to be, is really one of desolation.

“It is easy to see how little attachment the Pope inspires by the limited number and low condition of those

who implore his blessing; this he himself remarked one day, adding bitterly, that he would be regretted when he was gone. Such may be the case, and I believe his intentions, as a sovereign, to be upright. He deserves some credit too, for the premiums given to those who introduce improvements in various branches of industry, as well as for several rules intended to reform the morals of the clergy. But how can the mere will of a sovereign, without experience in such matters, prevail over the torpor of a whole population?

“No Pope was ever more strict in the observance of his religious duties. He visits the hospitals every now and then without giving notice of his coming, repairs and embellishes churches, and strives to rekindle the dying embers of Catholicism throughout the universe. Truth, nevertheless, compels me to observe, that numerous doubts have been raised as to the sincerity of his piety; and many anecdotes are in circulation relative to his younger days, and his excessive fondness for hunting;* we are not, however, to believe all that is said, as hatred is apt to represent everything through a false medium, and an upright mind will never give implicit faith to certain reports.

“As Leo XII. was far from rich before his elevation, the new taxes he has established, and which were, perhaps, justified by the badness of the times, are laid to the score of rapacity on his part. I have heard it said that whether the 25,000 francs, which he received as a Cardinal, were not sufficient to maintain his rank, or whether from bad management he had contracted so many debts, as not to be able to pay the mason who repaired his palace, the latter seized his horses and carriage, so that Genga was obliged to go on foot. If this be true, we must acknowledge that the Papacy came to the rescue in the very nick of time. At all events he cannot be accused of nepotism, for his brother having lately died, and the guardianship of his two sons having devolved upon the Pope, he made use of his authority to force them both to become Jesuits. His motives are un-

* When the news of Leo XII.'s elevation to the Papal throne reached his country, the new Pope was hailed with the following epigram, which was inscribed on the door of the house formerly tenanted by his (new made) holiness.

Se il papa è cacciatore,
Son cani i cardinali,
Son selve le provincie,
Ed i sudditi animali.

(If the Pope is a huntsman the cardinals are his hounds, the provinces are his preserves, and his subjects are the game.)

known, but in the meantime the deed is thought highly tyrannical.

“His private suite is by no means brilliant, as you have seen. He obstinately refuses to make use of Pius VII.’s state coach, as being too splendid. I should be at a loss whether to attribute this to modesty or to a spirit of fault finding.

“For a long time the Roman Popes were content with the insignia of other bishops, as may be seen in the ancient mosaics. Later, when they acquired a certain temporal power, they added a crown to their tiara. Boniface VIII. put two to his; Urban V. thought himself entitled to adopt three, and the Papal tiara took the name of triple crown. The pallium was, in all times, one of their distinctive ornaments, although it is also worn by bishops. Pius VI. was the first who introduced the white calotte instead of the *camavoro*, or cap falling over the ears, as worn by the Popes, giving as a reason for such innovation that he had no mind to resemble a cheesemonger. The red shoes and blue stockings are, likewise, peculiar to the Popes.”

These explanations were all that Antoni told me for the present, and the day now drawing to a close, we took leave of each other.

CHAPTER XLIV.

ARTISTS AND THEIR MODELS.

I LIKE artists, and during my stay in Italy, I made acquaintance with a great number of them. I like them because they are generally to be distinguished by a stamp of independence and originality. Accustomed, by frequenting the different schools, to criticise each other with great severity though in a grotesque manner, and to look upon themselves as belonging to a world of their own; endowed for the most part with a lively spirit and ardent imagination, versed in the writings of historians and poets, delighting in the grander scenes of nature, and tormented with an incessant thirst after fame, it is not to be wondered at that their intellect should frequently emit brilliant sparks and vivid touches of bold eloquence, that their arguments should be generally sodaring, their discussions so singular, and their society so delightful withal. Love, wine, music, and good cheer, these are the elements of their existence. Occasionally mere idlers, at other times industrious when the fit of inspiration is on them, they certainly enjoy a greater sum of existence in the same number of years than other men. With them exaggeration is a constitutional defect, and one may almost say that they are now in the depths of hell, at other times in the ninth heaven.

Though often eccentric, they are never ridiculous; and a habit of observation renders them peculiarly fit to hoax any one of narrow and prejudiced mind who may fall in their way.

Dining out, and the necessary visits that follow, besides a hundred other trifling observances that fritter away their time in Paris, are so many annoyances from which they are entirely emancipated in Rome. He who can live on his income

or on his pension, is the freest of men in the eternal city. He may go about the streets ever so badly dressed, with beard unshaven, and even loaded with all his goods and chattels, and no one will take the least notice of his proceedings.

Instead of having to encounter the dangers of a public exhibition, each artist exhibits his works in his studio; and through the medium of a flattering article composed by himself, and inserted in the *Diario di Roma*, the public are informed that his works are to be laid open to their admiration on such a day.

The Germans, however, club their paintings for an exhibition held every six months; and the Romans, who scarcely deserve to be reckoned, used to exhibit their daubs in the churches, until Leo XII. devoted a room in the custom-house to this purpose. Although no spiteful journalist ever allows his pen to take a flight into the region of criticism, on such occasions, the exhibitors must beware of their brother artists. These latter are far more pitiless judges. Besides the rival jealousies that attack an individual work, it has to stand the test of the various systems of different schools. For example, a Frenchman thinks the German style harsh, and trammelled by old-fashioned rules; while the latter cannot conceive it possible to do otherwise than follow the beaten track of Perugino; on the other hand, an Englishman would doubtless prefer the cleverly dashed off, though often indistinct, sketches of his own countrymen to the more regular compositions of the finest artists on the continent. Amidst these conflicting opinions, the Roman, though apparently neuter, will stickle for his traditionary notions, and dub one thing Michaelangesque, another Raphaelesque, a third Titianesque, and so forth, at the same time wearing out his spine by bowing to the author if he be present, and crying *bravo!* till he is husky, should the artist be absent, thinking that some of his friends may be there incog.

The only Mæcenases to be found in Rome are foreigners; an artist is therefore obliged to apply to brokers, porters, and innkeepers, that they may recommend him to travellers, of course on the condition of having a finger in the pie. Thus the artist loses in dignity what he gains in liberty, and is in the position of a troublesome tradesman who is obliged to puff off his goods to get rid of them.

I not only frequently made these observations while at Rome, but I had occasion to hear them confirmed by several artists with whom I had formed an intimacy. One of these, named Silvio, whose income permitted him to neglect all

such manœuvres for forcing a sale of his artistic commodities, confessed one day that my description was not in the least overdrawn.

"But," said I, "you have great advantages in Rome; for I have heard that such fine models are nowhere to be found, and that they show an intelligence in the expression of different passions never to be met with in other countries."

Silvio answered—"If it be true that the outward form be moulded according to the mind within, and that the Greeks owed their superiority in the arts to the pleasing traditions of their mythology, to the exquisite tact and independent condition of their models, to the influence of a vivifying liberty, and to the frequent development of the finest forms in their gymnastic exercises, then may artists well avoid Rome! Slavery, degradation, laziness, poverty, and crime, such are the various conditions from which we have to select our models. Not only must we choose them amongst the dregs of society, but in prisons, on the steps of the scaffold, and in those loathsome places where indigence catches at prostitution as the only rescue from starvation. You may judge if such a necessity is likely to give birth to noble thoughts, and aid the inspirations of genius.

"People complain in Paris of the abject condition of models, and yet in Rome they would pass for patterns of virtue in comparison with their ultramontane brethren.

"M. Larivière, a pensioner of the academy of the Villa Medici, had just completed a painting representing a woman visiting her husband in prison, and offering him her child to kiss; a girl of about twelve is beside her, and an old man is sitting at her feet. Now, the biographical features of this group is as follows:—The prisoner is an assassin and a discharged galley-slave; the little boy is the son of a German who was banished for some crime; the girl is the daughter of a criminal executed on the *Piazza del Popolo*; and the old man is valet to the executioner (*carnefice*). The young woman alone has not incurred any note of infamy; but her husband would be worthy to herd with the rest. He tried to kill her some time back, and as the cutlass was wrenched from his grasp, he flew at her and beat her so cruelly that she is now in bed.

"A week ago a man brought me his wife, who wanted to be employed as a model; she was just fresh from prison, where she had spent three months—a lapse of time necessary to the recovery of her husband, whose abdomen she had perforated in a fit of passion. The husband, who subsists on his wife's industry, begged permission to take her back; a

request immediately granted by the government, who is tired out by the frequent recurrence of these domestic tragedies.

"There is not a model now in vogue but what has some crime to answer for. Pietro, the vine-dresser, would have strangled his wife about a year ago, had she not struck him with a knife, and obliged him to go to the hospital; and observe that this was not Pietro's *début*. He had already been condemned to the galleys for life, for having shot a man, and I don't know by what favour he was discharged after a time. Pippo and the brothers Tito are always in prison by turns. The daughters of Genga, a famous leader of banditti, nicknamed *il Barbone*, are in a similar situation. Innocente, the son and brother of bandits, would be himself a bandit, had not his family thrown themselves on the mercy of the Pope. Those handsome Samos women that Schnetz and Leopold Robert have introduced into their pictures are just of the same kidney. And yet a celebrated woman ventured to write that the trade of a model was not considered dishonourable in Rome; thus endeavouring to exalt those who exercise this calling here above those who adopt this means of existence in other countries. She quotes, as an example, Scacietto Saverio as very proud of his beauty, and is probably ignorant of the fact that the sister of this model, La Scacietta, the most fashionable courtesan of Rome, is quite as proud of her beauty, without being the less infamous for that."

"After what you tell me," said I to Silvio: "I am surprised that the people should flock from all quarters of Europe to study in your capital."

Silvio replied, "There are certain prejudices consolidated by time, and which time alone is able to remove. It has been laid down as an unquestionable truth, that he who has not breathed the air of Italy cannot harbour in his breast the sacred flame of genius. On the other hand, a journey to Rome is a means of obtaining pensions for some; and for others a pretext which affords them a liberty of leading a dissolute life away from the Argus' eyes of relations and guardians; and really, save and except for those who come here with the wish and steady determination of studying, I have very little faith in the advantages to be reaped by the caravans that arrive here from Paris each year, to pitch their tents amongst us for a lustre."

I thought Silvio was not much out, and I resolved *in petto* to take the first opportunity of visiting the academy of Rome, and judging for myself how far it might be useful or not.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY IN ROME.

" Sitôt qu'il est de Rome élu pensionnaire,
 L'élève doit ramper sous un code arbitraire;
 Il doit sur ses décrets régler pendant cinq ans
 Son boire, son manger, ses travaux, ses penchans.
 Dès l'abord, il est vrai, tout lauréat est libre
 De savourer l'ennui qui règne aux bords du Tibre,
 D'arpenter l'atelier du grand Camucini,
 Apelle ultramontain, mais barbouilleur fini;
 De contempler enfin cette ville expirante,
 Qui, livrée au besoin sur sa terre indigente,
 Se démembre elle-même à ses derniers moments,
 Et vend aux étrangers ses frêles ossements.
 Mais, fût-il consumé par le même génie
 Qui brûla Michel-Ange au début de sa vie,
 Les deux printemps suivans, sous châtimement fiscal,
 Il devra se borner, c'est le point capital,
 A jeter sur la toile une sotte figure,
 Qui, plus tard, sur les quais fera caricature.
 La quatrième année, il lui faut copier
 Un tableau de renom, noyant à ce métier
 Son suave pinceau dans des tons de mélasse,
 Et, pour se mettre au pair, couvrant le tout de crasse.
 Enfin, de son séjour le lustre s'accomplit!
 Soudain en sa faveur le code s'assouplit.
 A ses trente-cinq ans, de sa veine féconde
 Sort le premier tableau qui le révèle au monde.
 O vertige! . . . Il débute à l'âge où Raphaël
 Sous le poids de sa gloire expirait immortel!"

PROMÉTHÉIDES.

Thus said, or rather sang we in 1833, in our poetical review of that year's *Salon*.

In 1834, when the scientific congress of France was held in Poitiers, we had the satisfaction of seeing its members, two hundred and thirty-two in number, unanimously adopt the following wish, expressed by ourselves:—

" The congress expresses the wish that the French academy of Rome should be suppressed, as not fulfilling the useful results that were contemplated on its formation. The con-

gress would highly approve that the quinquennial pension granted by government to the successful candidates should be put at their disposal, with free permission to go and visit without let or hindrance such places as their instinctive genius should point out."

In this year of our Lord 1851, in which we are recapitulating all our recollections, we shall offer our undisguised opinion of the merits of the academy in question.

Far be it from us to attribute to the pupils thus sent to Rome, a soul incapable of being moved in presence of the majestic ruins of bygone times; we belong to those who think that the sight of the grand monuments which Italy boasts cannot fail to electrify the imagination—to those, in short, who put faith in the worship of the fine arts.

Many persons, it is true, look upon the fine arts as a mere luxury wholly foreign to the prosperity of nations. We, who take a higher view of the subject, and would rather estimate our enjoyments like social beings than as Sybarites, we think we may affirm that if laws, *i. e.* the rules that the reciprocal wants of mankind have caused to be framed, have founded society; if they have been enforced in the first instance by the right of the sword, the fine arts have powerfully contributed to preserve them, long after the mainspring of patriotism or the dazzling attributes of power have lost their effect, by stimulating the curiosity and exciting the admiration of strangers. It was thus that Athens, after losing its political independence under the Macedonians and Romans, retained its supremacy as one of the first of cities. And thus, in our own times, while the vast empires of the East have passed away, leaving but a series of empty names, cumbersome to the memory and presenting no distinct idea, the little nation of Greece, on raising the standard of revolt against the Crescent, enlisted the sympathies of the whole civilised world in her favour, by the mere force of classic associations; and it is to the potent charm conjured up by the names of Homer, Apelles, and Phidias, that she owes the aid which restored her long-lost liberty.

The influence of the arts upon the existence of a people and the fame of a nation is an obvious and indisputable fact. Look at modern Rome! Notwithstanding that she is reduced to the mere memory of her military triumphs; notwithstanding that she is divested of the influence she once held, by virtue of the theocratical prestige she so long made use of to extend her dominion further than the Cæsars had done, to reign more peacefully, and to lay the world under far

heavier contributions ; yet to the poetic mind is she still, in spite of her misfortunes, the queen of cities—the city of eternal glory. It is there that all that is most illustrious and enlightened upon earth congregate as in a vast temple to take each other by the hand ; while the votive offerings of this learned pilgrimage are a source of prosperity most providentially left her. In what lies the resistless attraction that impels us to visit this city ? In the wonders of art that it once contained far more than in what it now possesses. Michael Angelo, Raphael, Bramante, and Canova are the gods people flock to worship, and they are truly the tutelary divinities that save the inhabitants from famine and contempt ; the good genii that extend their protection over an expiring Papacy, and maintain its independence.

It is by the fine arts alone that those states, which are scarcely admitted to take rank amongst nations, acquire and preserve a degree of celebrity that larger countries may well envy. No one, for instance, would go to Florence to seek for the trophies of a conqueror, or the pomp of a splendid court ; yet its former sovereigns deserved the honour of giving their name to the age they lived in, from the great impulse they gave to the fine arts ; they are associated in the eyes of the world with the names of Andrea del Sarte, Brunelleschi, and Michael Angelo, and share their fame and immortality.

Let us take a retrospective glance at the state of the fine arts—the subject is by no means a trifling one. It was the arts that, under the wise administration of Colbert, contributed to heal the wounds that the folly and intolerance of Louis XIV. had inflicted upon France. Colbert was the founder of the French academy in Rome. This establishment, though excellent at the time it was founded, soon became the source of a thousand abuses under the influence of the parent academy of painting in Paris, which crushed the king's pensioners beneath the weight of its guardianship and the pernicious tendency of its recommendations. Thus when Pietro of Cortona and Bernini had effected a complete revolution in favour of bad taste, in Rome—Boucher, Vanloo, Natoire and others grafted their ridiculous and mawkish style upon the French school. The statues in our gardens were thenceforward bundled up in massive habiliments by courtesy called light drapery ; architecture fell from its high and palmy state ; and woe to those who attempted to be simple and natural, or chaste and classical ! they were forthwith excommunicated by the academy, and plunged into poverty. And what took place next ? Why the sceptre of the fine

arts, which would have devolved upon France if the example of a Lebrun, a Le Sueur, and a Poussin had been able to convince her how much may be effected by independent genius, remained in the hands of Rome, who had already lost these illustrious artists.

Two men, however, of inflexible perseverance, revolted against the tyranny of the schools. These were David and Houdon, who, after being misled for a length of time, had at last opened their eyes. The statues of St. Bruno, and St. Maria de'Angioli, and the Oath of the Horatii now appeared, as if to bid defiance to the academy. One general shout of indignation arose on all sides, and mighty was the commotion thus excited! David and Houdon weathered the storm bravely. So great was the irritation prevailing against them, that standing alone as they did in the palace of the academy, they never appeared in the refectory without a loaded gun beside them. But admiration soon became the prevalent feeling in France. This new dawn of a better school was hailed with rapturous acclamations by all the younger part of the nation, who are ever more alive to felicitous innovations, and a complete revolution was effected in the fine arts.

That mighty genius, Napoleon, was aware of their importance in the scale of civilization, and he endeavoured to cause them to flourish, aided by the advice of Denon. He heaped riches and honours upon those artists who distinguished themselves; and beneath the cheering influence of such patronage our museums were filled with masterpieces that seem more admirable still to those who are acquainted with the classic works of Italy. Painting produced *The Sabine Women*, the *Plague of Jaffa*, *Endymion*, *Crime Pursued by Divine Justice*, *Marcus Sextus*, *Cupid and Psyche*, *Brutus Condemning his Sons*; while sculpture boasted Chaudet's *Shepherd*, and Cartelier's *Minerva*; and architecture pointed to the staircase of the Louvre, the triumphal arch in the Carrousel, and the Exchange; an assembly of *chefs-d'œuvre* which at once assigned the supremacy of taste and genius to our country. Our political disasters only gave fresh proofs of our superiority, or we may, perhaps, rather say that this superiority, by attracting rich foreigners to visit us, caused them to return us, indirectly, the sums that their rapacious sovereigns had robbed us of.

It was then that Russians, Englishmen, Spaniards, Italians, Swedes, Germans, Greeks, and Poles, flocked to the studios of our great masters to gather the precious traditions of the

exiled David's school. Unfortunately the pupils of this illustrious man, though in many respects equal to him in matters of art, possessed neither his discerning mind, nor his sincerity as a professor. They wanted to found a school, that is to say, to introduce a general style, although they themselves had become great, precisely because their master had attended to the bent of their individual genius. Hence the schools of Bozio and Cartelier; the former affected to a degree almost of coquetry, and the latter stiff and lifeless from an excess of classic purity. Hence the petty style of Vaudoyer, and the plagiarisms of Percier and his followers. Amongst painters, the school of Girodet affected grandeur of design, by imitating Flaxman; the pupils of Lethiers aimed at energy and a sort of conventional nature, but seldom soared above mere mannerism, and careless handling; while the pupils of Gros concealed their faulty drawing and sometimes their ignorance of historical proprieties under the tinsel show of fine colouring and a certain charm in their designs.

We will be silent on the subject of the disgraceful scenes which the clashing of these various systems, each personified by one of the professors, is sure to occasion in the interior of the academy as often as the time comes round for sending a pupil to Rome: the profane are not allowed to enter this sanctuary, it therefore behoves us to respect it. We will only examine to what degree this distant colony is likely to prove useful, and whether its suppression would not be a real advantage to the art, by destroying at once the influence of individual professors, which influence must ever be pernicious.

When the French Academy was first established in Rome, the eternal city abounded in master-pieces, and several celebrated artists were yet living. France, on the contrary, scarcely afforded any resources for the student; there were no museums, and but very few monuments worth mentioning; moreover the pupils of those days were in a most unadvanced state, and it was really sending them to study on classic ground. Now-a-days everything is changed. Paris is adorned with admirable buildings, and the gallery of the Louvre is without its equal. Casts have been taken of all the antique statues, and these we possess; and a constant emulation is kept up amongst the number of talented men who reside in the French metropolis. The Rome of our times, on the contrary, has either lost or sold half of her artistic treasures; her poverty forbids her patronising talent; her new buildings are remarkable for their bad taste, and Camucini, her best

painter, could not enter into competition with any one of our pensioners, who have already given proofs of talent before they are sent to the capital of the Roman States. What then must be the natural consequences of such a state of things? Why, that the expense to the country is a heavy and very foolish one, and the restraint upon the pupils proves a galling chain that is often fatal to their career. Shackled by a number of restrictions that effectually clog all flights of genius, deprived of the salutary stimulus of emulation, hampered by the advice transmitted to them from afar by their former masters, they generally lead a life of petty vexations, and often return without having gained one iota beyond the technical knowledge they already possessed, and literally no wiser than they went.

The uselessness of this exile is now pretty generally acknowledged. All the public buildings have been measured, and casts of their ornaments have been carefully taken. Our architects may thus form their tastes without setting their foot beyond Paris. Our sculptors, too, thanks to casts, need not expatriate themselves to study the fine antique statues. Painters alone have an interest in seeing the frescoes of Michael Angelo and Raphael, and several other renowned works. But even this motive is superseded, when we come to recollect that the design and spirit of these have been reproduced by engravings, while time has destroyed the colour of the originals; strictly speaking, therefore, the sight of the engravings may be sufficient for the student's improvement; the only thing for which no substitute can be offered, is the fine climate and the matchless beauty of an Italian sky. But need one employ five years in studying these? Surely not, say we; and to return to the main subject, we will endeavour to furnish a more exact description of the academy in Rome than has yet been given.

The French academy in Rome is located in the ancient palace of the Florentine ambassadors, and consists of from twenty to twenty-five pensioners. It is under the management of an artist who takes the title of director. His salary is 6000 francs (£240); besides this he has a carriage and footmen in the livery of France, with the privilege of inviting daily any six persons he chooses to his table, a suite of rooms in the palace, and a secretary, who likewise fulfils the office of librarian on a salary of 2000 francs (£80), with board and lodging.

The duties of the director consists in urging the execution of the tasks prescribed by the rules of the academy, in grant-

ing or refusing holidays to the students, in paying their pensions, in superintending the condition of the furniture and building, and, lastly, in placing the model in the public school of the academy. It is the director, too, who makes the bargains with the tradespeople who victual the establishment. The noble and disinterested conduct of Baron Guérin, during his directorship, proves that his predecessors were less shrewd than himself in making good bargains, for to the great surprise of the pensioners, that excellent artist one day presented 200 francs (£8) to one, and 300 francs (£12) to another, which sums were the remainder of the fund intended for the supply of wine only.

The *matériel* of the academy consists of a gallery, containing the finest casts (where strangers are occasionally allowed to study during the day), and from amongst which the pensioners are free to select models for their studio; of a tolerably well-chosen library where, the same as in all national establishments of this kind, books are frequently lost, notwithstanding the vigilant superintendence of the secretary-librarian; and of a school of design from the living model, which the pensioners never attend, as there is a degree of talent that spurns the handling of stumps, and the trammels of academic attitudes.

The expenses for casting recently discovered antique statues, illuminations and fêtes given at the palace, are all defrayed by the budget of the academy.

The pupils are generally lodged very meanly. Their studios are small, and the large pictures they send home are painted in rooms they are obliged to hire at their own cost. They are forced to take their meals in the palace, and to this effect three francs per diem are retained upon their pension. Their stomachs, therefore, must endeavour to frame their appetites to the procustean standard of a *scudo*, and as another sum is retained in case of their returning to France during the five years (no bad measure either), they only receive seventy francs, clear, per month, which serves to keep them in clothes, &c., and to pay for their models.

Painters, sculptors, and architects are allowed to follow their own devices during the first year, provided they stay in Rome. The second and third years they must send a study to Paris: amongst the former this study consists of a naked figure drawn from nature, of the ordinary size, with an express prohibition from attempting anything beyond; amongst the latter, of a chapter of a column in water colours, and the exact measurement of the ruins of some temple. In

the fourth year, a copy of a picture and a statue are required. The architects then travel, and when at the close of their exile, the painters and sculptors have executed, one a marble statue, and the other a historical painting, the former produces the plan of some great edifice purporting to be restored to its ancient proportions, although in many cases the foundations alone remain.

The pensioned student who shall have submitted blindly to these conditions and fulfilled them with servile exactness, although not one whit improved since he entered the school of Rome, receives the compliments of the Institute, and finds himself, on his return to Paris, able to dispense with the minor considerations of merit and talent in obtaining employment under government. He, on the other hand, who has infringed the laws, though he should have produced a *chef-d'œuvre* becomes a mark for persecution, as Court was for his painting of Cæsar. While those who break through all bounds, forfeit a year's pension.

Nor is it superfluous to observe that, in a country where you can go nowhere empty-handed, and where a young man is separated from his family, the pensioner can only meet his countrymen in a coffee-house, which becomes the general centre of communication. This occasions a fresh source of expense, for which his 70 francs (£2. 16s.) are insufficient, seeing that all his savings are absorbed by the yearly study that the Academy compels him to produce.

The consequence of this is, that in order to earn the means of improving himself in his art, he is reduced to seek employment as a portrait painter. If he has the luck to find sitters, he spends ten months of the year in this employment, which tends to fill his purse rather than to improve his abilities, and never thinks of designing the picture he is compelled to send home, in obedience to the prescribed rules, until the moment comes, when there is but the bare time left for the hasty execution of the task imposed upon him. It is, however, but rarely that the pensioners in Rome get employment as portrait painters; because, on the one hand, the confessors have established that all women who sit for their portraits thereby damn their souls; and on the other, Roman princes are as poor in money as they are rich in titles; and, moreover, the very name of pensioned student—which is universally given them—causes strangers to imagine that these young artists are mere tyros.

Therefore, in the dearth of better employment, they idle about, they sleep, and shoot, sketch ruins, and dash off sundry

landscapes; and when they obtain a few months' holiday, it is a signal for extravagant expenditure.

The government might easily remedy all these evils as soon as they please, in the following manner:—on granting the pension, let them prescribe a journey to Italy, requiring at the same time some proof that a proper use has been made of the opportunities thus afforded. They might point out, for instance, the necessity of visiting Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples, as places where remarkable works of art are to be found: nor should the Flemish cities be overlooked, as all of them contain masterpieces, but they ought to leave the young aspirant free to pitch his tent wherever he pleases; besides the vast outlay to be saved by suppressing the academy in Rome, such a measure would tend to disencumber real genius of the leading-strings that now restrain its every motion, and inspire the pensioned artists with that activity so necessary to prevent the imagination from becoming stagnant; in short, it would give them the faculty of living at a cheaper rate, and consequently allow them to spend more money towards improvement in their art.

The landscape painters that the government occasionally sends to Rome, would, by means of the proposed arrangement, be enabled to become acquainted with more than one climate, and one species of vegetation. Spain, Scotland, and Germany would furnish new and original subjects for their pencil, and the artistic world, as well as the world of connoisseurs, would both be the gainers; the former in reputation, and the latter in the increase of their enjoyments.

CHAPTER XLVI.

SACRAMENTS OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION.

My readers are aware that there are seven sacraments in the Catholic religion ; but I am about to speak of those only that are of primary importance in the sacerdotal hierarchy.

Baptism appears to me to hold the most important place, as being the only one indispensably necessary, since it is the act of naturalizing the elect. It is conferred in Rome with peculiar ceremony.

The love of ostentation so innate in the Romans induces every petty tradesman to obtain permission from his parish priest to carry his new-born infant to be christened at St. Peter's. A coach must be provided for the midwife, a coach for the godfather, a coach for papa and his friends, money must be distributed to the poor, and so forth : all of which observances are strictly fulfilled, though the donor should be obliged to pawn his shirts the day before or after. On reaching the church, the new comers are objects of speculation for the Swiss, the beadle, the sacristan, the choristers, and the priests ; all of whom are very clever at guessing the length of the purse of the catechumens. One of the priests begins by writing down the names of the party in the parish register ; the child is then asked *in Latin* what he has come to do, and whether he has the intention of embracing Christianity : the midwife, who stands between the godfather and godmother whispers to them the answer they are to make, which is likewise in Latin ; of course it is an affirmative one. Then as if the babe itself had answered, the railing that encloses the font is opened, and the party advances, repeating a *credo*. While the head of the infant is being immersed, the godfather and godmother hold a taper above him, and say certain prayers, and the priest concludes the ceremony

by saying to the new made Christian (who is not much the wiser for it), "Such a one, you may go in peace!" This is the signal for pulling out one's purse. It is customary for the godmother to say on giving back her godson to the mother: "You gave him me a pagan, and I return him a Christian." This is not all. The godfather, if he has any manners must present a sugar castle to the lady in the straw. After this he is free to partake of the cold collation which has been prepared for the guests.

Marriage—a less important ceremony in the religious hierarchy, though the principal one in the social order—is made very light of in Rome. Neither the disparity of age or rank can restrain the priest once set upon tying the fatal knot; and nothing is more common in Rome than for two young folks to come to their parents and say: "We are husband and wife." Recriminations and curses are of no avail in such cases, and, notwithstanding the strongest objections against one of the parties, paternal authority needs must ratify and sanction what the priest has done.

And woe to the favoured gallant, who is not upon his guard! The priests are in readiness, with the cognizance of the damsel's parents, to compel him, willy nilly, into matrimony. I once heard a Roman relate (giving the names and the date) a singular trait of revenge occasioned by one of these arbitrary marriages. He who was thus bound for life to his very great annoyance, swore he would make the woman they wanted to force upon him as a wife, the most unhappy of all human creatures. The parties interested took these threats to be the mere effects of a gust of passion, and trusting that a little reflection would calm him, they proceeded to the ceremony. But they reckoned without their host. Our hero, under the pretext of business, took his wife away with him, and went and sold her to the Algerines; he then sent the parents the proceeds of the sale, concealing, as may be imagined, the name of the country to which she had been sent. The revenge was a cruel one, no doubt, but who can say that it was not deserved?

I shall not speak of *confirmation*, because in these days when persecution is unknown to the followers of Christ, its consequences are little apparent.

Communion, being now-a-days only the complement of the penitence I shall mention elsewhere, may likewise be passed over in silence.

Ordination, on the other hand, requires a greater degree of attention, being the means by which the Pope recruits his

militia. Whoever has received the holy anointment, ceases to belong to the tribe of worldlings. For him, the altar becomes the only throne from whence emanate the sovereign decrees that alone are to sway the world; the laws of society incur his anathema should they attempt to attack so sacred a basis. He has renounced the delightful name of husband, and the venerable one of father, and his country, who can reckon upon his prayers only so long as she contributes to the ease and comfort of his existence, must expect to become the object of his malediction, should she attempt to level him to an equality with others.

Thus a priest, to whatever nation he may belong, has but one object in view, which is to establish the supremacy of the crosier; and as the sovereign chief of the sacerdotal order inhabits Rome, all catholic countries pin their faith on Roman customs and Roman decrees.

The extreme unction, which the cupidity of the priests formerly turned to very good account, is administered here with great solemnity and the utmost pomp. The moment the people see the holy Viaticum from afar, down they fall on their knees; and if it is at night, no sooner do they hear the tinkling of the bell that precedes it, than the good housewives all appear at the windows with their lamps, which makes the effect of a sudden illumination wherever the procession passes. When the Viaticum is brought to the sick, the choristers appear first, carrying the lustral water; then a certain number of monks bearing tapers, and all the household of the cardinal who is the titular director of their order. Lastly, the priest appears under a huge silk and gold parasol, carrying the sacramental elements wrapt up in a large piece of costly stuff, that covers his shoulders and his hands. A troop of devotees close the procession.

The antiquary may trace a likeness between the ceremonies of our priests on this occasion and the paintings of ancient times, where we find, as in the bass-reliefs representing the Egyptian worship, that the hands of those who carried holy implements were concealed under ample and costly veils.

To sum up the different points of this chapter, we may observe that the head of the church acquires a new subject by baptism; by marriage he fertilizes the vineyard of the Lord; by ordination he places sentinels on every outpost on the face of the earth; penitence gives him an insight into the hidden folds of the human heart, and establishes him the judge over consciences; while the administration of the Viaticum places our last wishes at his disposal.

CHAPTER XLVII

THE FIRST THURSDAY IN OCTOBER.

Nunc est Saltandum.

THE month of October no sooner sets in, than Rome seems to wear a new aspect. It is no longer the mournful city inhabited by melancholy and religious beings, nor the vast tomb of past vanities, every corner of which the philosopher and sight-seer examine in silent wonder. The tambourine and the mandoline are sounding the jocund *saltarella* on every side. This is the signal, ye jocund youths and maidens, to pour forth into the streets, and to crown yourselves with flowers! Behold! the groves of the Villa Borghese offer a cool retreat against the expiring ardour of an autumn sun! Enjoy the refreshing shade of those bowers as in spring you enjoyed their peaceful solitude, when you came to pluck the fragrant violet. The trees have still preserved their golden leaves, and the grass has not yet lost its velvet beauty. But a few days more, and the rude blasts of coming winter shall perhaps have strewed it with the 'sear and yellow leaf,' and dried and faded sprigs. Hasten then, say I, and dance to the sound of the song and the mandoline! Look at those young bacchantes with black eyes and rosy cheeks, who beckon you to join in their sports. The presence of the priest need not hinder you, for this once, from answering to their call; he may envy your pleasures, but he cannot disturb them by his sermons. His power is in abeyance. Oh! how delightful a sight, where all is animation and happiness!

The young goatherd, his eyes swimming with joy, is now about to display his agility. The maiden, who will one day become his wife, is figuring away opposite him, and repels his advances by lifting her muslin apron with the tips of her fingers; 'tis but a feeble defence, but faithful to the rules of the dance, one need not fear that her cavalier would presume to infringe upon them! Happy couple! you have now

danced yourselves out of breath ! Sit down upon the grass, and receive the applause of all your friends. Let the enormous flagon (*fasco*) of *romanesco* (Roman wine) now circulate ! Bacchus is the father of merry conceits, and pleasing illusions, therefore sacrifice to the jolly god ! He will turn away all melancholy thoughts of approaching winter, and give you strength to celebrate the labours of the vine-dressers that you shared this morning on the surrounding hills.

But an elegant *caratella* (a sort of calash) now approaches. Wherefore, ye young maidens, these shouts of frolicsome delight ? And wherefore these round hats with black feathers, and these garlands of flowers that adorn your persons ? What new triumph are you celebrating ? I perceive that twelve of you are seated on the benches of the cart ! What are you thinking about ? The horses are sweating beneath their burthen, and their nostrils and whole bodies are emitting steam. Cruel creatures ! I see that you smile at this same remark which an acquaintance of yours had just made. I guess your answer : Perish the horses, provided you are able to parade about your graces and your picturesque costumes before the admiring eyes of foreigners ! Alas ! though placed in a higher sphere, these same foreigners are less happy than you are ! and while you reach Testaccio, that singular hill that has been formed by time out of the fragments of broken urns, and enjoy yourselves in happy oblivion of every care, while the *gallinaccio* (turkey), accompanied by copious libations of *romanesco*, will appease your robust appetites, and while the banks of the Tiber and the cavern of Cacus shall ring with the sound of your noisy choruses, singing ancient and venerable hymns, the wealthy man who threw a disdainful look upon you, will return perhaps thoughtful and solitary to his palace, unable to dispel the ennui that hangs over him like a dead weight.

Oh ! my country ! thou cradle of my early pleasures ! why cannot I remove to Italy all my home affections, all those friends and relations whose presence is necessary to one's happiness ? . . . Their forms flit around me, like a delightful, though mournful vision ; and by recalling past scenes of happiness but show up all the more vividly how solitary I stand in the midst of this crowd of beings who love, and seek, and are sure to find each other !

Young citizens of Rome ! the same town did not give us birth, but our ages are nearly similar ; why then do I envy you ? But tell me what bids you hasten, contrary to custom, to the fine street that extends from the colossal statues of

Monte Cavallo to the *Porta Pia*, and boasts such convenient pavements? Have you found out at length that the air is purer here than in your eternal *Corso*? Have you discovered that the sky seems more brilliant, and that here the sight, after feasting on the superb decorations of the *Villa Albani*, the vineyards of the *Monte Sacro*, and the banks of the Taverone, may rest on the azure-topped Sabine mountains? Not you! Like true spoiled children of nature you live in the midst of these beauties that charm us northerners, without even giving them a thought! What you have come to seek for is a tender glance from your lady love, or the passing sight of some admired belle. . . . But the young man beside me blushes. Tell me, fond youth, is it that pretty face in yonder elegant equipage that has caused you to crimson to your very temples? The high mettled steeds have already borne her far away, and you say to yourself in rueful mood: "She did not see me!" Foolish lover! Did you not perceive that side-long glance from beneath her long dark lashes? And is not the look of the young lady that accompanies her, which seems to say, "I do not understand you," a proof, 'strong as holy writ,' that your beloved has just uttered some unconnected sentence owing to the absence of mind which your appearance has suddenly occasioned? Your image will accompany her to St. Constance's church, where, according to custom, a halt must be made. From thence her anxious looks will be wandering incessantly towards *Porta Pia* in search of you, and neither the continual motion of the crowd flocking in that direction, nor the swarms of young Jesuits with down-cast eyes and clumsy shoes, walking two and two, nor the groups of youths running and frolicking about in wild glee at having escaped awhile from school, nor the rustic acclamations of the vine-dressers, sprinkled all over the hills that overlook the *Villa Albani*, nothing, in short, can draw off her attention from the one object of her secret thoughts. Be sure she has remarked your elegant coat, made in the last fashion, and your sparkling shirt-pin, that her lynx's eye will distinguish at the distance of a mile at least. Was it not for her that you took such pains with your dress? And was it not for you that she chose a sash of the colour of your hair, and the ribbons in her hat But you don't listen to me, and you have already vanished from my sight! Well! may the God of love be with you, and know that there are those who envy you!

If ever the golden age has reappeared upon earth since Saturn's reign; if ever the heart of the philanthropist was gladdened by the sight of harmless mirth, innocent pleasure,

and liberty that did not degenerate into mad revelry, it is certainly in Rome during the fête of October. All classes of society are intent upon happiness, and happy they really are. The rich have returned in high health from their smiling villas, whither they will shortly return; the poor have saved enough out of their earnings at harvest time to be able to take a little pleasure; and the tradespeople, who expect their business will soon grow brisker when the winter has brought the usual influx of foreigners, have ventured to borrow money in this hope. So, as I have already said, everybody is pleased, and delightful is to see.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A RELIGIOUS VOCATION.

WHILE enjoying a country walk through flowery meadows, or beneath the shade of fragrant orange trees, we can scarcely bring our minds to believe in the existence of an inclement season; and yet relentless winter fails not to return each year with his icicles and gloomy darkness, sternly claiming his right to despoil the fairest landscapes. In like manner, after witnessing the sight of so many happy faces, we are half surprised that any beings are to be found predestined never to taste the sweets of life. Little did I think that on the morrow of the day I have endeavoured to describe, I should find myself in company with one of those individuals who have taken the strange resolution to forego for ever and aye all the pleasures that nature can confer! Yet such was the case.

I had gone to spend the evening at the house of a Roman of my acquaintance, when a lady and her son were announced, the latter of whom came to bid adieu to his mother's friends. He was about to become a Carmelite on the following day! No sooner was this made known, than there arose a general exclamation of astonishment, which subsided into a deep silence, during which all eyes were turned upon the object under discussion.

He was a young man from eighteen to twenty years of age, of a handsome countenance, with a fresh complexion, and a somewhat robust habit, but timid looking withal. His mother first broke silence, saying with a deep drawn sigh: "It is neither from despair, from violence, from ambition, nor from any bad conduct, that he is compelled to become a monk; consequently he is not to be blamed for the step he

is about to take. It is true that I have no other to look to for the support of my old age; but since the love of God is stronger in his heart than his filial affection, I must rest satisfied with his prayers."

Some one asked the young man the cause of his resolution.

"I had occasion to perceive," replied he, "that my comrades were wicked, and I have determined to fly from them."

"It is misanthropy, then, that impels you?" observed the same person.

He blushed and contracted his brows.

"And are you not afraid," said another, "that people will attribute your retreat to a mere spirit of laziness?"

His mother then owned that he was rather averse to work. "Yet," continued she, "the superior of the Carmelites has made him aware that he will have a great deal both to do and to suffer; and that he will even be beaten as often as he deserves it. However, his novitiate will last five years, and if at the end of that time he has altered his resolution, he will then be free to return to the world."

I ventured to ask the son whether he felt no regret in renouncing all the pleasures of his age, and whether he were not afraid that love would come athwart his devotion.

His eyes fell to the ground, as he negatived my question by a movement of his head.

The young ladies present looked at one another mournfully, and one of them asked the mother whether Ambrosio (such was the young man's name) would at least be allowed to come out occasionally, and visit his friends. "Never!" replied she; and the young ladies again looked at each other, repeating in a tone of compassion the word never!

"Now listen to me, Ambrosio," said an old woman present; "you are rosy, healthful, and good looking, and, judging from your dress, you are not a complete stranger to coquetry either; times and oft have you been to balls and plays, and whenever you wanted to go one way, no one, not even your mother, could have forced you to go any other. As you now stand you can still profit by all these advantages; but to-morrow—what a change! They'll cut off those fine curls of yours, that even now you are twisting about so complacently. Your white hands will have to dig in the kitchen garden of the convent. Farewell to your black coat and your starched cravat. A cocked hat, a cumbrous white dress, the tonsure, and shoes fit for the foot of an elephant, will disguise you past all

recognition. You will be the slave of all the elders of the convent. They will force you to eat all that you most dislike ; to get up when you could best enjoy the sweets of slumber ; and to sing matins when your throat is sore. If by chance a woman should warm your fancy or touch your heart, you will not be able to own it to her without rendering yourself either ridiculous or criminal—or perhaps both ; and such a case may happen, for flesh is fragile, as the Scriptures tell us. And then you say that you leave the world on account of its wickedness. Why, my poor boy, you will be in the midst of a set of monks by no means entirely exempt from vices ; and such society will be all the more dangerous for you, as the authority of their age alone, besides that which the hierarchy gives them, would be the more likely to mislead you. Have you thought of all this ? ”

“ I wish to be a Carmelite,” was the novice’s reply.

“ I ask you,” said the old lady, “ have you thought of all this ? I am eighty-four, and I think my word deserves some attention.”

He again answered : “ I wish to be a Carmelite.”

The old woman got up in a rage, and extending her trembling hand towards him : “ Be a Carmelite, then,” she exclaimed, “ since you are so set upon it.”

At the same time she curtsied profoundly to us all, and left the room.

The master of the house then begged the young man to tell him why he had chosen the Carmelites of all other orders ? Ambrosio replied, that his confessor had advised him to enter that order in preference to any other ; he added that it was this same confessor who had taken all the necessary steps to get him admitted gratis, and who had constantly put him on his guard against any wicked remarks he might be subject to hear.

“ It is to be hoped, at least,” observed some one, “ that your confessor will undertake to provide your mother with bread, since he has contributed so powerfully to deprive her of her son ? ”

The novice elect remained silent ; but his afflicted mother murmured as she rose : “ God will provide for that.” The young man then kissed the hands of all present except the young ladies, and pronounced his last farewell.

The sort of opposition that had hitherto displayed itself now suddenly vanished, and all agreed there could be but one opinion on the happiness of a mother whose son had devoted

himself to God. She is now quite certain, said they, that some one will pray for her; and what greater advantage could she have either in this world or the next?

This manifestation of opinions proved to me that the old woman alone had spoken from true conviction; the rest had merely bowed to the dictates of custom.

CHAPTER XLIX.

ROMAN EDUCATION.

ON returning home, and rehearsing the events of the day in my own mind, I found it impossible to reconcile the contradictory tastes for pleasure and retreat to be met with amongst the Romans. I concluded that their education must in some degree account for it, but not knowing on what principles this was conducted, I could not reason upon such imperfect data; and in this state of mind I fell asleep.

I then thought I saw an old man seated on a vast heap of books, and implements both of war and of peace, who made me a sign to approach, and on my obeying said in a grave and solemn voice:—

“Throw aside your national prejudices, and listen to me, for I am the genius of education.

“A great number of philosophers have endeavoured to give an accurate description of me, but none have hitherto succeeded. Some have based their arguments upon their impossible notions of an Utopia, and their writings might pass for the ravings of a maniac. Others, by imagining society such as one would wish it to be, rather than such as it might be, have deserved admiration, although their theories have benefited no one. There even exist people who would reduce social life to mathematical rules; and these annihilate with one stroke of the pen, all differences of temperament, climate, and individual wants, and only admit the universal and sovereign standard of reason. I seek in vain for one real philosopher who has striven to adapt his theories to the habits and manners of the nation he addressed. On the contrary, I perceive in France that an attempt is made to compel the human intellect to a retrograde march, as if the petty interests of a party could stem the torrent of the multitude! I perceive, too, that in Spain and Portugal,

they have promulgated certain principles of liberty and political economy which the people are not willing to accept. Which of the two parties is right—the Jesuits of France, or the liberals of Spain? Neither, in good sooth; and the proof is that both equally fail in their endeavours.

“Now listen still further.

“When on returning to your country, you will hear its legislators, and moralists cry out against Roman education, and the passive submission of the Romans to a theocratical yoke, then, in the name of truth, and if you have more regard for the dictates of your conscience than for the empty praise of demagogues, tell them boldly that they know not what they say, and that the sons of Rome alone receive an education in conformity to their wants.

“The spiritual and temporal power are here blended in the person of the Pope. Therefore the instruction that the people receive from the clergy is at once civil and religious. The ancient Popes, well aware of the advantage to be derived from this double education, and aiming at a universal sway, required that each nation should have its college in Rome, where the pupils imbibed Italian principles, which being thus disseminated throughout Europe, were the means of extending their influence far and wide. Time has, however, destroyed all these institutions, as far as regards foreigners. The Romans only come to these colleges to learn the love of God and of his vicar upon earth, nor is this doctrine useless to those who adopt it, seeing that it may lead them to the first offices in the state. The faith and passive obedience that here every child seems to have sucked in with his mother’s milk, and which is fostered by the mystical imaginations and indolent habits of the natives, renders all the secret workings of opposition entirely nugatory, and any open opposition quite impossible. The inquisition, a prudent institution, is ever on the watch that no bold writers should venture to disturb the harmony of the existing state of things; the knowledge of many truths is thus concealed from the public eye, but, on the other hand, the people is freed from cabals and delusive speculations; and that thirst for emancipation which torments other nations, affects neither the dogma of the eternity of the papal sway, nor the safety of the Pope’s ministers, nor the peace of their subjects.

“Though cruel and implacable when thwarted, the sacerdotal spirit is paternal enough when its authority is not questioned. Its power and its beneficence are both acknowledged

in Rome. In order to teach youth to blend amusement with decorum, and to induce them to employ their leisure hours in an innocent and even moral manner, games have been instituted in certain houses which are thrown open for their reception. Here they find all that can contribute to pass away the time pleasantly. There are gardens to walk in, places adapted for gymnastic exercises, and occasional distributions of fruit and cakes.

“Those who have frequented these assemblies most assiduously, obtain, at certain epochs, prizes consisting of clothes, jewellery, and other articles suitable to their age. These distributions generally take place towards the carnival, and the month of October, because for fear of forfeiting a year’s assiduity, these youths frequently sacrifice the sometimes pernicious pleasures of these fêtes, to the hope of obtaining a prize. By these means parents may look to the return of such anniversaries without the anxious misgivings that assail them in other countries.

“The principal college of Rome, which was founded by the Jesuits, was returned to them on their being recalled by Pius VII. They direct the education of the greatest portion of the population. Yet do not imagine that their maxims exercise the same fatal influence here as they are supposed to do in other countries! The Jesuits of the Roman States are merely the Pope’s delegates, and far from endeavouring to alienate his subjects from him, their doctrines tend, on the contrary, to instil into the minds of youth the principle of passive obedience to the will of the head of the Church, who is at the same time their sovereign.

“Other religious corporations, jealous of the credit enjoyed by the Jesuits, have likewise busied themselves with education. But as their moral principles all rest on the same foundation, this rivalry, far from producing any variance, only tends still further to merge the opinions of the public mind into one harmonious whole.

“You will often see in the streets groups of boys in black coats and silk stockings, accompanied by an ecclesiastic; they are the children of noblemen who have entrusted them to the care of the Nazarenes. A plebeian cannot be admitted to these schools, let his fortune be ever so great. Yet do not think that this distinction announces the slightest leaning towards a return to the feudal system. In the same spirit as they allow the Jews to inhabit this capital, with the liberty of exercising their worship, as a living monument of the triumph of Christianity, and the dispersion of the nation of deicides,

so are these haughty races suffered to perpetuate their family pride, that their lonely splendour may offer another proof of the omnipotence of the tiara, which has left them nothing but an empty name, a coat of arms, and the memory of the past.

“Generally speaking, every rank is distinctly marked out in Rome ; but this arises from a spirit of order rather than a spirit of preference. The pupils of the colleges wear the ecclesiastical garb, while the pupils of the Jesuits are dressed in violet cassocks ; those amongst the latter who are destined to holy orders wear black cassocks, and orphans white ones, with hats of the same colour. The day scholars only are dressed according to the taste of their parents.

“And now should you wonder how this people can so suddenly leave the scenes of dissipation for the solitary cloister, you must not seek to discover the causes of such an anomaly in their education, or you would wander far short of the mark. It is natural to all ardent imaginations to run into extremes. Do not all women of gallantry turn bigots in the end ? and if you look at the revolutions of your own country, you will perceive with what time-serving suppleness the most blood-thirsty amongst the Jacobites have contentedly bent the knee to the different monarchs that have reigned over France.”

The Genius murmured yet a few words which I could not distinctly catch ; at the same time his features became discomposed, his body grew transparent, and he seemed to dissolve into a light vapour, that slowly vanished, like a cloud dispersed by the heat of a southern sun.

CHAPTER L.

ALL SOULS'-DAY.—BURIALS..

IN all nations, and at all periods, have certain days of the year been devoted to the memory of the dead. A solemn rite of this kind was customary amongst the Romans, who celebrated it in the month of February. Ovid attributes its foundation to Æneas. The Romans offered up sacrifices and prayers for the dead, and lit torches upon their tombs.

The festival for the commemoration of the dead was introduced into the Catholic church at the time when St. Odilo established it in his diocese, *i. e.* at the end of the tenth century.

The modern Romans celebrate it with a degree of pomp and ceremony that might often appear to us to be out of character with religious feelings; but something must be allowed for the limited degree of intellect of the Italian people. No doubt priests, and the more enlightened classes, do not require to be struck by material objects, in order to raise their soul up to the contemplation of their Maker; with them doctrines and discourses are all-sufficient; but it is not so with the lower orders. They cannot read; consequently the lofty lessons taught by the sacred writers, are entirely lost upon them. And the learned and pious language of a Bossuet, a Fléchier, or a Bourdaloue, would produce far less effect on their uncultivated minds, than the rude and simple eloquence of the preachers who hold forth in the streets and the Colosseum, or a palpable representation of the mysteries of the acts of Christianity.

Thus on Christmas-day, the people flock in crowds to adore, in all sincerity, the Divine infant exhibited lying in the presepiæ of the different churches; and during the week following All Souls'-day, the exhibitions in the convents of the Capuchins of *La Morte*, or in the churchyard of the *Santo*

Spirito, are so many objects of pious pilgrimages that they fulfil with real devotional feelings. This is the only period of the year when they enter these dismal precincts, and come to pray for the relations and friends they may have lost, and who sleep beneath the flag-stones of the *Campo Santo*.

The very road to the cemetery, lined as it is with crippled beggars, exhibiting hideous sores in all the frightful variety of human infirmity, seems to prepare the mind for religious impressions. And he who, after passing through these living records of "the ills that flesh is heir to," comes to tread on the dust and ashes of the dead, will surely comprehend all the more forcibly that in Heaven alone is to be found the haven where he shall rest from his troubles; where the just shall be rewarded, and the wicked punished according to their deserts. Repentance then steals into his heart, he prays with unwonted fervour, and many a time has he been saved who would have been irrecoverably lost, had not a fortunate impulse, or perhaps mere curiosity, attracted him to the cemetery of the *Spirito Santo*.

The *Campo Santo* is situated on an eminence, just outside the gate that bears the same name, at the western extremity of Rome. It consists of a vast inclosure, paved with flag-stones, the walls of which are covered with coarse paintings representing hell or purgatory. Beneath the pavement are vaults where they bury poor people, and the sick who die in the vast hospital near St. Peter, belonging to the neighbourhood of the *Borgo Santo Spirito*.

On All Souls'-day, the chapel of the *Campo Santo* is hung with black, and plunged in profound darkness. On a kind of theatre, faintly shown up by a mysterious glimmer of light, are placed twelve wax figures, representing the miracle of the decollation of St. Paul. According to the tradition, when Nero caused St. Paul to be beheaded on the 29th of June, A.D. 66, the head of the Apostle of the Gentiles gave three rebounds, at each of which a fountain sprang from the earth. It was this miracle that occasioned the church to be built that bears the name of St. Paolo *alle tre Fontane*, which may be seen on the road to Ostia, some miles from Rome, at the spot where the execution took place.

I received this piece of information from Antoni, one day that, according to our custom, we were rambling about the Eternal City together; he added: "The most singular and striking sight may be seen every year at the convent of the Capuchins in the *Piazza Barberini*. During the week succeeding All Souls'-day, five or six of the lower rooms of

this convent are thrown open to the faithful; women alone are not admitted. These rooms are entirely covered and decorated with rosaces, festoons, arcades, chandeliers, &c., all made out of the bones of dead Capuchins, which have been dug up again after thirty years' burial. In each room several dead bodies serve as statues to ornament this frightful palace of death; they are placed in a recumbent or an upright position, and dressed in the gown they wore during lifetime, which likewise became their shroud. And observe, these skeletons are not cleaned, like those in anatomical museums, but exactly in the state the earth has given them back. Each bears a placard indicating the name of the Capuchin, and the date of his death."

"This must be a revolting sight," said I to my friend; "and what appears to me yet more disgusting is, that these remains of the dead are only exposed in this manner for the sake of levying a tax on the imbecility of the living."

"True," replied he, "but what a great lesson it offers to mankind! Where can they ever be more forcibly reminded of the fragile tenure of all earthly things?"

"Why to be sure," answered I, "in our sumptuous cemeteries, man, though surrounded by the dead, may still take a pride in the costly monuments, and masterpieces of art with which vanity seeks to adorn death. But in the vaults of the Capuchins of Rome, man feels his own littleness, his splendid illusions vanish into thin air, and for the first time, perhaps, he recollects that he himself is nothing but dust."

We were just at this point of our dismal conversation, when chance having directed us towards the Farnese palace, I stopped to contemplate the church of *La Morte* that is beside it. Its architectural ornaments consist of skeletons, and spectres with bats' wings. Lord knows what ideas are suggested by such a sight!—they were certainly not of a character to turn the current of our thoughts. For so it is that the image of death causes philosophers to meditate, old men to tremble, and the weak of all ages to make the sign of the cross. Much good may it do them!

I said so to my friend, adding: "And yet we ought not to fear death, for is it not constantly hovering about us, under as many forms as the chameleon itself assumes? Are there not a thousand ways of being thrust out of this 'breathing world'? A stray bullet that reaches you unawares, a chimney or a tile falling on your head, a cramp seizing upon you in the water, while swimming for the benefit of your health, a fall from a terrace, a thrust from a practised duellist, the

sting of a viper, a neckcloth somewhat overtightened, or a dose of nicotine, with a thousand other equally eligible means, too long to enumerate, are all sufficient to despatch one *ad patres*."

"You forgot to add one or two physicians to your list," said my friend smiling, "and yet they are the most efficacious causes of all. It is true that in this country they are obliged to proceed more slowly in their work, in order to give the confessor time to do his, and they are even compelled to give the spiritual doctor notice, on pain of being forbidden to practise their profession. Nor are the consequences of such a law unimportant. The dying man, being informed that his end is near, can send away his Esculapius, and make his will. Another consequence, highly encouraging to the doctor is, that from henceforward he may, with a very safe conscience, prescribe the most out-of-the-way remedies in the world; for out of two chances one is sure to come to pass—either the patient dies, and goes straight to Paradise, or he gets better, and the doctor profits by a discovery that brings grist to his mill."

"You are not fond of quotations any more than I am," said I to Antoni; "therefore, whether the Egyptians embalmed their dead, and the Ethiopians bottled them like champagne; whether the Nabateans or Nabatheans preferred covering them up in dung, while the Assyrians preserved them in honey, is matter of slight importance to us. Nor will we pause to quarrel with the Derbyans for killing their people at seventy and then eating them; nor with the Caspians for throwing their dead to the dogs after having let them die of hunger; nor with the Greeks and Romans for burning their patricians and burying their plebeians—nay, we will even allow that Artemesia's decoction of ashes might be equal to the finest Bohea. For the present we will only have to do with modern customs, and if you please, Antoni, we will restrict our observations to a comparison of the funerals of France and Italy. With respect to the former I must remark, that three leading varieties are observable on the death of my countrymen. The rich having paid their way by receiving the viaticum, are carried to the church, where a musical mass is sung over their remains. The *unbelieving* rich are not admitted into the church, but pompously carried to the cemetery on a splendid hearse, and often accompanied by all that is most illustrious in the land. As to the poor, they are seldom favoured with either mass or prayers; the pauper's hearse picks them up, just as the mud-carts daily gather up the filth of the city, and then

flings them irreverently into an immense pit, where they rot in company with their brethren !

“ There are five species of monuments to be remarked in our cemeteries. When we see a pyramid loaded with trophies, we judge that we are treading on the ashes of a hero, and we are rarely mistaken ; some historical name is almost sure to be engraven on such a pyramid. If we perceive a heavy mass of masonry in the Egyptian style, with bronze doors and triple locks, we would lay any wager that it is the sepulchre of some rich capitalist, and we pity *in petto* the forlorn parasites who have lost such an Amphytrion. A Gothic sarcophagus proclaims the obscure descendant of some baron of the true old school ; and one may be sure that the defunct has not forgotten to have his Gaulish motto added to his arms. A mausoleum in very bad taste, and redolent of Greek and Latin, betrays a pedant or an ecclesiastic. Further on, a few rose bushes, and a cross decked with wreaths of the freshest flowers mark some unaristocratic grave, and touchingly vouch for the sincere grief of surviving relations ; and while the observer gazes with a saddened look on the simple mound that points out the last resting place of some obscure but worthy man, his eye is often startled by the comments that revenge, contempt, or hatred have traced in pencil on prouder monuments, when met by such inscriptions as these : “ Traitor to his country ! — Extortioner ! ! ” — or some such exclamations as these : — “ Safe at last from doing any more mischief ! ! ! — This tomb was his road to hell ! ” A terrible lesson this, and one calculated to harrow up the soul of the guilty, who occasionally seek within the quiet precincts of our cemeteries to recover a portion of their lost peace of mind ! ”

“ In Rome,” resumed Antoni, “ we manage things differently. The moment a person of quality has breathed his last, the body is laid in its clothes upon the floor, and every one is free to go and see it. All the relations have left the house, and no one remains beside the dead, but a woman hired for that purpose. After being thus exposed for a day, the defunct is laid on a bed of state, and borne by the monks of a certain fraternity to his or her parish church. You may have seen, some time back, the funeral of a daughter of the Marquis de Lepri. She was snatched away by consumption at the early age of two and twenty ; and whether they wished to impress a still more mournful character upon her funeral, or to avoid the heat of the day, her remains were fetched away at night-fall. First came a long line of monks, followed

by a number of members of different fraternities, carrying lighted torches. Next followed a troop of priests, then the state-bed, on which lay the poor young creature, dressed in black crape, and crowned with roses, and lovely still, with an expression of goodness on her countenance, but pale as a lily: seen thus, she appeared to be only slumbering. One of the undertaker's men walked behind bearing an empty coffin. A group of young men surrounded the remains of this fair being, with unequivocal symptoms of regret; for who indeed mourns over the destruction of beauty more than her adorers?

"All the liveried servants of her father, and a number of empty coaches completed the procession. Although the parish church was near at hand, they thought fit to take a circuitous road, probably with a view of letting the whole town witness this funeral pageant, which the solemn and monotonous chaunting of the monks and priests, the darkness of the night, the glare and the smell of the torches, and the exclamations of the pitying multitude, combined to inpress with a most awful and heart-rending character.

The death of a cardinal gives rise to a ceremony of quite another stamp. First comes a platoon of carabiniers on horseback, followed by the ushers of the apostolical chamber, a row of lackeys, the lord of the bed-chamber to the late *eminenza* and his valet, who may be recognized by the umbrella which he carries according to custom: all these people bear torches. They are accompanied by two ranks of foot soldiers with reversed guns. Next appears a magnificent carriage entirely open, in the middle of which is stretched the cardinal, in full costume, with the red hat upon his head; four priests, each bearing a taper, are seated in the four corners of the coach, which is immediately followed by the carriages of the ambassadors, the Roman princes, and a number of private individuals. All these carriages are empty, but the liveried servants of their owners are in attendance with lighted torches. A platoon of infantry closes the procession.

"It was in this style that the Cardinal of Bavaria was lately borne to the church of St. Anastasius, of which he was the incumbent. The day after, his body was laid out, under a canopy of cloth of gold. A hundred tapers were burning around; four officials belonging to the church, each bore a banner, on which the arms of the late cardinal were embroidered in gold. A requiem is said at the same moment at all the different altars of the church, every avenue to which is blocked up by the Pope's Swiss guard. The whole interior

and part of the exterior of the church is hung with violet, and in the choir, on the spectator's left, a throne had been raised underneath a canopy of violet silk worked in gold, for the Pope, who, however, did not make his appearance; but the sacred college attended the service in deep mourning, which with them is violet.

"A splendid tomb, covered with a long Latin inscription that nobody will read, is to be erected in this church to the memory of the cardinal. His hat will be hung to the roof of the church, with those of other incumbents, bishops, or cardinals, who were his predecessors; and the sacristan will show this new relic to strangers with as much pride as if he were exhibiting *spolia opimia*."

We had by this time reached the *Piazza* of the *Caproni* theatre, and most opportunely, as regarded the subject in hand. "The side walls of the church that adorns the *Piazza*," said my friend, "are, as you perceive, covered with huge sheets of black paper, upon which skeletons, hour-glasses, scythes, and other attributes of death are depicted in white. The wind rattles amongst these sheets of paper, which rain and exposure to the weather have reduced to tatters. These hideous hangings look from afar like a swarm of bats clinging to the wall. Well! this means that it is a cardinal church, and these grotesque ornaments are intended to imply from the outside of the building, that its clergy are in mourning for their patron, the *eminenza*."

"If you do not find in this country," continued my friend, "those different shades that distinguish your tombs, if few tears are shed over them, on the other hand, they are not desecrated by any outrages. Should you ask the reason of this, I can only say in reply, that no one here is generous enough to do good gratuitously, nor sufficiently powerful to become a public scourge."

CHAPTER LI.

A POPE'S FUNERAL.

THE interesting details Antoni had given me upon Roman burials, made me wish to become acquainted with the ceremonies customary at the death of one of St. Peter's successors.

In ancient Rome, as everybody knows, the Gods themselves obeyed blind and impartial Fate, whose decrees were engraved upon brass; the demi-god of modern Rome likewise bows to the same necessity; infallible though he be, he is yet obliged to be laid in the tomb at last, and to be on a level with the meanest of his subjects. Before the day of mourning for the family and friends of the illustrious defunct has yet dawned, which is of course a day of hope to a crowd of ambitious spirits, that is to say, when a Pope is in the last agonies, the first thing that his nephews and servants do is to strip the palace of all its furniture and every article it contains. And this species of pillage is carried on with such dexterity and barefaced shamelessness, that nothing remains but the naked walls, and the body of the Pope is frequently found by the officers of the apostolical chamber lying on a wretched mattress, with an old wooden candlestick beside it, in which is stuck the end of a taper scarcely two inches long. What a contrast the death-bed of a Pope offers to the luxury he displayed during his lifetime, when, with head encircled by the triple crown, he is borne in his palanquin, and gently cooled by the soft breezes of two fans tipped with white peacock's feathers, which are waved in front of him by two servants of the first servant amongst the servants of God.

When the Pope is dead, the cardinal *camerlingo* repairs to the bedside of the deceased, and proceeds to the recognition of the body. He is introduced by the groom of the chamber, followed by clerks, and assisted by a notary. The

recognition of the body takes place in the following manner. The cardinal *camerlingo* calls the Pope three times by his Christian name, and seeing that the deceased gives no sign of life, he has a certificate of his death drawn up, and the fisherman's ring, which is the Pope's signet, is delivered into his hands. This ring is of massive gold, and bears the effigy of St. Peter holding a fishing-rod in the water; it serves to dispatch briefs, which are sealed with red wax. The cardinal *camerlingo* breaks this ring, and presents the pieces to the master of the ceremonies, whose perquisite it is by right.

From this moment the *Penitenzieri* of St. Peter's do not leave the body any more, but accompany it by their uninterrupted prayers till it is laid in its last resting-place.

After the Pope has been dead four-and-twenty hours, the surgeons come to open his body and take out his bowels; these are deposited for the time being in the church of St. Vincent and St. Anastasius, of Trevi, unless the Pope died in the Vatican, in which case the bowels are deposited in St. Peter's. The body is then embalmed; and after being dressed in a cassock, with the head bare, and a chalice in his hand, the late Pope is laid out, under a canopy, in the council-chamber, surrounded by the *Penitenzieri* of St. Peter's and the Swiss guard.

All these proceedings are carried on with the utmost secrecy; the cardinal *camerlingo* has despatched guards in great haste to take possession of the town gates, the castle of Angelo, and other posts. These arrangements once completed, the cardinal *camerlingo* comes out of the apostolical palace, escorted by the Swiss guard, and their captain, who generally accompanied the deceased Pope. At the moment when this procession sallies forth, the great bell of the capitol is heard, and continues tolling for an hour, after which the bells of all the churches, convents, and congregations are set in motion at once.

A first assembly of cardinals then takes place, and the necessary measures are adopted for the temporary administration of the state.

The Pope's mourning is violet for the cardinals of his own creation, and green for all other cardinals; the priests and magistrates wear black silk.

The people are admitted to see the dead Pope from the moment the bell of the capitol has begun to toll.

At one o'clock in the night (which with us would be an hour after sunset) the body of the deceased Pope is removed to the Sixtine chapel in the Vatican, and laid on a state bed of crimson velvet, fringed with gold, dressed as we

have said above, but with the mitre on his head, though without the stole or the cross. Two of the body guards open the procession ; after these appear all the clerks of the Papal chapel, bearing lighted torches ; these are followed by thirty grooms carrying tapers of white wax ; then comes the captain of the Swiss guards in the midst of his troops ; then a master of the ceremonies on horseback, dressed in a violet cassock ; then the *Penitenzieri* of St. Peter's with torches. The litter is surrounded by Swiss guards in their iron armour, and followed by the regiment of the body-guards, with their standard lowered. The rolling of the drums, muffled with crape, is heard in the intervals of the tolling of the great bell, accompanied by the mournful and discordant crash of all the bells of the city.

Wherever the procession passes, the streets are crammed with crowds of people anxious for any sight, let it be of what nature it may.

Seven pieces of ordnance, surrounded by Swiss guards, and cannoniers, close this funeral procession.

On arriving at the Sixtine chapel, the body is undressed, and then attired in the Papal ornaments, which on this occasion are red. At the feet are placed two Papal hats, which in all great ceremonies are carried by the servants of the Pope ; after this the body is placed on a sort of bed, in the middle of the chapel, surrounded by torches and tapers. The *Penitenzieri* of St. Peter's guard him in this manner every night.

The burial only takes place at the end of nine days, during which time the assembled cardinals receive the condolences of the Roman senate and of the ambassadors to the court of Rome, and proceed to appoint temporary substitutes to the different offices which are necessarily vacated by the cardinals on their repairing to the conclave. The two first days are devoted to the reception of these condolences, and to confirming the new appointments to the provisional government, which were made from the first. On the third day the assembled cardinals appoint a confessor to the conclave, who is elected by secret ballot ; on the fourth day they appoint two physicians and a surgeon ; on the fifth day, two barbers and two coadjutors ; on the sixth day they confirm the appointment of the cardinal deacon, whose office consists of distributing the chambers to the cardinals, which chambers are numbered and ticketed with the letters of the alphabet, according to the number of living cardinals. Slips of paper, on which are inscribed the numbers of each room, are then thrown into an urn, and drawn out as they draw the lottery in Rome,

i.e., in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. On the seventh day thirty-five servants are chosen to wait upon the conclave; on the eighth day two cardinals are elected, whose business consists of registering the Christian and surnames, rank and country, of each cardinal who enters the conclave. Lastly, on the ninth day, they choose, likewise by secret ballot, three cardinals, who are to watch over the inviolability and the cleanliness of the conclave.

On the sixth day of the *Novendiali*,* during which letters are dispatched to each of the cardinals, apprising them of the opening of the conclave, the clergy of the Vatican and the cardinals repair to the Sixtine chapel, and the body is carried to church, followed by a procession of the clergy. The litter is preceded by the cross, borne by eight priests, and surrounded by Swiss guards, carrying halberds. The cardinals follow two and two; then come the magistrates, all repeating prayers for the dead. On reaching the church, the litter is set down in the middle of the nave; the cardinals form themselves into two lines, one on each side of the litter, and the vicar of the Basilica, dressed in the Papal ornaments, gives absolution as soon as the singers have sounded forth the *Libera me Domine*. After this, the litter is removed to the chapel of the holy sacrament, and the body is placed so that the two feet protrude through the railing, in order that they may be kissed by the spectators: a quantity of tapers are placed round the body. The Swiss guard is in constant attendance to obviate the disorder that might be occasioned by the immense crowd that flocks to St. Peter's during the time these ceremonies last, whether out of devotion, or from mere curiosity, I will not undertake to decide.

The body remains exposed in this manner in the chapel during the space of three days.

A requiem is daily sung in St. Peter's, in the choir chapel, in the midst of which is placed a catafalco, surrounded by twenty wax tapers. At the foot of this catafalco stands the Papal body-guard, muffled up in red surtouts, over which they wear a black velvet shoulder-belt, with a crape bow on the hilts of their swords. The Swiss troops guard the door of the chapel, with short silver truncheons in their hands. A cardinal says mass, which is attended by all the other cardinals in their stalls, behind each of which stands a train-bearer, carrying a lighted torch. The other prelates, of various orders, take their places according to their rank, each

* The ceremonies preceding the funeral are thus called, from lasting nine days.

bearing a torch weighing a couple of pounds, except the Governor of Rome, the auditor of the chamber, the treasurer, and the patriarchs, who are exempted from carrying any sort of taper. After mass has been said, and the *Libera me Domine* chaunted, the officiating cardinal gives a general absolution.

On the third day of lying in state in this chapel, which is the ninth day since the Pope's death, the burial takes place. The cardinals created by the deceased Pope, together with the other cardinals, repair to the vestry of St. Peter's. The clergy now proceed slowly towards the choir chapel, with the cross borne before them, accompanied by the choristers chaunting the *miserere*.

The body of the Pope is carried by the priests of the Basilica, followed by the cardinals, into the middle chapel, where the *In Paradisum* is to be sung. The vicar of the Basilica, robed in the Papal ermine, and with the mitre on his head, blesses the coffin with a particular form of prayer; and after aspersing it with holy water, proceeds to incense it. The anthem *Ingre diar* is then sung; after which the psalm *Quemadmodum desiderat* is chaunted, when the *Ingre diar* is resumed. When this anthem is concluded, the priests bring a coffin in the form of a feather bed, trimmed with red ribbons and crimson streamers striped with gold, and edged with golden fringe. The body is placed on this, in the clothes it has on, after which the cardinal, who is nephew to the late Pope, or if no such nephew exists, the nearest of kin, or the major-domo, covers his face and hands with a white sarsnet kerchief; then the major-domo and one of the masters of the ceremonies, place on the feet of the prelate a crimson velvet purse, in which are three red velvet purses, one containing gold medals, a second silver medals, and the third medals of some baser metal. These medals indicate the number of years the deceased Pope has reigned. On one side is his effigy—on the other are recorded the principal events of his Papacy. This first coffin, which is closed in presence of a notary, a deputation from the capitol, the secretary of the chamber, and the cardinals, is placed in a larger coffin made of lead. On the lid is an inscription giving the name of the deceased Pontiff, his age, the time he reigned, and the date of his death. When this second coffin has been sealed with the chamber signet, it is placed in a larger one of wood; and then they bury the body in the vault placed above the door of the choristers' vestuary, where it remains temporarily until a honourable monument has been erected to the prelate, or till the death of his successor renders it necessary to transport him elsewhere.

I have forgotten to mention that from the beginning of the seventh day, a magnificent catafalco is erected between the chapel of the holy sacrament and that of the choir. This catafalco is adorned with bass-reliefs, the subjects of which are furnished by the late Pope's actions. On the ninth day a pompous service is performed, after which the Pope's funeral oration is pronounced, not from the pulpit, but on the very steps of the altar. When this is over, absolution is given, and the funeral ceremonies are entirely concluded.

The quantity of wax consumed during these ceremonies is reckoned at a thousand livres per diem.

CHAPTER LII.

THE CONCLAVE—ELECTIONS—CORONATION OF THE POPE.

HAVING described the funeral of a Pope, I must now beg my readers to accompany me to the conclave.

The cardinals generally enter the conclave on the tenth day after the Pope's death ; but this period is not so strictly fixed but what it may be modified according to political events. The conclave must always be entered at night, and the proceedings are never begun till the following day. There are two elections by ballot each day, which, properly speaking, amount to four.

In the first ballot, which takes place in the morning, the names of the candidates are proposed. For instance : we will suppose that the sacred college consists of fifty-four cardinals, and that they are all present ; thirty-seven votes, namely two-thirds of the whole with one additional voice, would then be necessary for the election of a pope. If a cardinal does not number these thirty-seven votes, they immediately proceed to the ballot, called *accesso*, which consists of inscribing on slips of paper, as in the first ballot, that one agrees to the choice of such an *eminenza* proposed by others, although one may not have given him one's vote before. If in the *accesso*, where the candidates generally get more votes, the canvassing *eminenza* is unable to muster the thirty-seven necessary votes, they retire and dine ; and in a couple of hours they return to go through successively another scrutiny, and another *accesso*. So it goes on every day uninterruptedly, and sometimes for months together, until a Pope is elected.

In order to organize an *electing* party and an opposition, the following tactics are employed. The aim and end of any set of men about to accomplish an election is to make choice of a candidate, and to give the preference to such or such an individual, and to turn their endeavours towards insuring

success for their favourite; in the language of the conclave such a party is termed *inclusive*, that is to say, a faction, more or less considerable, that undertakes to confer the tiara on one of its own members.

The opposing faction consists of a party, perhaps more generous and less rapacious, more just, more cunning, and more politic, that considers it may be dangerous to abandon their career, the laws of their country, and almost the disposal of their fortune and ambition to the mercy of the first comer, whom others may choose to elect, and that it behoves them to examine into the matter most attentively before coming to a decision. This party goes by the name of the *exclusive* one. Supposing the sacred college to be complete, it would be quite sufficient for the exclusive party to consist of eighteen members; since upon fifty-four, thirty-seven can elect, and eighteen can exclude.

Besides the *inclusive* and *exclusive* factions, are many wavering characters, who, expecting nothing for themselves, are obliged to devote themselves to others; and as they could scarcely belong to the *inclusive* set, they necessarily swell the ranks of the *exclusives*, in an indirect manner.

When the required number of votes has at length brought about a decision, the master of the ceremonies repairs to the presence of the elected cardinal, and asks him whether he accepts the Papal dignity, and what name he chooses. If he consents, he is taken to the Sixtine chapel, where the first adoration takes place, and where the ring is presented to him.

Scarcely have a few slight wreaths of smoke escaped from the chamber of the conclave, where the ballots are usually burnt, when the people gather in crowds. Stones are dislodged, and the walled up door of the conclave is burst open, when the chief deacon suddenly makes his appearance saying:—

“Annuncio vobis gaudium magnum: habemus Papam eminentissimum et reverendissimum, qui sibi nomen imposuit N.”

Hereupon all the cannons of the castle of St. Angelo are discharged; and all the bells set a-pealing, accompanied by the boisterous vociferations of the mob; and the Pope is led forth in solemn state to St. Peter's, where *Te Deum* is performed in *cithard*, in *voce psalmi*, in *tubis ductilibus et voce tubæ corneæ*.

An illumination, that lasts three days, takes place after the *Te Deum*.

It is only on the Sunday following his instalment, that the Pope's coronation takes place. This day is one of rejoicing for the whole population; at night two grand girandoles are

let off from the castle of St. Angelo, which are spoken of with the most ecstatic admiration by the Romans; and the town is illuminated, as well as the Vatican, and the palace of the *Monte Citorio*.

The most curious ceremony, perhaps, is that of the Pope's taking possession of the Basilica of St. Giovanni di Laterano, which follows a few days after the coronation at St. Peter's in the Vatican. As it is but the repetition of the coronation, though on a far more magnificent scale, we shall treat of this ceremony only.

The Pope goes in procession from St. Peter's to St. Giovanni Laterano. On the day fixed for this solemn ceremony, every house on the road the procession is to take, is hung with tapestry, and adorned with all that luxury can devise. A file of soldiers lines the road to maintain order; a body of troops opens the procession; these are followed by the civic guard on horseback preceding the body guard, likewise on horseback; then come the valets of the cardinals, walking two-and-two, in the full liveries of their masters; then the gentlemen of the chamber, and the *familiars* of the cardinals, together with the Roman knights; then the Pope's tailor, baker, barber, and the overseer of his gardens; next come his squires dressed in red; twelve of the latter, who assist the Pope in his sacerdotal functions, wearing red velvet mantles trimmed with gold fringe.

The Pope's litter, lined with red velvet and edged with gold fringe, appears next, followed by one of the masters of the ceremonies, and the trumpeter of the body guard.

After these come the Pope's chaplains and their coadjutors, wearing their red copes with trains, and adorned with ermine; the treasurer of the fiscal revenues, the commissaries of the apostolical chamber in long gowns trimmed with violet plush; the chaplains in ordinary; the consistorial counsellors in the uniform of their college; the knights of honour, called knights of the sword; the knight of honour, called knight of the mantle; and the secular knights in waiting, preceding the judges and Roman princes in full costume, with their pages on foot, and their servants in full livery. The Pope's four valets-de-chambre are followed by the four most ancient canons of the Papal chapel, dressed in crimson velvet robes, trimmed with white fur or violet plush.

Next follow the captain of the Swiss guard in armour, accompanied by six armed soldiers; the prelates belonging to the chancery, the master of the ceremonies of the Papal chapel, riding on a mule entirely caparisoned in black; the clerks

and the master of the sacred palace ; the auditors of the rota on mules caparisoned in violet ; and the governor of Rome on the right of the grand constable, both followed by their pages and lackeys.

A master of the Papal ceremonies precedes the last auditor of the rota. The bearer of the Papal cross is mounted on a mule covered with violet ornaments ; on either side of him are to be seen two masters of the holy pix ; then come the Pope's deacon and sub-deacon in black, holding an open umbrella ; the deacons and sub-deacons are followed by grooms ; then the Swiss guards defile in two long lines, one portion of them bearing halberds and the other large sabres. In the midst of this guard is discovered the Pope on a magnificent litter open on all sides, or on horseback on a magnificently caparisoned white horse, which is preferred to a litter if so be that St. Peter's successor is able to sit a horse with tolerable propriety. When the Pope goes on horseback, the grand constable holds the bridle. The Pope is surrounded by the civil officers and first people of Rome, for "the aristocracy are his mob !" as we once heard it said of a fashionable preacher. The holy father is followed by four-and-twenty richly dressed pages, always chosen from amongst the first families in Rome. After these appear the officers of the Swiss guard and the Pope's body-guard ; then his Holiness's chamberlain, his physician, trainbearer, and two surgeons. Next the cardinals, in their red copes with their hats on their heads, advance proudly, two abreast, and by order of their seniority, seated on mules richly caparisoned in papal trappings of red relieved with gold, between two files of Swiss guards, each cardinal being preceded by two grooms on foot bearing golden truncheons, to the middle of which is affixed a shield containing the arms of their most meek and humble masters. Then follows the whole tribe of lackeys belonging to the cardinals in full livery ; while the major-domo, the treasurer, the referendary, and the Pope's carriage attended by two detachments of the body-guard with colours flying, close the procession.

On approaching the Castle of St. Angelo, the Pope is saluted by a discharge of cannon ; at the foot of the Capitol he is welcomed by the Senator of Rome in an ample Roman toga ; and from thence he is conducted to San Giovanni di Laterano, where an immense crowd has already preceded him.

After taking possession of San Giovanni with an *oremus ad hoc*, he ascends a platform prepared for the purpose, and from thence gives his blessing, *urbi and orbi*. Nothing can

well be more majestic, as we have already had occasion to remark, than the ceremony of the benediction. Let the reader fancy an entire people kneeling, and a single man standing erect, as if he commanded over the whole world—let him heighten the scene by a brilliant Italian sun, and the distant view of the enchanting regions of Tivoli and Frascati, and he will have a faint idea of the grandeur of such a sight.

The benediction is the last ceremony attending on the installation of a new Pope; it ends by kissing the feet, or rather the foot, of the Pope, which reminds one of Grécourt's pretty verses, after which the whole return in the same solemn order to St. Peter's; a *Te Deum* is sung, and all is over.

Such is the "true and faithful" account of these ceremonies, which are in fact nothing but the carnival of Christianity. Surely some day or other, reason will prevail over these religious tomfooleries!

CHAPTER LIII.

TIVOLI.

As I was sauntering through the vast galleries of the Vatican and admiring their countless treasures, one Monday morning, in the month of November, towards three o'clock, I happened to meet a young engineer of the *ponts et chaussées*, M. Mathy de la Tour, with whom I had formed an acquaintance when staying in Florence.

Our attention was directed to a bass-relief representing Romulus and Remus suckled by a she-wolf. An inscription placed beneath informed us that this work of art had been found in the recent excavations at the *Villa Adriana*, which we had already heard of as containing magnificent ruins within its precincts. As we both wished to see this villa, we resolved to visit it on the following day and even to carry our excursion as far as Tivoli, about six leagues from Rome.

At six o'clock on Tuesday, the 13th of November, we set out on foot for the Villa Adriana, quenching our thirst as we passed by the spring that furnishes Rome with the *aqua d'oro*. We carefully examined that long line of arches, the vast ruins of the aqueducts which overlook the country about Rome like so many sturdy giants. At about three miles from the city we found the tomb of the Plautian family, where some fine remains of sculpture are yet to be seen; not far from thence we perceived a grove of olive trees which we entered. We were now within the precincts of the Villa Adriana. Here and there were to be seen fragments of pompous monuments. Their gigantic proportions seemed to indicate that formerly the Villa Adriana must have been a most delightful spot; all indeed that remains of this celebrated place confirms the accounts we have heard of its magnificence. Augustus resided there, no doubt, in a house worthy of himself. His successors,

probably, kept it up with more or less luxury. Adrian contributed towards its embellishment by that rare assemblage of edifices, the models for which he had acquired in the course of his travels, and which he delighted to reproduce for the benefit of the Romans. Never, perhaps, did there exist a more perfect collection of more elegant structures. Three theatres may still be traced, one of which is distinctly marked out, besides a portion of the enclosure of the hippodrome, and some arches that seem to be the remains of baths. Not far from these are the ruins of the imperial abode, and one may see that it was two stories high. A little further we find the wall of the Pæcile still standing, remarkable for its extent as well as for the beauty of its workmanship. This wall supported a double gallery, one to the south and the other to the north, intended to serve as winter and summer walks. In front of each of the porticos that terminated these galleries, were two large open spaces, bounded by immense barracks three stories high, and built upon arches, which served for the imperial guard. These arches still exist, and strike the beholder with admiration. The chambers did not communicate each with another, and the light only penetrated through the doorway. When sauntering through the Pæcile, the emperor could take a bird's-eye view of his guards, and from a height of three stories he could overlook his troops as if from an observatory while they went through their evolutions, or diverted themselves in the court below, which is now a-days converted into a valley.

Adjoining the Pæcile were the Naumachia, the library, the temples of the Stoics, of Apollo, Diana and Venus. A little further were the schools of philosophy, beside an Egyptian temple, some vaults of which, elegantly ornamented with stucco, are yet in existence. These different edifices are disposed in groups over a space of two leagues, and the intersecting avenues of trees went by the name of Elysium.

The objects of art belonging to this villa that have been respected by time, form the most valuable and most admired portion of the Roman museums, but the giant features of its ruins awaken our admiration in a still higher degree, and we marvel as we stand and look at the immense foundations of the principal edifice, so sturdily solid that they seem calculated to defy the ravages of time for many a century yet to come.

The day was magnificent, and as the rays of the sun darted down full upon us, their magic tints illuminated alike the pale, whitish leaves of the olive tree, and the darker verdure of

the ivy that so fondly clings around ruins, and clasps them in its hundred arms, not alas! to protect them, but to undermine their very existence, till they crumble into dust within its fatal embrace. It would fill pages were we to attempt to describe these ancient monuments as they appeared in their pristine splendour, judging from the grandeur of their ruins, or to raise in imagination those majestic palaces when peopled by throngs of joyous revellers who startled echo with their jocund voices. Now-a-days, sunk into premature decay, their giant shadows overlook a silent desert, only disturbed at distant intervals by the footsteps of some traveller, who threads his way amidst the rank luxuriance of its uncultivated vegetation, to gather instruction from these mute but eloquent memorials of the past.

It was now high noon. Having gone through all the windings of the immense Villa Adriana, we resumed our expedition, calling to mind, as we walked along, all the various recollections that each ruin had inspired. A smell of bitumen and sulphur guided us towards that modern Capua — Tivoli. We left behind us the Solfatara (a stream about the size of the one that constitutes the wealth of our Gobelins manufactory at Paris) with its smoking waters and pestilential exhalations. The slope of a picturesque hill was lying before us, dotted with clumps of olive trees, ruins, and villas surrounded by odoriferous trees. This we climbed not without some fatigue, and frequently stopping short and turning round to enjoy the beauty of the different views that it presents. It was five o'clock as we reached the platform on Mount Catili. The day was declining. The sunbeams were gilding St. Peter's dome in the distance, and pouring floods of light over the Eternal City that we had left that morning. The coolness was delicious! We seemed to breathe the soft emanations of the sea breeze sent us by the blue and rippling waves of the Mediterranean that bounds the horizon on one side. The Sabine mountains lie before us. It may be a delusion, but on the side where Rome towers in the distance, we think we can even perceive, so transparent is the atmosphere, the tall and graceful palm-tree that forms so charming a feature in the landscape, when seen from the Villa Pamphili.

The gates by which one enters Tivoli are nowise remarkable. The streets are badly paved, and most of the houses, if not absolutely misshapen, are constructed after a very singular fashion; in short, we saw nothing but the strangest medley of no acknowledged orders of architecture, on our

way through the town to the inn near the Sybil's temple, which we were glad to reach in order to take some rest.

And truly it needs all the fatigue occasioned by marching for hours under a burning sun, to imagine the possibility of finding any charm in the rest afforded by such an inn as that of the Sybil, which, but for the temple included in its precincts, would tempt few travellers on the strength of its accommodations, the leading characteristic of which is anything but comfort.

However this may be, after partaking of a supper that hunger alone helped to season, M. Mathy de la Tour and I were conducted to a vast chamber, where two giant beds (younger rivals of their great prototype of Ware, and fit to contain at least four persons) were ready to receive us.

The night was soon over. At the first dawn of day we were already astir. The temple of the Sibyl, which we had seen the evening before through the poetic medium of twilight, was of course the first object of our curiosity. Of the eighteen corinthian columns that once formed the temple, nine only remain standing, chapter and all, and these alone now support the entablature of the light and elegant edifice, so perfect in its architectural style. This ruin is certainly one of the finest things extant; but were it even less beautiful as a whole, its picturesque situation would command our admiration—I was almost going to say our respect. Placed on the pinnacle of a steep rock, and hanging over a gulf into which the rapid waters of the Anio came dashing down with headlong violence, the temple of the Sibyl, whether seen from far or near, produces an indescribable effect. When near, the unchanging solidity of its structure forms a curious contrast with the roaring of the torrent incessantly lashing its basis, but too weak to shake its foundations; at a distance, its delicate columns, thrown into relief by the pure atmosphere, and aided by the charm of the surrounding scenery, seem steeped in a sort of mystic halo that borrows its light from the divinity within. It looks as if some omnipotent hand had placed this temple on the topmost pinnacle of the rock that it might be visible to all, and that all might come and implore consolation from the Goddess whose sanctuary it formed.

We descended from the Sybil's temple to the *Cascatelle*—thus was denominated, some few years back, the confluence of several little sheets of water that shed their rainbow tints over the surrounding rocks, but which now no longer exists. These *cascatelle* arose from the principal fall of the Anio. At

the time we refer to, considerable activity prevailed in carrying on the works towards throwing a bridge across the spot where the great body of the waters of the Anio rushes with most violence. The Pope frequently came to inspect the works (long since completed), in which his Holiness appeared to take the greatest interest. We visited successively Neptune's grotto, and that of the Syrens, both situated at the foot of the Sibyl's temple, and both hollowed out of the solid rock by the continual friction of the falls of the Anio, which, after gently meandering through the silent valleys of the Sabine district, and crossing part of the town of Tivoli, falls with a loud crash into a fathomless precipice, which in turn gives rise to a countless number of cascades of all shapes and sizes.

These waters, seen at glimpses from different points of the landscape, greatly contribute to enliven and embellish the scenery, as we had an opportunity of perceiving on our way to visit the villas of Mæcenas and Horace, and those of Catullus and Este. What a world of classic recollections is called up by a walk through this lovely spot! What a crowd of delightful sensations came rushing through the brain, or rather the heart, at such a moment! There is, in truth, a mighty charm in being carried back to the past, and in holding communion, as it were, with the lofty geniuses who have handed down to us the knowledge we possess of ancient times! We felt loth to quit Mount Lucretio, and we left Horace's abode as we should leave the roof of a friend we could never hope to see again. We scarcely paused a moment to look at a sort of temple, in tolerable preservation, which had been dedicated by the *Seniores* to *Tussis*, the God of Coughs; but our attention was directed to a couple of pillars, the only remaining fragments of a temple dedicated to Vesta; and their airy proportions made us regret that the genius of destruction had not spared their sisters.

Twelve o'clock was striking by the church of Tivoli, when we returned to our inn of the Sibyl. After an hour's rest, we prepared to return to Rome. We reached San Lorenzo (a mile distant from Rome) just as the *Angelus* was calling the faithful to evening prayers. We had not met a single human being on the road from Tivoli to Rome. Night had completely set in by the time we were winding our way up the stairs of the capitol, and bid each other farewell, renewing the promise of meeting the next day.

CHAPTER LIV.

STRANGE NOTIONS OF MODESTY—THE MADONNA'S PICTURE
—BRONZE DOOR OF ST. PETER'S—JESUITS.

I HAD just left M. Mathy de la Tour, whom I had found unwell, when I met an engraver, an acquaintance rather than a friend of mine. He was carrying to the printer's a plate, representing a Madonna. Her feet were bare, which very simple and natural circumstance had so shocked the delicate nerves of the censor of the fine arts (an officer bearing some affinity to that of the licenser in England), that he positively refused to authorize the publication of the work. Notwithstanding this, the artist having interested several powerful patrons in his behalf, had obtained from the Pope himself a letter of authorization addressed to the licenser. No sooner had the latter spelt out the contents of the epistle, than, in a transport of holy zeal, he tore it to pieces, and declared that his conscience forbid his obeying.

On hearing this, the Pope, naturally of a violent disposition, sent for him, and addressing him harshly, swore that if he only hearkened to the dictates of his just indignation, he would have his head cut off as a subject guilty of treason and rebellion; but that in his mercy he should rest satisfied with discharging him from his office.

Such was the state of the case at that juncture, and the artist, for fear of a reaction, was hurrying to bring out his holy Virgin as soon as might be.

"When will people grow to perceive," said I, "that an excess of modesty becomes downright ridiculous? By dint of wanting to appear decent, they would make us believe in a total depravity of morals."

"I agree with you," answered he, "and I look with pity on the extreme precautions that have been taken, since the

reign of Leo XII., to banish all immodest ideas. Besides that women must not go into a church without being muffled up in a hood, or with a veil over their faces, everything is excluded that could put us in mind of the existence of the fair sex. The very museums are not safe from the would-be delicacy of our reformers. There was a fine picture by Guido Reni, in the capitol, representing Fortune; but she, poor soul, not having provided herself with a petticoat, was stowed away in a room, which is by no means open to every body; and latterly, too, a marble satyr, who for the last two thousand years has been giving a chaste salute to a beautiful nymph, has been turned out of the Vatican, where he was placed by a Pope some half a century ago."

"One thing that strikes all foreigners with surprise," said I, "is the monstrous mixture of obscene and sacred subjects which are to be seen on the bass-reliefs of the bronze door of St. Peter's. Here we find the patriarch of Constantinople entering Rome, and Leda caressing her favourite swan; the coronation of the Emperor Sigismund by Pope Eugene IV., and the raven in the fable holding a cheese in his beak; Satyrs and the rape of Ganymede just beneath St. Peter, and Pasiphaë bestowing wanton caresses on her beloved bull, cheek by jowl with St. Paul, armed with his sword, all of which is depicted with a naked cynicism worthy of the Aretine prints." This door belongs to the fifteenth century, and Antonio Florentine, I think, furnished the designs.

The artist left me, and I continued my walk, and climbed up Mount Janiculum, in order to visit *San Pietro del Monte*, which stands on the summit; and contains some fine paintings. Three young men in cassocks, with long black mantles and shovel hats, and with white linen bags slung over their shoulders, were standing on the slope of the hill. No sooner did they perceive me coming, than the youngest advanced towards me, extending his hat very humbly. Concluding that some accident had rendered him destitute for the time being, I drew from my pocket a roll, with which I was generally provided in all my long excursions, and gave it to him. On receiving so pitiful an offering, the object of my charity turned as red as a turkey cock, while his accolytes smiled sarcastically under their broad brims. While the young man was twisting about my unwelcome alms between his fingers, as if he were at a loss what to do with it: "He is nicely taken in!" quoth a black friar who happened to pass by.

I requested him to explain his meaning.

"Why," answered he, "you have given alms to a Jesuit novice. His rosy face and his dress may convince you that he is not in want; but in order to train him up to be humble, he has been obliged to go and beg like the others, with a bag over his shoulder. He would have been less ashamed if, instead of bread, you had given him money.

Then with a low bow, the friar went his ways by one of the terraces leading to the summit of the Janiculum by a gentle slope, while I ascended another.

In front of the church is a platform, surrounded by a wall breast high. On approaching it, in order the better to enjoy the admirable prospect that lies before one, I perceived the friar seated on a stone bench below. Two Jesuits, professed members of the community judging from their age, had just taken seats beside him, with a very profound bow, which he appeared not to notice. The Jesuits looked at each other in silence; then one of them began to doze, as if overcome by sleep. The other, on the contrary, drew out his snuff-box, and seeing the friar gape, he took advantage of the circumstance to offer him a pinch, addressing him by the title of brother. The monk observed tartly that he was not a brother, but a father in his order.

"Well then, father," resumed the disciple of Loyola, "do me the honour to accept a pinch."

"I don't take snuff," was the answer.

The Jesuit's finger immediately pointed to a box in the father's hand, as if to inquire: "then pray what is that?"

The monk blushed, but disdained offering any explanation.

"You would however do well," resumed his neighbour, cramming his own nostrils full of snuff, "to make frequent use of this powder; it tends to clear the understanding, and as such, would be highly useful to you, in directing the minds of youth; for, if I am not mistaken, you belong to the coalition that wants to share our prerogative of teaching."

"Yes, I do," cried the father bitterly; "and I glory in it! It is not fair that you alone, who have been reviv'd out of nonentity, should possess the privilege of enlightening the age, when we have amongst us men of far greater capacity."

The other replied, "Nay, do not be in a passion. We are too humble to stickle for the first rank; but we have a right to be surprised at your only becoming the champions of the diffusion of knowledge since your order was forced to disgorge our possessions, that they might be returned to us. Formerly, they say, your zeal was only manifest in gathering the fruits of spoliation and injustice."

"Injustice! Do you say injustice? Had not your society been declared perverse, execrable, and heretic? Had it not been annihilated, for this and many other reasons, by the great Ganganelli? And from thenceforward, did not your wealth devolve legitimately to the holy see, and was it not made over to us in due form by that pontiff?"

"No doubt; but stolen goods ought to be returned. And with all due deference to Clement XIV. be it spoken, Pius VII. and Leo XII. only returned to Cæsar what belonged to Cæsar."

"They were wrong."

"That is talking heresy! Our holy father cannot err."

"There you are mistaken! Look at the councils! The Pope is peccable, and most peccable, and if I dared say all—"

"Hem!" quoth the Jesuit, blowing his nose, as a pretext for turning round and making sure that his brother was really asleep: and then sidling up to his adversary, he said in low voice: "Well, let us hear what you would say."

The father shook his head, bit his lips, and at length exclaimed: "I should say that the Pope has given the death-blow to religion, by reviving your order. Foreigners accuse the holy see of letting you loose upon them, like a parcel of bats introduced into a room for the purpose of flapping out all the lights. You poke your noses everywhere, and disturb all consciences by your intrigues. You displease alike the people, who do not want your lessons; the learned bodies, whom you would fain supplant; and the Italian clergy, who hate you because they dread your influence. You turn us out of our colleges, where we were firmly established; you bring actions against us, and many others, and you get favourable verdicts—Lord knows how!—Certainly not through the means of justice."

"What do we care for that, so long as we gain our suits? The end justifies the means. Foreigners hate us, it is true; but how many a great saint has been treated as a reprobate during his lifetime? However, if they turn us out by the door, we know how to come in again by the window. And in our intercourse with the children of the age, the genius of the great Escobard, handed down to us in his precepts, saves us from many a rub, while our humility preserves us from all mortifications. How many illustrious personages and crowned heads have been enrolled beneath our banners, and proved as pliant in our hands as an osier twig, or a lifeless corpse, and have defended and protected us according to their solemn promise, establishing our power and diffusing our principles far and near! and by these

means, as the general of our order judiciously observed to a foreigner, who complimented him on the beautiful prospect before his window, the successors of Ignatius see all that passes in the world, without leaving their room."

"We know that you have spies everywhere."

"That is inevitable, since it is we who sow the pure seeds of faith in all quarters."

"Yes," replied the monk, with a bitter smile, "of bad faith."

At these words, I thought I perceived a slight confusion on the countenance of Escobard's disciple. However, he quickly rallied, and rejoined in a honied voice: "I am aware that mental restrictions are not relished by everybody; but, so many of my brethren have been beatified, nay, canonized for their pious frauds, that truth to say, I should deem it a mortal sin, were I to join the calumniators of the fundamental rules of our institution."

The father replied in the same tone: "There are, certainly, some great saints amongst you; but the judgment of man is liable to err, as the inspired writers tell us; and when a Jesuit gains his lawsuit in the *Court of Rites*, it may very well happen that God reverses the judgment in heaven, the same as public opinion rejects the sentences of the *Court of Rites*, where we have vainly summoned you to appear."

"Gently, gently, good father, it is our worldly wealth that sticks in your throat! If, on our revival, they had assigned us some other possessions, your order would have been the first to praise our services in the cause of religion. Now, because you are reduced to an income that furnishes you with all the necessities of life, instead of leaving you to riot in its superfluities, you think it is a shame that you should be obliged to contribute, on an equal footing with us, to the triumph of Christianity. Yet the world is large enough for us both, without interfering with each other."

So saying, the Jesuit held out his hand, in a friendly manner, to the monk, who withdrew his, saying as he went away: "Never, never can we fraternize with a society that aspires to universal despotism. Perdition seize all its members! Profligate Babylon might despoil Jerusalem, but she could not corrupt her. Her children have come stealthily, like a thief in the night, to rob us of our daily bread; they have taken advantage of our slumber to destroy us, like murderers as they are. May God reward them according to their deeds!"

In the middle of this sally, the second Jesuit awoke. He

soon went another way with his companion, and I entered the church which formerly contained Raphael's transfiguration, and still boasts some fine paintings. I remarked a superb picture representing Christ in the sepulchre, after the manner of Caravaggio, the painter of which (whom I strongly suspect to be Rubens) is only known by the name of *Il Fiamingo*, and a flagellation by Piombo most admirably designed.

On leaving the church, I happened to follow the road that had been taken by the two Jesuits, when great was my surprise on picking up a piece of paper, to find inscribed upon it in pencil, the whole of the conversation I had heard! I then perceived that while he pretended to sleep, one of the children of Loyola was busily setting down, under cover of his mantle, every word that had been uttered by the two interlocutors.

CHAPTER LV.

SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL TRIBUNALS OF ROME.

I HAD now learned that the apparent tranquillity and good fellowship of the Roman clergy was a mere deception. In Rome, the same as in Paris, party interest fritters away all concern for the general welfare, and bitter factions are pulling caps for the monopoly of power.

The moment I saw Fernando, I informed him of the discovery I had just made. He only laughed. Such dissensions, according to him, were of no moment whatever, and served as food for the loquacious idleness of the Romans, who, as he observed, bear the Jesuits a deadly hatred, founded on the conviction that their society was revived entirely for the benefit of the Pope, and by no means for the edification of his subjects.

"Be so kind," said I, as to explain to me what is the *Tribunal of Rites*, whose decrees the monk I mentioned seemed to disapprove of so highly?"

Fernando replied: "The Tribunal of Rites, founded by Sixtus V., regulates the honours that are to be paid to Saints, watches over the preservation of the traditions of the church, and superintends new editions of prayer books. It is composed of the most eminent persons whether as to learning or as to the dignities that they hold, and the directorship belongs to a Cardinal. If any Saint has got smuggled into the almanac, he has the right of ejecting him in the most summary manner, and his decisions are without appeal; he has been invested with this latter power ever since Urban VIII. This Pontiff having declared that all holy personages whose honors did not date from a century back, should be subjected to a minute investigation; that moreover the claims of all candidates to the title of Saint should only be preferred

fifty years after their death, and that they should only be canonized at the end of a hundred years, a number of blessed individuals were forced, willy nilly, to hide their diminished heads amongst the herd of sinners, some for ever and aye, and others to remain under a cloud for a time, as the Tribunal of Rites is not famous for expedition.

“Whenever a religious order, or a province, a royal family or even a private one, is desirous of beatifying a deceased person, they must gather together all the documents tending to establish such a claim. At the end of the period required, these are forwarded to his holiness, who, when he happens to think of the matter, sends them to the Tribunal.

“The latter proceeds very leisurely to name a committee, the members of which according to the state of their digestion either examine these papers attentively, or slur them over very negligently. A report is then made to the Pope or to his successor; then fresh information is sought on the spot, lawyers discuss the pros and the cons, and great debates are held on the number and the value of the theological and cardinal virtues of the candidate. Should it remain proven that he possessed those qualities whence flows efficacious grace, they then busily set to enumerating the miracles he has performed, before, during, and after his death; and if it can be shown that he has performed at least three miracles, the necessary number specified, a consistory is obtained, in which the Pope declares that it is a case of beatification, which, however, does not imply canonization.

“The lay brother Julian of St. Augustine, a Capuchin born in Medina Cœli, in Spain, who died in 1606, was only beatified in 1825, because notwithstanding the divine honours he had enjoyed ever since his death, a decree of Urban VIII. called his merits into question.

“If ever the words of the inspired writer: ‘Blessed are the poor in spirit for the kingdom of heaven is theirs,’ could be well applied, it is certainly in the case of brother Julian. Yet was he a victim to the injustice of the monks of his order, who twice turned him out of the convent, and only received him again because they were touched by his resignation and humility.

“It pleased God to display his partiality for this holy man by divers prodigies. Example the first:—One day, on receiving hospitality in a village, his host fearing he should take advantage of his slumber, to make love to his wife or daughter, was desirous of bolting him into his room; but he never could manage to make the bolt stir. He then

determined on double locking the door of the chamber occupied by his family; but the key refused to do its office. Convinced by such a miracle of the sin he had committed in suspecting the worthy Capuchin of being capable of making an attack on the honour of his house, he threw himself at his feet, and requested his holy absolution, which the Saint granted him forthwith, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

“Example the second:—Towards the same period, as he was preaching in the open air, his audience, either from ennui or lack of zeal, retired one after the other. On remaining alone, however, the Saint was not put to a non-plus, as any other preacher would have been—not he! He called the sparrows and the linnets about him, and they came and perched on all the neighbouring trees and bushes, and heard the divine word. History does not record how many of the feathered tribe were converted.

“Example the third:—One day, being annoyed by the cackling of a poultry yard, he bid the chickens get into a corner and be quiet; which they accordingly did. Then for fear they should infringe his commands, he signified to the cock of the roost that he wished him to stand sentry, and keep them in order, a duty which the cock fulfilled with all the zeal of one of the Pope's Swiss Guards.

“In that same year, 1825, they beatified Father Antonio, a Spanish Jesuit, and the *Editor* of several miracles no less remarkable, take for instance the following:—As he was drawing water from a well, the rope happened to snap in two, but the bucket, instead of falling to the bottom, according to the laws of gravity, rose up like a balloon to the level of the reverend father's hands. He likewise cured sundry incurable diseases, though he himself was subject to various infirmities that took him to paradise somewhat sooner than he had hoped.

“The miracles wrought by two other holy personages, recently incorporated among the *Dii minores*, have been duly chronicled in books composed by the members of the orders of Ignatius, and dedicated to Pope Leo XII. Those who delight in these edifying stories may purchase them at any bookseller's in Rome.

“It is because the Jesuits had the address to get these two deceased worthies beatified, that the monk, you mentioned, doubted the infallibility of the Tribunal of Rites. Truth, however, compels me to say that a saint who has not the luck to be bolstered up by some influential patrons, is just in the same

predicament as a man of genius who lacks a Mæcenas; both are sure to be superseded by more intriguing spirits.

"This remark, by-the-bye, puts me in mind of a trait of Benedict XIV., who, being ill, addressed a deceased holy personage, whom he was solicited to beatify, in the following manner:—

"'Great servant of our Lord, I shall do by you as you do by me. Should my recovery be brought about by your intercession, I will beatify you; if not, you may whistle for it.'"

After laughing at this singular kind of prayer: "Surely," said I to Fernando, "there must be many other tribunals in Rome; and all are not employed upon matters so laughably serious, or rather so seriously laughable?"

"No," replied my friend, "though all are more or less tainted with some radical vice. At the head of the magistracy stand the *Senator* with his assistants, and the *Conservators* who sit in the court of law in the Capitol. The Senator is seldom, if ever, a native of Rome, while the *Conservators* are chosen from amongst the Roman nobility, their costume consists of an old fashioned dress made of brocade, with a massive gold chain worn round the neck. This shadow of a senate is, in fact, merely like the court of a justice of the peace. The senator only acquires a brief moment of importance during the vacancy of the holy see, for he is then placed at the head of the police, and has the disposal of the troops.

"The especial duty entrusted to the *Conservators* consists in watching over the preservation of antiquities, keeping the town walls in repair, and inspecting the markets. All matters relating to every sort of craft or trade belong entirely to their jurisdiction; they likewise possess the exclusive privilege of conferring the title of Roman citizens on distinguished foreigners.

"The modern *Patrician* enjoys no privilege whatever, and is as unlike the patricians of Constantine's time as can well be imagined; it is a title bestowed now-a-days upon those who never had any other.

"The *Governor* of Rome pronounces judgment, as a provost, on all misdemeanors committed within his jurisdiction. It is he who commands that rabble rout known by the name of *Sbirri*, amongst whom, for a piastre, you can hire a false witness, who shall damage the credit of the worthiest man alive, and, for a sequin, an assassin, who would rid you for ever of a rival or a troublesome creditor.

"The *Rota* is one of those tribunals that could exist no-

where but in Rome. It is composed of a dozen members: viz., three Romans, a Tuscan, a Bolognese, a Ferrarese, a Milanese, a Venetian, a German, a Frenchman, and two Spaniards. Under the modest title of *Auditors*, these judges take cognizance of all the ecclesiastical concerns of Christendom. They have their lawyers, their counsellors, and their notaries. This court sits in the Vatican. On resuming their duties after the vacations, they form a cavalcade, and go to the palace accompanied by a part of the court.

"The *Cham'er* has its *Auditor*—a supreme delegate, whose jurisdiction extends over the whole Christian world. It is he who enforces the apostolical statutes, and carries into execution the decrees of the congregation of cardinals, and the fulminating censures of the church; it was he, too, who used to thunder forth those monitories, once so much dreaded, and which had the effect of suspending all proceedings relative to ecclesiastical matters. It is he who degrades cardinals from their dignity, when such a case occurs. His two *Sub-auditors* form a lay tribunal of their own. One may, however, appeal from their sentences to the *Auditor*, himself a kind of hybrid monster, half secular half clerical, judging both civil and criminal causes, and who, it is to be supposed, has his *sbirri*, to enforce the execution of his decrees.

"The Court of *Justice* is a complete bear-garden, that bribery and corruption have converted into an inextricable labyrinth, where the spirit of chicanery reigns paramount. Every prelate, without exception, may report the cases of this court. Here they discuss the competency of other tribunals, settle the rates of fines and restitutions, and the rights of jurisdiction, &c., &c. The poor and the uninfluential very rarely obtain a favourable verdict.

"The *Apostolical Chamber* fixes the tariff of taxes, superintends the use made of the revenues of the state, settles accounts with the agents of the treasury, overlooks the mint, and parcels out the different sums for the expenses of the police, the army, and for keeping up the forts. The members of this chamber occupy some of the best places under government, such as that of prefect of the *Annone*, who superintends the public granaries; or of president of the *Grazia*, whose duty it is to see that the public markets are supplied, and to ensure the good quality of the supplies. The superintendence of the archives and the prisons likewise rests with the Apostolical Chamber.

"Lastly, the Chamber *della Grazia* is under the immediate control of the Pope. It is a court of appeal, where the Pope's will is law.

“Such are the courts of Rome. It is obvious that they are organized in such a manner as to kill the best laws that could be devised ; and indeed, any suitor who has nothing but right on his side may be sure to lose his cause, or to wait twenty years for a decision, if he has an *enemy* at court ; on the other hand, in the case of a criminal who has protectors, absolution is given him in the name of humanity—showing that in both cases justice is but a vain shadow !”

I was just expressing my concurrence in Fernando's opinion when we reached his dwelling, upon which we shook hands and parted, after a promise on my part that I would set forth with him the day after the morrow, to go to see the *Fuochetti*.

CHAPTER LVI.

FUOCHETTI.

THERE is an undefinable charm in the unstudied graces of a woman at her toilet. It is a sort of transitory state—neither entirely chrysalis nor butterfly, but partaking of both. The paraphernalia of coquetry have not yet overlaid the charms of nature, which inspire us with a feeling of ecstasy rather than admiration. Besides, a woman is always desirous of pleasing, let her be asleep or awake: and when she moves in society she is ever

“ . . . solicitous to bless,”

by a degree of affectation and a conventional bearing that is called high manners. But before her looking-glass the case is widely different. True, she rehearses, as it were, the necessary decorum; yet, even so doing, is she natural withal. A refractory lock of hair, or an unlucky crease, will make her turn red with anger; while she will smile at her own fair image, when she sees that her jewels, her flowers, or her ribbons have set off her charms to advantage. The certainty of being remarked and admired heightens the glow of her cheek, causes her eye to sparkle and her bosom to throb, and impresses her whole person with an air of impatience that one would fain preach into calmness. Happy, thrice happy, is the fortunate mortal who is the real object of her secret satisfaction! Happy, even, is he who has the privilege of witnessing the outward demonstrations of her emotion, which she is unconscious of having betrayed. Recollect, gentle reader, that we are referring to Italian manners, and that beauty's toilet is not performed beneath the veil of that impenetrable sanctuary that northern refinement requires.

As for me, I thought Nina looked so beautiful while busied

in the work of embellishment, on the evening that I went to her father's house, according to promise, that I could not help asking her whether she had ever sat for her portrait? She replied in the negative.

"Why not?" persisted I.

"It is not customary."

"And why is it not customary?"

"If you had heard the Jesuits' sermons last Lent, you would not inquire why."

"And what did the Jesuits say?"

"Say! why, the same as they are always saying—that the fine arts are the devil's invention; that all who cultivate them are especially damned; and that those who have their pictures taken put their souls in jeopardy. We young ladies cannot obtain absolution after confession, until we have protested that we have never sat to an artist. Hence arises a general repugnance, throughout Rome, to having one's likeness taken; hence, too, the very unfavourable opinion that is formed of any young person who defies the censure of the priests to the degree of having her picture drawn. It is on this account that in Rome you only see old portraits, and these mostly represent men."

"And this is the reason," chimed in Fernando, "why we have never any good portrait painters in Rome."

I was already aware that the Roman clergy were averse to the art of a Lawrence, a Gerard, and a Gros; but I had not dreamed that their scruples went the length of making it a matter of conscience with their penitents not to have their portraits taken.

When Nina had at length completed her toilet, we left the house; but when I offered her my arm she blushed, and, instead of accepting it, she shifted her place, so as to put her father between herself and me. I was about to inquire the reason for her behaviour, which seemed singular, to say the least of it, when Fernando anticipated me, by observing, with a laugh, that Rome was at a great distance from Paris. "Know," continued he, "that our young ladies here would not venture to walk in broad daylight with a man, whether old or young, unless it were a father or a brother; for we have all the petty ridicules of one of your provincial towns. Conjectures innumerable would immediately be set on foot. Is it her lover, or her betrothed, or her *cavaliere servante*? would the gossips say. And then her reputation would be handled so roughly by the scandal-mongers of both sexes; that nobody would be found to marry her. Yet observe how

contradictory are the rules of society! What she cannot do by daylight without being blamed, becomes perfectly right and fit when night has once set in. Whether they think she may then require a guide or a support, or whether people grow more indulgent under favour of the darkness, so it is, that slander becomes silent, and jealousy hides its diminished head."

No sooner had night come on than Fernando backed his assertions by an example, and, gently pushing his daughter towards my side, she took my arm without a moment's hesitation. We now entered the scene for the display of the *Fuochetti*, which is the circus where the *giostra* are held. All the galleries are lighted up with coloured lamps, as at Soyer's Symposium. A choice and full orchestra was heard playing, and the ladies who had been driving up and down the Corso, during a part of the afternoon, had come hither to spend the first hours of the night; consequently young men of all ranks do not fail to make their appearance in full dress. The sole business of every one is to be seen; though, of course, now and then a love-letter or two are delivered under the rose, or a rendezvous given from behind a fan; for love, as is well known, makes the most of every opportunity. After passing a couple of hours walking round the circus, like horses in a mill, and levelling their opera-glasses at the fair ones seated on the benches, the spectators are entertained with the sight of some fireworks, after which every one retires, as we did.

CHAPTER LVII.

PIFFERARI, OR BAGPIPE PLAYERS.

FIVE-AND-TWENTY days before Christmas, troops of shepherds come down from the Latium mountains, attracted by the hope of earning a few *denari* from the lower class of Romans, in exchange for some tunes of their bagpipes. They begin by marching solemnly through the streets, only now and then giving breath to a few notes. This is the signal for the women and the workmen to raise a subscription; they then call the modern Orpheuses, and make a bargain with them; that is to say, they give them a certain sum in advance, for which they agree to come, morning and evening, to compliment the Madonna on her approaching lying-in. Now, the reader must know that every shop, and many crossways, are adorned with oratories raised in her honour. The consequence is, that from dawn of day you hear, both right and left, before, behind, above and below you, on your landing-place and at your very door, dozens of bagpipes, flutes, and voices singing the praises of the Madonna, to as many different tunes. Some of these airs possess considerable dignity; and the husky voices that accompany the bagpipes form an austere and melancholy harmony in perfect keeping with the mysterious dogmas they convey. Occasionally a little shrill "ear piercing fife," as if in very wantonness, interrupts the solemn melody, or redeems it from monotony, when association forcibly recalls the dances of the mountaineers. The Romans only look upon this music in the light of its helping to redeem their sins. To the foreigner it presents a certain charm, and its effect is heightened by its wild characteristics.

The Pifferari thrive vastly well in Rome during the whole of Advent. To their praise be it spoken, they perform their duties most conscientiously. At each station you see them

reverently doffing their pointed hats, which they place on the pipe of their instrument, and then make the sign of the cross and a genuflexion. If, by chance, the image of the Madonna should preside over the sale of wine and spirits at the shop of a retailer of such commodities, it is no uncommon occurrence to see them enter previously, to refresh their parched throats with the juice of the grape—no doubt with the view of strengthening their lungs in order the better to sing the praises of the Blessed Virgin.

CHAPTER LVIII.

IL BAMBINO—IL PRESEPIO.

I HAVE already had occasion to say a few words about *Il Bambino* (or infant Jesus), and I have mentioned that he has selected for his dwelling the very identical spot where Jupiter Capitolinus used to *fill the chair*; but what I have not sufficiently dwelt upon is that this *Bambino* is nothing but a doll in swaddling clothes, that has acquired such a reputation for working miracles, that there is not a sick person, of a pious turn of mind, but what thinks it a blessing to be able to invoke him, and is desirous of enjoying his presence for a moment. No sooner is the holy visit promised by the prior of *Ara Cœli*, than an altar is erected in front of the sufferer's bed, and the *Bambino* arrives in a coach. If the sick man is able to pay for it, he may keep the little god all night, with permission to hold him in his arms. This is the *Nec plus ultra* of favour. According to the brokers of this rare commodity, the patient dies or gets cured in three days. If cured, then a miracle has been performed, and of course a miracle must be remunerated by a handsome offering on the part of the invalid: if on the contrary the sick man dies, the heirs of the deceased make a liberal present, so that, in either case, the convent is sure to reap a profit, which is the main point.

Now Christmas is the grand festival of the *Bambino*, and with the exception of *Santa Maria Maggiore*, it is in *Ara Cœli* that it is celebrated with the greatest pomp. The reader must imagine a pretty minor theatre, very tastefully arranged so as to represent a country scene, and he will then have a tolerably correct idea of the *Presepio*. You see a perspective of two valleys, with woods, fields, flocks, and shepherds forming a concert with their bagpipes: you even hear them playing.

In the distance are rocks and ruins, and a village at the foot of one of those lofty towers that seem to rear their proud heads in mockery of the cottages below. The effect of the contrast of colours between these ruins and the dark hues of the forest and the fresh verdure of the grass, is strikingly beautiful. These hills and the cottages upon them are simply made of pasteboard, but the trees are real; it is likewise real moss that covers a surface of a good many yards square, the size of which is artfully increased by means of sundry vistas introduced with great effect. The light comes from above, and is managed with consummate skill. The clouds are so transparent and so varied, that they deceive the eye completely.

The mystery of the nativity is represented near the opening leading to the two mock valleys. One sees the manger,* the Bambino, the Virgin Mother, St. Joseph, the Ass and the Ox. The new-born infant is wrapt in gold cloth; his mother is standing, dressed in a silk gown with a train, and lace ruffles, and, I think, in a blonde wig, altogether resembling pretty closely the figure of Marie Antoinette exhibited at Madame Tussaud's in Baker-street; and St. Joseph in a mantle imitating the folds of classic drapery, and with his stick in his hand, has all the simplicity of air and manner that characterizes him. An angel is conducting the three wise men who bring their offerings. Shepherds are seen hastening to the festival, and these are followed by a spruce personage with hair well curled, with his hat under his arm, and playing with a smart gold-headed cane, as like as need be to the most coxcombical among the exquisites of our day, and who seems intended to represent the lord of the manor. The Almighty in all his glory is looking down on the sight, and the wondering crowd of faithful worship and —pay. Priests are stationed at the balustrade, like so many retailers behind their counter; and are noisily displaying the ostentatious gifts of the wealthy, in large silver bowls, in order to wring a mite from the poor. I saw an aged woman, extremely indigent to all appearance, laying down her offering. In her case it must certainly have been a sacrifice to custom, and perhaps to pride. I had a mind to say to her: "Why do you give to those who are making such a display of their riches?" But I should perhaps have done wrong, for the pleasure of giving is its own reward! I did not, however, drop a single coin into these bowls, far too sumptuous to be

* Not the identical one (as the newspapers say), from Bethlehem, which is said to be exhibited at Santa Maria Maggiore.

appropriate to the occasion ; but I went to wait for the poor woman at the church door, for I concluded that she would be asking for alms. Nor was I wrong in my surmises, for she held out her hand and requested my charity ; I gave her a piece of money worth more than her offering, and then left the place. Who knows but what the good old woman took my bounty for a polite attention on the part of Providence, with a view to encourage humble virtue ? Yet it was but caprice setting folly to rights !

CHAPTER LIX.

MIDNIGHT MASS AT ROME.

It was Monday, the 24th December, 18—, I was at Rome, and I said to myself—

“It is now exactly 18— years ago that, on this very day, a child or rather a God was born, in a stable in Judea; and while even the poorest woman of the *ghetto* lacks not the means of wrapping her new-born in the soft warm folds of woollen swathings, the son of God (*Emmanuel*) was cast into this world on a heap of straw, and his mother was obliged to warm his frozen limbs by aid of the breath of a couple of animals. The smallest bird that builds its nest beneath the green leaves, chooses its time to prepare its sunny bed, and hatches its young in a season when the sun revives and animates the whole face of nature, and when the nights are short and mild; and it was in the midst of the frosts of winter, in a building open to all the winds of heaven, that the first act of the great mystery of the redemption took place! Truth to say, I know of nothing more poetical than this! The palaces of Odin excite my astonishment; the grandeur of Olympus enchants my imagination; Confucius makes me serious, and Bramah wearies me; Isis, Ibis, and the mysteries of the Hierophant, perplex me with enigmas that I am unable to solve. But the nativity of Jesus touches my heart, and awakens all my emotions! Ah! be my God the God who has suffered; for am I not open to every species of suffering? Be my God the infant God, for I am a father, and in the cradle beside me there are tears and childish wailings. I never went to hear those preachers who pervert the word of God to political purposes; and, from my inmost heart do I loathe the disciples of Loyola; but the nativity of the heavenly Infant comes home to my feelings, and though no

wise man of the East, and though without a star for my guide, I bear in mind the stable of our Saviour, and I will go and adore the sacred manger."

It was towards five in the afternoon when these reflections passed through my mind; the weather having been superb, I had gone forth from the *Strada di capo le case*, and was walking on the *Monte Pincio*, one of the most picturesque spots of Rome. The purple beams of the sun, darting down on the cupola of St. Peter's, and on the steeples of the surrounding churches, produced the effect of a magic illumination. I, however, tore myself away from this enchanting sight, and, warned by the cannon that resounded from *St. Angelo's* castle, that the Pope was leaving the *Vatican*, on his way to *Santa Maria Maggiore*, I bent my steps in that direction.

When I had reached the Piazza of Santa Maria Maggiore, in the midst of which rises an obelisk of the highest antiquity, I perceived a multitude of gilded carriages, containing the Cardinals, arriving one behind another, each carriage driven by an enormous coachman, with two great footmen behind. It was not long before the Pope arrived, in a magnificent carriage, drawn by four white horses. Carabiniers, on horseback, were on duty to maintain order, and to make each carriage fall into the file in its proper turn; the doors of the church were guarded by sentinels, who had strict orders to allow no one to enter in a frock coat. Unaware of such a prohibition, I had neglected to conform myself to this opera-like etiquette, and it was only after a long colloquy with one of the soldiers, and a previous conference of the latter with his officer, that I obtained admission within the doors of the church.

Fancy, gentle reader, a vast edifice supported by twenty-two marble columns of dazzling whiteness; fancy an altar formed of four immense porphyry pillars, each composed of a single block; fancy a coffered ceiling with rosaces artistically sculptured and magnificently gilded; add to the picture presented to your imagination, a countless number of wax tapers, of all sizes, affixed to each pillar, and garlands of flowers carefully entwined, and running round the whole church; and to sum up all in a word, recall to mind the fairy scenes so pompously set forth in the "*Arabian Nights*," and even then you will have but an imperfect idea of the dazzling *coup-d'œil* presented by Sta. Maria Maggiore. There were no chairs here, for they would be superfluous; nobody comes to these stately ceremonies out of religion—curiosity alone attracts all the strangers in the place—and, in point of fact, the temple

of the Almighty is more assimilated to a superb gallery in a royal palace than to a sanctuary where people have assembled to pray. And, shall I add it? how many profane *rendezvous* have been given in this vast assembly of men of all countries, and of Roman ladies the most remarkable for their wit or their beauty!

Oh! how inconsistent is this unheard-of luxury with the humility of a stable!

But now a vast commotion takes place; people are pushing and elbowing each other; the whole crowd is rushing in the direction of the vestry: the Pope is about to pass. Escorted by his Swiss guards, surrounded by cardinals and patriarchs, whose dresses are literally shining with gold, the Pope advances, borne majestically in his palanquin; his head seems bending beneath the weight of the tiara—that triple crown enriched with diamonds and precious stones, exceeding in value a million of francs—and this is the successor of St. Peter the Apostle—of St. Peter the fisherman!

The manger next appears in a glass case, ornamented with gold and silver; the most ravishing music, executed by the far-famed *musici*, suddenly bursts forth; hark we to its strains:—

Cœlum cui regia
Stabulum non respuis;
Qui donas imperia,
Servi formam induis;
Sic teris superbiam.

Wherefore, then, O ye men of little faith, wherefore all this luxury, so much at variance with the beautiful words of your own hymns? Is it by so impious a display of worldly vanities that you pretend to do homage, according to the expressions of the church, to the blessed cloud that has let fall the Saviour, like a miraculous emanation of dew upon earth?

During the whole ceremony there was no cessation of conversation of the least edifying description. Here an architect was drawing the noble chapters of the beautiful columns of the temple; there a painter was sketching a caricature; here a lover was taking advantage of the crowd to sidle up to his mistress; and there some of the light-fingered gentry, who had wriggled themselves in, as they do everywhere, were gathering a harvest of handkerchiefs and watches. Is it really serving the interests of religion, thought I, to admit a ceremony of this kind into the system of Divine worship?—Religion, in itself is so beautiful, its dogmas are so profound and unchanging,

its morality so pure and so sublime! But these pompous ceremonies are in direct opposition to the very essence of its morality. Priests of the Almighty, would you make others pious? Then destroy the golden calf that you have profanely raised within your temples; forbid not the lower orders to enter its precincts, for you must be well aware that the homage of the poor is at least as acceptable to the Lord, as that of their more opulent brethren.

On quitting the church, I perceived a brilliant illumination on the Piazza Sta. Maria Maggiore, and I saw the lackeys belonging to the cardinals gorged with wine and good fare, while a man was leaning against a post, dying of hunger; and I returned home, thinking to myself, that in the capital of the Christian world, in a country where so many monks and so many other idlers are fattening on the substance of the industrious labourer, the poor, who are too modest to beg, ought at least to be relieved from the pressure of want. -

CHAPTER LX.

HISTORICAL SITES MISNAMED BY GUIDE BOOKS.

ONE day I was told that a stranger desired to speak to me; I bid the servant usher him in.

I immediately recognised in him a tall young man whom I had seen in several *salons* in Paris, and particularly at the house of a quondam lawyer. At the time that I was in the habit of meeting this young man, he was very busy endeavouring to win his spurs as a literary man, and bothering everybody with his works, which are still in manuscript to this day. Having, however, received a tolerable education, and being possessed of some property, though afflicted with an imagination over prone to enthusiasm, this gentleman, whom I shall call St. Lambert, held a certain rank in society, less owing to his fortune than his personal merit, which was not entirely spoiled by his inveterate ambition of being thought a poet.

Need I mention that previous to his departure for Italy M. St. Lambert had taken care to work his imagination up to blood heat, and that he fully intended writing a poem in several cantos, on the ruins of that interesting country.

M. St. Lambert came, he said, to put my complaisance to the test. Although I foresaw but little pleasure in a long tête à tête with a man who was always wandering in imaginary regions, I did not think fit to refuse; and Fernando having, meanwhile, arrived on purpose to propose a walk, I asked M. St. Lambert to make one of our party, an offer which he instantly accepted.

We began our walk by passing the Monte Cavallo, and the monastery of Santa Teresa. Seeing the name of Praxiteles inscribed on the pedestal that supports one of the colossal statues of the Quirinal, and Phidias on the other, M. St. Lambert took off his hat and began to exclaim—"Hail to ye, oh, most wondrous production of the chisel of the most celebrated sculp-

tor in Greece!" Fernando cut short his enthusiasm by remarking that the style and likeness of the two statues to each other showed them to be from the same hand. My inspired friend, however, who was little versed in the secrets of the art, referred him to the inscription; but on the objection being made that the signature of an impostor, or an ignoramus could not change the nature of an art, he thought it best to interrupt his invocation to the illustrious Greek artists. Besides, an itinerary that he held in his hand drew off his attention towards the square tower of the monastery of Santa Teresa, and trusting to the explanation furnished by his book—"There," cried he, crossing his arms, and trembling with emotion, "there is the famous tower from whose summit the ferocious Nero gloated on the sight of Rome in flames! Neither the shrieks of sucking babes, nor the despair of the women running about with dishevelled hair and calling aloud for their husbands; neither—"

My friend again interrupted him:—"You are wrong in wasting your pity upon Rome *à propos* of this tower, which has not existed above five hundred years. It was built by the members of Boniface the Eighth's family, as a safe retreat during the anarchy that distressed the city for such a length of time."

"Its situation, however," replied our poet, "is highly appropriate for an amusement of the sort I mentioned; and surely the learned man who composed the itinerary that I have been consulting, cannot be so grossly mistaken."

"No doubt he cannot," replied Fernando, "but he may have an interest in deceiving others who are over credulous."

"I grant you that," answered M. St. Lambert, "however, it was either from hence or from another tower, if you like it better, that Nero must have contemplated the sight, as the pilot ascends the highest mast to contemplate the angry waves and dark abysses of Neptune's dominions." This flourish caused my friend and me to smile; but its author, wholly engrossed by his inspiration, paid no attention to us.

About an hour later, having visited the tomb of the daughter of Crassus,* which is outside of Rome on the Appian way, and the Circus Maximus, recently brought to light by excavation, we descended into a valley at a little distance from these two ruins. This valley is watered by a small river, bordered by willows and poplars; and a temple formerly erected to Bacchus, and since converted into a chapel under the auspices

* Called the tomb of Cæcilia Metella. This monument is circular, supporting a frieze ornamented with bulls' heads, whence the appellation of *Capo di Bòve* is derived. The sepulchral chamber is in the middle, and very small.

of a hermit, together with a little wood of olive trees, crown one of the surrounding hillocks. Beneath this temple, at the bottom of the valley, is a vault of some size, backed against the hill, and shaded by wild fig trees and creepers, whose waving motion insensibly wears away the stones and the stucco covering them in the interior. Two side chambers, likewise in ruins, are visible from the entry; they are decorated with niches like the rest of the edifice. A statue, in the attitude of a recumbent person, fills the back ground, from whence flow torrents of very clear water, which divides off into several channels purposely made to receive it. Struck by the charms of the place, and still guided by his itinerary, M. St. Lambert cried out in an ecstasy—"This time you will not accuse me of being in error. The little wood of olive trees that ornaments the hill, these limpid streams flowing through these delightful shrubs, the solitude of the spot, the admirable view we behold, and the distance we are from Rome, everything, in short, conspires to point out the delicious retreat—the oasis, where Numa came to meditate upon his laws! Surely this is the sacred fountain where he slaked his thirst, and this the image of the mysterious nymph who inspired him. Grotto of Egeria! my eyes at length contemplate you! Oh! why am I not endowed with the genius of a Horace? Then would I invoke you, ye charming sylphs and soft zephyrs, ye presiding deities of this retreat! Then ye silvery waves, ye flowery meads and balmy air, then, should ye communicate the impress of your charms to my writings; ye—"

"Why, sir," cried Fernando, out of all patience, "I wish to goodness you would put on a pair of spectacles to examine this statue. You take it for the nymph Egeria, and it is the figure of a man, as you may plainly perceive by his broad chest and square-built frame. Before you drink of the sacred stream, as you call it, just cram your head into the aperture from which the water flows, and you will perceive that it is an aqueduct covered over with stucco. If you were anything of an architect you would quickly be aware that both the vault and the well, in the reticular style, belong to the time of Aurelian: and you will conclude from this mass of facts, that what you take for a grotto is nothing but a bath-room. Look at what history says; it tells us that if Numa did erect a temple dedicated to the Muses near a grotto, at a short distance from Rome, the new walls built under Aurelian's reign incorporated it with the town, where its situation may still be traced; so, you see, you are getting on your high ropes for nothing."

This hasty sally had nearly thrown M. St. Lambert into convulsions.

"If I am to believe you," said he rather ill-temperedly, "this book is full of rodomontades, and I have thrown away my money like a fool."

"Very likely," replied my learned friend. "If one was to credit these sort of guides, one might easily finish by believing that the moon is the bottom of the saucepan of the gods. Know then, sir, that you are in the land of lies and bad faith. People sell you false information about public monuments, just as they sell you mock medals, mock bronzes, and mock relics. The foreign amateur, unless encased in a spirit of the most sceptical criticism, is here liable to be the dupe of every one who comes near him. They will show him the baptistery of Constantine, and the very spot where the Pope conferred the baptismal rite upon him, when Eusebius, St. Ambrose, and St. Jerome, all declare that he was christened, if indeed he was christened at all, at his last moments, in a town in Nicomedia, named Achiron; moreover, this baptistery, which was built in the seventh century, is only mentioned in the eighth. Notwithstanding the obvious destination of a round building ornamented with twelve pillars, and adorned with mosaics representing all the attributes of the worship of Bacchus, such as the Dionysian Dragon, the pine tree, the fig, the vases called *sympulum* and *præficulum*, ornamented with scarlet fillets, as well as *patcræ*, and zephyrs carrying thyrsi and cups full of wine; all these indubitable proofs will not prevent people from having the assurance to tell you that such an edifice was built as a mausoleum to St. Constance; that the porphyry tomb, bearing the same attributes, contains her body; and that an edifice, some remains of which may be seen further on, was raised to the memory of St. Helen. Nay, more absurd still, they will show you the staircase by which Jesus Christ ascended to the pretorium of Pilate, and which one of the Popes caused to be transported to Rome; although by some bungling contrivance, the staircase is of Luna marble—Luna being a town situate in Italy. It is thus," continued Fernando, "that from the gross ignorance that prevailed in the latter ages, the house inhabited by Nicholas Rienzi, the famous tribune of tragical memory, took the name of Pilate's house; and that a Norman tower beyond St. Lorenzo's gate, is reputed to have served as a retreat to the insurgent slaves in the time of Spartacus. There are no absurdities, no lies, no ineptitudes, but what have been accumulated for the purpose of deceiving those

whose imaginations outweigh their learning. I think it right to warn you, therefore, to be upon your guard."

This lesson seemed to have terrified M. St. Lambert. He was silent during the rest of the day; and whether he did not care to expose himself any more to having his illusions put to flight, or whether he was sufficiently discouraged to have left Rome at a moment's warning, he did not favour me with another visit, and I found myself relieved by the means from a very fatiguing species of complaisance.

CHAPTER LXI.

ANTIQUITIES—HOW MANUFACTURED.

LIKE the prophets who seized hold of their pen each time the spirit moved them, by exclaiming : "Listen and behold!" so have I taken the habit of writing down everything that strikes me as singular. One day therefore that Fernando paid me an unexpected visit, and found me scribbling, he inquired whether by chance I was writing a book on Rome? I owned the impeachment.

"So much has already been written on this city," observed my friend, "that you will find it very difficult to say anything new on the subject."

I answered that having taken great pains to observe principally the Romans themselves, I flattered myself with having acquired the power of painting more correctly than my predecessors, who had hurried over the ground, and not given themselves sufficient time.

"Take care," replied Fernando, "nature requires to be seized in the fact, as it were, and without preparation; the attempt to study her is as much a matter of casualty as the fortune of war, and the success of a battle; chance, an unforeseen-circumstance, a mere accident will often assist you better in your observation, than the most minute attention. Do not, therefore, seek to write in what you term, I believe, the romantic manner; analyze your own sensations, submit them to the test of reason, and above all obey your impressions in preference to your preconceived notions, and then truth will be blended with originality, for sincerity is the life and essence of all descriptions of men and manners."

Having spoken thus, either accidentally or from an obliging forethought, Fernando proposed to me to go and see a warehouse of mosaics and antiquities, the owner of which was

known to him; and on my readily consenting, he took me to a little street not far from the *Via Condotti*, where we entered a dark passage, ending in a winding staircase, and having ascended twenty steps, he bid me listen and be sure to remember what I should hear. I did as my friend bid me, when I heard what follows.

A male voice.—*Sangue di Dio!* my good friend, but I swear that I cannot give you more than five and twenty piastres! By the time the porter will have got his ten, and the *fachino* five, I shall be ten per cent out of pocket.

A second male voice.—And I swear by the devil's own carcase, that if you don't give me thirty-two *scudi*, you shall never set your foot in the hotel again. I think I have been *cameriere* (valet de chambre) long enough to know how to deal with such folks as you. . . Besides, the *maestro di casa* (steward) must have his commission out of it, and we know very well that your Russian has laid out at least five hundred piastres with you.

A female voice.—As true as I'm a Christian and an honest woman, my dear sir, you have been misinformed. Besides you ought to have some conscience—one must live and let live.

Second voice.—*Dio Segreto!* Don't try to come over me with any of your soft solder! you had better hold your jaw, old woman. Isn't it enough to make strangers pay a hundred *scudi* for what is worth only twenty, but you think to pluck us of a few more feathers with your hypocritical cant. But *per Baccho* I'll sooner show you up to my Russian, than let you fancy you have caught a gudgeon in me.

First voice.—My dame didn't mean that; surely we can come to some terms?

The woman.—That's what I was going to say when he interrupted me, and called me an old woman, which is a piece of impertinence I never heard before, and which surprises me all the more, as Father Scapiglione said the other day—but enough of this. Our Saviour says we must forgive all offences, and our priest tells us not to think too much of compliments. So my fine fellow, I'll let you have one *scudo* more, and I shall say ten ave-maries for the good of your soul.

First voice.—I think you'll say that my wife comes down handsomely, at any rate.

Second voice.—I want money, and none of her ave-maries and flummery.

The woman.—Mercy on us! one would think he was a heretic!

Second voice.—I must have my thirty-two *scudi*! or by the living Jingo—

First voice.—If my wife consents, I'll give you twenty-seven.

Second voice.—Thirty-two! By old Nick himself!

First voice.—Quite impossible! isn't it wife?

The woman.—*Ma che!* . . .

Second voice.—Then good bye.

The woman.—Stop my son! Since you insist on having thirty-two *scudi*, even at the risk of your precious soul, you shall have them; but you must remember me in your prayers, for really it is a crying sin to fleece foreigners in this manner, all to oblige you!

Second voice.—Very well, make up your mind at once! . . . And now I announce you a visit from a German baron, a great amateur of antiquities. I have a capital scent, and I can warrant that he is a famous pigeon. You understand me?

First voice.—Perfectly.

“Since that is the case,” continued the woman, “do you go out by the back door, sweet sir, for if the neighbours were to see you coming out of the house before the arrival of the German, they might make their remarks—people are so fond of backbiting their neighbours!”

At this moment Fernando perceiving that they were turning the key in the door at which we were listening, made a scuffling with his feet, and coughed, that we might seem to be just arriving; after which necessary preamble he knocked loudly. The key was suddenly stopped. A consultation seemed to be held, judging by a silence of about ten seconds that followed. At length the husband's voice inquired who was there. This is a customary question amongst the Romans, the usual answer to which is: “a friend.” My companion having pronounced this *open sesame*, the door turned on its hinges. A man whose features we had not time to examine, came out, and passing quickly before us, was soon concealed in the darkness of the staircase. He who had opened the door, received Fernando affectionately; but he bowed to me in a constrained manner, which however underwent an instant modification, when my friend, guessing the cause of his embarrassment, told him he need not fear anything, and that I was one of their own set. On this assurance, the wife of the master of the house advanced, and

with downcast eyes made us a low curtsy. She was a tall, gaunt creature, with thin lips and a grisly beard. An enormous rosary, and a bunch of keys hung from her belt; two little dogs were resting on her bosom, well wrapped up in a shawl, and three angola cats, very bare of fur, were purring about her, and nestled under her clothes when she sat down. Nothing could well be more grotesque than the appearance of the room. No provincial museum ever displayed a more heterogeneous mass of objects. Here were paintings apparently black with age, neatly restored to a semblance of colour; there lay fragments of statues daubed over with earth; in another corner you perceived a strange medley of broken etruscan vases, of bottles pompously denominated lachrymatories, lamps of *terra cotta*, cameos, medals, rusty armour, oxidated bronze vases, and pieces of plaster painted to simulate frescoes. By the side of these were crucibles containing different idols recently melted down, and vases full of corrosive water, in which were steeped various metal articles. Broken bass-reliefs were strewed on the floor, together with the mallet that had shivered them, and the pot of mud that was to coat them over.

Our hostess perceiving me smile as I examined these damning proofs of the trickery of the trade, called her servant, and inquired harshly why all that filth had not been removed?

"Because," replied the menial, with the greatest simplicity, "I heard you say you would want it by and by for the shield that Prince B—— is to find at his villa."

"Confound the slut!" cried her mistress, letting her dogs fall, to turn the servant out, "if we were not known people, this gentleman here would take us for"—

Here Fernando interrupted her by observing that being one of their set, I should not betray them.

"If that's the case," replied the lady, "his honour must be aware that everybody gains a livelihood as best they may. What would be the use of a little learning, when one has no fortune, if one didn't speculate on the ignorance of rich people?"

"No doubt, no doubt," said the husband; "however, as this gentleman understands the thing, I'll just show him a medal, and he shall give his opinion upon it. It was found at—at—help me, wife! where was the medal of the Coliseum found?"

"Why in the tomb of the Horatii," she replied.

"Only listen to her!" cried he; "she is making anachronisms, as if she was in the business only since this morning."

Why, it was picked up under a marble flag in Trajan's basilica, by a galley-slave, who only half liked to part with it, for he was an amateur himself; I will sell it to you with a very small profit, if you think you can dispose of it to any of your countrymen who keep a collection; it would be a capital speculation for you."

So saying, he put into my hand an enormous bronze medal, bearing on one side the effigy of Vespasian, and on the other a representation of the Coliseum. I was admiring its perfect state of preservation, when Fernando inquired with a smile, why there was an attic to the edifice?

"Don't you know," said the dealer, "that the building has one?"

"I know it has," retorted my friend, "but it was only added under Gordian's reign; consequently, the medal is a false one."

The disconcerted tradesman looked at his wife, who exclaimed, in a mortified tone:

"I have told you a hundred times that V—— is a jackass; his blunders will undermine our reputation."

"And you, wife," said the husband, "with your indiscretion—"

He did not finish his sentence. In his embarrassment he scratched his head, and fumbled amongst his curiosities, as if in hopes of finding some object of sufficiently authentic singularity, to make up for the failure of the medal. A rosary in mosaic having turned up, he showed it to me, saying: "Guess where this comes from?"

"The gentleman won't be able to guess," observed his wife, "and so I'll tell him, begging him at the same time to accept of it, that it comes from St. Paul's basilica, which was almost destroyed by fire."

Fernando made me a sign to accept this present, which I accordingly did, and from that moment the worthy couple considered me as bought over to their concern.

The wife, who was of a most talkative disposition, had already let me into a few of the drawbacks of the trade, and the tricks, more or less scientific, by which they patched them up, when a great noise was heard in the next room, the door burst open, and in came a stout man, with a pair of thick moustachios. He was grasping the jacket of a young man, whom I recognised by his voice to be the same who was parleying so long with our curiosity dealers.

"Tell me," began this strange Don Whiskerandos, "if this fellow didn't come just now to announce the visit of a German Baron?"

The wife stammered out that she did not recollect any such thing.

"And you," said the moustachioed man to the husband, "is your memory any better?"

The tone in which these words were pronounced frightened the latter into owning the fact. The speaker then let the young man go, and ordered him away with an imperious wave of the hand. When he was sure that he was out of the house, he exclaimed proudly:

"Know that I am the Baron Von K——, *geheimer Rath* of his Majesty the King of——, and commissioned to purchase on his account, a number of objects of virtu and antiquity."

The dealer bowed down to the ground, and his wife curtsied three several times. "His Excellency will perhaps walk into the warehouse," said she.

"Know that I am the Baron Von K——," repeated the German antiquary, "which is as much as to say that I am not to be duped by folks of your sort! I see here several articles which may perhaps suit me: that Roman Senator, for instance, wears his toga gracefully enough; this fragment of a horse's thigh in bronze, is not wholly contemptible, and something might be made out of it. As for these graces, they will be much improved when their noses shall have been broken, and their legs fractured. But for heaven's sake tell me what ninny mutilated that gladiator so badly?"

"It was found in that state," answered the dealer.

"What!" replied the councillor, "do you dare to say so to me, the Baron Von K——, must I give you a lesson that will teach you, once for all, who you have to deal with? By Jove I will!"

So saying he stamped on the floor with his foot, to ascertain its solidity, and with a preparatory "now mind," he threw himself with his whole weight against the statue, which fell to the ground, and broke into seven or eight pieces. Then accosting the astounded dealer with a triumphant air, he said: "Put these pieces together again, and you will double its value. This is the way to add centuries of old age to the most modern productions. Now attend to what I say: I shall return in a week, and you must have your whole stock in readiness. Ransack all the stores of your fellow dealers; I want vases, candelabra, and medals—you understand? I shall fix the prices myself; but never let that coxcomb of a valet show his face on your premises again. I abhor all rogues, and with good reason. Farewell."

While the hostess of the house accompanied him to the

door, with a low curtesy at every step, the husband rubbed his hands in high glee.

"That is the way with the world," said he, "show them a modern chef-d'œuvre, and they will despise it; dig up some wretched production that has a sort of antique character about it, and people are crazy to purchase it for its weight in gold. How many objects do we not meet with in the museums of Paris and London, as well as Florence, that have been collected together by the agency of men every bit as worthy their sovereign's confidence as his Excellency the Baron! I should never have suspected him of so much sagacity! Upon my word the honourable gentleman is a master in the craft. Just look how cleverly he has shivered this statue to pieces for me! Were you acquainted with this method?" he added, addressing me.

I owned I was not.

"It is a bold one, it must be confessed," observed he.

I advised him to profit by so valuable a hint. "It would have amazing success in France," said I, "for at present we are blessed with a director *general* (a magniloquent title he has lately wrenched from the 'powers that be') of the fine arts, at Paris, whose impudent quackery is quite a match for the German roughness of your Baron."

The retailer of virtue promised to note down my suggestion. Whereupon, Fernando having congratulated him on so grand a discovery, we took our leave.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE CARNIVAL AT ROME.

I WAS inhabiting the quarter of the town most patronised by Frenchmen, and lodged, as I believe I have already mentioned, in the *Strada di capo le case*, No. 56. The house formed the corner of the *Via Fratina*. One day, being startled by the sound of piercing shrieks, I hastened down into the street, to ascertain whence they proceeded, when I perceived a young woman in the most violent despair, struggling with two men who were forcing her into a coach, where they seated themselves as soon as they had got her in.

I approached a knot of idlers who stood staring just by, and listened to their remarks.

"I suppose they are taking her to a convent?" said one woman.

"No doubt," replied another.

"Serves her right," resumed the first speaker, "for wanting to go a-gallivanting, when her husband is dying. If she had half a *baioco's* worth of feeling, she would have preferred staying with her husband, who is dropsical, and has been bedridden these six months, and keeping him company. But no: madam, who has most likely got a beau, has thought of nothing but her ball dress ever since the new year. And she used to call out to me from her window, and "neighbour," said she, "look at this, that, and t'other! Isn't my dress beautiful?" The sick man, who thought no good was to come of all this, set himself against her going to the ball; but she only laughed at him. Our parish priest, who talks like any lawyer, then interfered in turn, and spoke to her of her good name, and of Christian charity, which bid her take pity on her sick husband: but she sent him packing; and because his nose happened to be red, she called him a drunkard, and worse than that—Lord save

me!—a filthy hog (*porcone*)! Only think of calling a reverend father by such names as that! so that is why her ladyship has received a visit from these carabinieri in disguise, who will put a stop to her dancing, laughing, and making love at *Festina*, by shutting her up in the *Scaletti*, for the whole time of carnival."

This charitable exposure of facts was received in very different ways by the audience: the young women thought the punishment very severe, the old ones maintained that coquettes out to be kept in order, the men crowed, and as to myself, I remained neuter—I had only listened.

This episode put me in mind of sundry preparations that I had forgotten. I had seen, the day before, a troop of men on horseback in the *Corso*, with a trumpeter at their head, all dressed in red jackets, ornamented with yellow lace, and carrying flags of various colours, but on the whole seeming better versed in the manœuvres of the antechamber than in those of horsemanship. Their coursers, too, seemed surprised at not having a cart behind them; by which tokens I recognized the livery servants of the Senate, who were going to show the ambassadors resident in the Eternal City, the prize destined to the victors in the barb race. This is a custom in which the servants take great delight, on account of the fees they are sure of receiving from the European Excellencies.

All these circumstances tended to show me how much importance the Romans attach to the carnival. At this moment a young man came to offer his services for blacking my boots, although it was not his trade. On being questioned on this score, he told me he considered that branch of industry a means of earning a few *baiocchi*, and consequently enabling him to take part in the masquerade. The women who served me in my lodgings, had requested a month's wages in advance; they were both mothers, and probably it was in order to give their children a treat. In short, the more I looked about me, the more I perceived a certain hilarity and mirthful expression in every countenance, that plainly told of past pleasures still remembered, and delights that were yet to come.

A foreigner, and nearly isolated, I had a mind to enjoy, at least, the amusement of others. The crowd was rushing in the direction of the *Strada del Corso*, when I followed the stream, and reached the spot just as the bell of the capitol was giving the whole population, whether on foot or in carriages, masked or in plain clothes, the signal for beginning their saturnalia. The pavement on each side of this long street was lined with chairs hired by spectators; and all the windows and balconies

were hung with scarlet silk drapery, embroidered in gold, as during the most solemn festivals. From out of these ramparts, the ladies fling quantities of dragees to their friends, who, in return, send them tasteful nosegays by the help of elastic ladders. From this moment liberty (or more properly speaking, license) reigns supreme; all ranks are confounded and forgotten. The sitting spectators keep up a warfare with the passers by, and exchange their sugared missiles. The Duke de Laval Montmorency will not easily forget the siege he held out, in one of the years of my stay in Rome, against some artists and merchants, countrymen of his.

I shall say nothing of the costumes of single individuals, nor of the parties of masqueraders which are here preferred. The drawbacks to matrimony, the ridicules of poets, doctors, and lawyers, are here, as elsewhere, the constant theme of all manner of jokes. The grand Signior and his pachas are not forgotten, and frequently, as in Paris, the commissary is at a loss how to poise the scales of justice with an impartial hand, when the plaintiff is a diminutive harlequin complaining of improper liberties on the part of a gigantic lady in a farthingale, the defendant.

If one wishes to see a yet more characteristic scene, one must leave the Corso, and go to *Rippa Grande* and *Testacio*. It is there that the Roman spirit is to be seen in all its glory. The rustic inhabitants of this district borrowing their wardrobe from nature's simple stores, dress themselves up in skins, make crowns of lettuces and cabbages, doublets of carrots, and buskins of pumpkins, thus renewing the traditions of their ancient worship; and what is more, not forgetting while they personate Bacchus, Vertumnus, Pomona, the sylvan deities, and Pan, to recall a taste of their pristine beatitude, by making copious libations of wine in the grotto of Mount Testacio.

On returning to the Corso, I remarked that at a certain signal given, by firing off a cannon at the castle of St. Angelo, all the carriages drew off into the adjacent streets; next a platoon of cavalry passed by at a gentle trot; the foot passengers then made way both right and left—and for what? Why, for one of the ambassadors, for each has his day, who comes to parade about, with all his carriages, horses, and servants in grand style. The French ambassador, who, this time, happened to have the right of parading the first, was preceded by running footmen, who galloped and trotted after the most approved fashion of their four-footed prototypes, carrying, moreover, long silver-headed canes in the

English style. This feudal custom, which puts the crowd to great inconvenience, brought down upon these poor devils, who had already been buffeted about at the *Giustino feta*, a fresh volley of cuffs and blows, which their noble master was obliged to see and hear from out of his superb triumphant car, without venturing on a remonstrance or a sign of displeasure.

No sooner has the representative of his Most Christian Majesty had his full swing of pomp and parade, than it is the turn for the barbs to show off. On these occasions an amphitheatre, formed by seats one above another, is always prepared at the foot of the obelisk in the *Piazza del Popolo*. The dignitaries of the town and foreigners, who wish to see conveniently, seat themselves here—the latter of course on paying a certain sum. A number of wild horses are brought into the arena, covered with bundles of prickles, with pieces of lighted tinder fastened under their tails, so that in a paroxysm of pain and fury, they frequently burst all bounds before the starting place can be opened, and, clearing the Corso with the rapidity of lightning, they run headlong into the toils that have been spread for them at one end of the Venetian palace, and are effectually caught. The sight they now present is really grand. Foaming all over, with mane erect, and scared by the yells and halloos of the multitude that have been incessantly baiting them, they fall in one confused mass, rolling about in the sand, and snorting in the most frightful manner. In order to catch them in this state, it is necessary to encounter them singly, and to undergo a severe struggle, which requires prodigious strength and skill. The senator of Rome, seated in a neighbouring gallery with his *Conservators*, awards one of the above-mentioned standards as a prize to the horse who first reached the goal, besides a good round sum of money to his owner, which sum is levied on the Jews, who of course are born to be taxed and burdened at pleasure. This ceremony concludes the amusements of each day, as far as concerns the public. On the eve of Ash Wednesday, at the same hour, a general fermentation proclaims the end of all gaieties. One would think the whole population were expecting a revolution; some are looking round them anxiously: others are entering their houses, from whence they presently come out again loaded with little parcels, which they distribute about. At length you hear a distant murmur of incoherent sounds. It waxes louder and louder, and cries of "*Moccolo! Moccolo! Moccolo!*" rend the air from one end of the town

to the other, and every one hastens to light his *moccolo*. Only think of a hundred thousand wax tapers no larger than so many candle-ends, lighted simultaneously in the hands of this vast mass of human beings, half frantic with frolicsome glee. They display them triumphantly, pelt each other with them, and snatch them out of each other's hands; the wax melts, and runs down on the clothes of the revellers; their fingers get burnt; their neighbours laugh fit to split, and call out to them, and encourage them. One might as soon attempt to stem the ocean, as to extricate oneself from the crowd—follow it you must, and wheresoever the torrent may take you. The whole Corso seems alive with fire-flies of a giant growth. Those who are riding, as well as those who are stationed at their doors, are all brandishing the indispensable *moccòlo*. Then the fun consists in puffing out one's neighbour's taper, and struggling to light one's own again; for woe to the unhappy wight who would set himself above such a symbol of equality! He is instantly overwhelmed with a hailstorm of small dragees; nor are the ladies in their balconies exempt from the annoyance of having their *moccòlo* put out; a nosegay is often presented to them; but when they extend their hands to grasp it, frequently a treacherous extinguisher comes down, and carries off both *moccòlo* and nosegay.

People in England or France can have no idea of the burlesque joy, the hurly-burly and wild buffoonery, that runs, like an electric spark, throughout the whole town on the evening in question. Rome seems inhabited by a set of maniacs and drunkards. However the sound of the fatal curfew proves the contrary. No sooner has the great bell of the capitol rung the knell intended to exorcise the spirit of frolic, than the noise ceases as if by magic, all hilarity vanishes, the *moccoli* are extinguished, not to be lighted again until twelve silent moons shall have rolled past, and brought back the happy day once more; the crowd disperses; the Corso, so thronged with human beings but a moment before, is now become a desert; that bell has tolled the last agonies of the joyous carnival, who gives up the ghost to make way for Lent.

CHAPTER LXIII.

LENT.

MIGHTY indeed are the effects of habitual obedience ! The Romans who are aware that during carnival the government is pleased to wink at their frolics, and who take their fill of pleasure, do not forget that Ash Wednesday is the signal for penance and mortification. And they who the day before were wild with merriment, will now be seen prostrated at the foot of the altar, or the confessional, weeping over the agreeable sins of the preceding eve. Thus, at a word from their masters, they are saints or sinners, licentious, or modest, exchanging the most dissipated life for the dull routine of an anchorite, and that, apparently, without an effort.

However great the license that reigns throughout the carnival, yet, be it observed, it is never carried to any scandalous pitch. Probably the *cavaletto*, which is ready in the environs of the *Corso*, accompanied by the executioner with his knout, contributes not a little to this desirable result, which is further aided by the prohibition of wearing masks in the streets as soon as night has set in. All honour then to the police, who by watching over public morals, ensures the continuance of those days of liberty, so dear to the Roman people, and that show up their character in so pleasing a light !

But I forget while talking of the carnival, that the bell of the capitol has rung its knell.

Here is an end to all gaming, dancing, play-going, banqueting, or flirting ; consequently we bid a long adieu to joy and pleasure—for Lent has set in. Satan and his myrmidons may now howl and gnash their teeth at the very bottom of hell ; their reign is suspended. The holy water vessels

get quickly emptied, and the confessionals filled; the women turn their backs upon the masculine species, and remain deaf to the voice of love. Youth pines away in lovelorn hopelessness; widows with macerated looks, and dressed in deep mourning go about visiting chapels, relics, and sepulchres. Farewell to serenades and social concerts! Rossini himself is shorn of his laurels, and hides his diminished head, at the voice of the sacred *soprani*. Innumerable fraternities seem to rise out of the very earth to make stations at all the calvaries of the land, and impede the progress of all who want to go after their business. Yesterday it was everybody's game to appear in good health, and they would have risked their lives to show how robust they were; but now the grand object is to be thought sickly. The doctors are besieged with visitors, all desirous of obtaining a certificate attesting the debilitated state of their stomachs; for the culinary fate of each, depends on the greater or lesser degree of goodwill on the part of the modern Esculapiuses. Happy is he, —happy for forty long days!—who is able to show a certificate, thus signed, to his parish priest. He is thus enabled when there happens to be a piece of meat in the pot, to enjoy the luxury of a *crouste au pot*, without fear of excommunication; whilst his neighbours would not venture to emancipate themselves from vegetables, and fish cooked in oil.

I remember that Charlemagne made a law that condemned to death any Saxon who should be found guilty of having eaten eggs during Lent. This was showing more humanity towards the chickens than towards his fellow creatures, although it is said that political reasons had the largest share in this measure. In Rome, a law quite as terrible and no less sanguinary, consigns the souls of all carnivorous individuals who violate this commandment, to be broiled in hell. The temporal punishments intended as a prelude to those of another world, such as whipping, fining and imprisoning only fall upon those dealers who retail flesh without a proper authorization, or to unauthorized customers. Yet it would be a fallacy to imagine that the rules of ecclesiastical discipline are one whit severer in Rome than in any other part of Christendom. Far from it. The papal government is too keenly alive to its own interest, and too well aware of the benefit their subjects derive from the influx of foreigners, not to temper the rigidity of church discipline, in all those points that affect the comforts of life. Besides, as the Romans are generally very lax in their observance of canonical rules, the government has the good sense, in this

one instance, to permit officially,—of course on the payment of a certain sum for such dispensation—what they cannot prevent. And thus, on all the days when flesh is prohibited, beginning with Ash Wednesday, you see, all over Rome, little boys placed as sentinels at the door of every eating house, whose business it is to ask each customer, as he enters, how he pleases to be served, and according to the answer, he is either allowed to remain in the public saloon, generally very thinly sprinkled with visitors, or else ushered into a room set apart for the purpose; but in establishments of an inferior order, the wicked are parted from the godly, merely by a curtain which divides the only saloon into two unequal halves. In Rome, a curtain covers a multitude of sins; whether it be employed during Lent to hide the peccadillos of the carnivorous profane, or whether it serves all the year round to conceal from the prying eyes of the Lares, other sins of the flesh for which no absolution is asked.

Let us add that, at those restaurateurs, who pay for the right of having a room for meat eaters, the foreigners who frequent it are supposed, by one of those fictions so truly in the spirit of the Papal government, to be ill, in consequence of which, pork is refused them as unwholesome, and fish as not being substantial enough. This difficulty is, however, very easily evaded; one need only go into the room dedicated to lenten fare, and call for one of the dishes prohibited in the other; the Pope's edict, not having provided against this manœuvre, becomes null and void in such a case.*

The butchers, who are forced to conceal their fillets and loins of beef from the longing eyes of the Catholics, beneath a long piece of white cloth stretched across their shop, make up for their limited sale by exorbitant profits. These are as much

* As a confirmation of the foregoing observations, it may not be out of place to quote the principal heads relative to this subject, in the mandate issued by Cardinal Patrizi, Vicar General of his Holiness Gregory XVI. for the Lent of the year, 1844.

"It is allowable to make use of all kinds of meat and dripping, every day except Fridays and Saturdays of each week, and the four last days of Passion Week. Only one must not serve up, on the same table, both meat and fish. The use of coffee and chocolate does not break through one's fast: *liquidum non frangit jejunium*.

"Severe penalties will be incurred by those hotel-keepers and proprietors of eating-houses, who do not lay in a sufficient stock of lenten fare on the days specified. Yet they may keep a table for such as require flesh, even on the prohibited days, provided it be in separate rooms (*camere separate*). The same rules are proscribed, under the same penalties, to coffee-house keepers and pastrycooks."

Surely, indulgence can no further go!

as twenty-seven *baiochi* per pound for veal. During the holy days of Lent, the butchers enjoy the prerogatives of apothecaries, whose wares nobody thinks of cheapening.

It has been asserted, and not without truth, that necessity is the mother of industry. All these impediments thrown in the way of the process of mastication, cause a new branch of commerce to arise. Open-air kitchens and benches are to be seen in all the crossways. Cauliflowers, broccoli, potatoes and fish are lying ready in the frying-pan or the pot, and find plenty of customers amongst those who have just been drained by carnival expenses, and each poor devil is enabled, for the smallest possible sum, to take some nourishment, which, if not substantial, has the merit of being sufficiently insipid to gain the remission of some of his sins, provided he puts up with his fare in a spirit of penitence.

CHAPTER LXIV.

OPEN AIR PREACHING.

EVERYTHING in Rome offers a contrast to the past ; and the present is continually furnishing fresh examples to this effect. A convent of Franciscans occupies the site of Jupiter's temple on the capitol ; the triumphal column of the good Trajan is surmounted by the statue of the apostle whose prowess the ears of Malchus had but too good reason to remember. Cows are grazing in the Forum. The warlike legions of the *Campus Martis* have been replaced by the pacific bands of the brotherhoods of the Virgin and of the Holy Sacrament. The *Campus Floræ* has still preserved its name (*Campo di Fiore*) ; but instead of the balmy sweets formerly inhaled on this spot, the olfactory nerves are sorely offended by the obnoxious stench of a fish-market, for such this poetical place is now become. During six months of the year, this same *Campo di Fiore* is swarming with mountebanks and tumblers ; but no sooner has Lent reduced them to silence and inaction, than holy energumeni erect their trestles in turn, and launch out into virulent abuse of the profane tendencies of the age, with a degree of energy bordering on frenzy.

Fernando had frequently mentioned these open-air preachings, and adverted to the prodigious effect they produced on the multitude ; but I had, hitherto, expressed but little curiosity for such kind of sights, naturally fancying that the harangues of our French missionaries afforded a very fair sample of the eloquence of their transalpine brethren. I soon had occasion, however, to change my mind on happening, one day, to cross the *Campo di Fiori* with him, when I had listened awhile and witnessed the scene which I will attempt to describe.

A couple of casks, covered with a few planks, served for a pulpit. A ragged audience, consisting of about a hundred men and women, were listening with open mouths to a sort of ecclesiastic, filthy and sunburnt in his appearance, who was gesticulating away on the top of this primitive erection. He was holding forth upon the Passion: "It was," said he, "the sin of our first father that brought on the death of our beloved Saviour. Consequently, as we are all tainted with the original sin, we are all a party to this assassination. Yes, my brethren, we are all of us the murderers, the executioners of our God, and we shall be punished as such, unless we do penance." So saying, he opened the top of his tunic, and seizing hold of a stone, prepared for the purpose, he fell on his knees, and lacerated his breast most cruelly, muttering prayers all the while in a sort of frenzy. Fired by his example, his audience likewise fell on their knees. Some struck themselves violently, at the same time uttering frightful yells; others sobbed aloud, and threw themselves on their faces. Men, women, and girls seemed alike a prey to the most violent despair, or the deepest repentance. But, what is almost beyond belief, mothers, in their anxiety to make their children participate in the good effects of this exhortation, were whipping them without mercy. The preacher, covered with blood, at length gave over, and the people as suddenly ceased their wailings. The scene now changed. Pale as death, gasping and foaming at the mouth, the fanatic preacher cast a threatening look around him. He perceived Fernando and myself observing him from afar; and, quick to take advantage of this incident, he extended his arms in our direction, exclaiming: "This is the way the apostles of the Lord get treated! Heretic foreigners say to each other: 'let us go and see what that priest is after, and make game of his sermons, since the season for laughing at the buffooneries of Punch and Harlequin is now over!'" I was unable to learn the conclusion he drew from this apostrophe, as my friend, fearing that this holy maniac might incite the populace against us, took me by the arm and drew me away. I could not recover from my surprise. Less struck, however, by the preacher's address than by the tears of his audience, I observed that no doubt, the fruits of this sermon would rejoice the hearts of all honest folks. "You labour under an error," interrupted Fernando, "the religion of the Romans is of the nature of saltpetre that evaporates as it explodes; and these fanatics will have no sooner turned their backs, than they will go and drown all these fine compunctious feelings in liquor, or fritter them away in some violent quarrel.

“In order to force its subjects to go and hear the sermons preached during Lent,” continued my friend, “the Papal government causes all public establishments to be closed at the particular hours devoted to that purpose—and what is the result? Why that the churches become actual rendezvous for the purposes of gallantry. Consequently, St. Charles, the fashionable church, is the resort of young men who, certainly, do not attend for the sake of the preacher, and whose minds are anything but on *holy* thoughts intent.”

CHAPTER LXV.

AMANTATE.

I HAD observed for several days that Fernando had always some excuse for putting off our accustomed walks. The melancholy he was always a prey to, seemed to have acquired a darker tinge. I frequently heard him sigh, and he was absent to a painful degree. It was in vain he sought to conceal the canker that was gnawing at his heart, by affecting an appearance of gaiety, all too obviously unsubstantial to deceive even a casual observer. The sight of a happy family encreased his sadness; in spite of all his efforts the tears would occasionally steal down his cheeks; and the very sound of the word son would cause him to start. Notwithstanding our intimacy, I dared not press him to tell me his troubles. Chance, alone, having put me in possession of his secret, I should have deemed it an indiscretion to take advantage of such a circumstance in order to obtain an entire confession. But I felt certain that some fresh calamity had filled the measure of his woes. Perhaps his son's languid state had grown into a serious illness; or perhaps some one else, less harmless than myself, had discovered his place of concealment. My mind was so beset with these doubts, and I found it so impossible to shake them off, that I grew pensive and listless in the midst of this city that had been the object of my most diligent investigations. Sometimes I wandered about near my friend's residence, without venturing to enter it, for fear either of intruding on his painful solitude, or of annoying him by a number of questions that were for ever hovering on my lips. At other times I merely went up stairs hastily, bid Fernando and his daughter good morning, and came out again. Those who are strangers to friendship, with its confidential overflowings and its anxieties, can scarcely form an idea of the moral pain I

endured. One day I found Nina at home, and, apparently, very busy. A young friend of hers was there, and intent on fingering ribbons, gloves, various articles of perfumery, and thousands of pins—in short, the whole apparatus which the fair sex gather around them, when they are about to show off on some grand occasion.

“You are welcome,” said Nina, “but excuse me if I do not attend exclusively to you. My friend Palmira, having obtained the dower of the Annunciation, wants my assistance to be dressed and curled, and have her mantle put on, for as the dress-maker, who usually undertakes these matters, asks more than she can conveniently afford”——

“This young lady is going then to be married?” interrupted I.

“Not yet; but we must take patience. Her number has already been drawn at the lottery, and besides the dower she obtains to-day from the *Minerva* foundation, she will soon receive that of the Holy Sacrament.”

“All this, my dear Nina, is Hebrew to me; pray be so kind, without interrupting your good offices towards your friend, to give me some explanation.”

“Willingly. And first of all, I suppose you have perceived a letter box in the street facing the *Minerva*?”

“I do not recollect it if I have.”

“Well! never mind. You must know that this box is destined to receive the petitions of marriageable girls who are without a portion; they are registered by order of priority, and on the day of the Annunciation, they walk in procession to the *Minerva*, carrying a paper like this, certifying their claims to the portion, on the day they shall marry; and, in the mean time, they receive five piastres for their dress. There are portions for those who wish to take the veil, and such girls are to be distinguished by the wreath they wear on their heads. I advise you to see this ceremony. The lottery likewise furnishes marriage portions, and this is the way in which they are distributed. There is a permanent list of ninety girls, each of whom is designated by a number, and as five numbers come out at every drawing, a like number of girls retire with their portions, and as many new candidates are admitted to try their chance. On this occasion, the money is paid down instantly. I know some one who through these different means acquired a fortune of a thousand piastres.”

“Do you aspire to the same good luck?”

“No, because it is necessary to prove one's destitution, and

my father, besides being too proud to make a show of his poverty, earns something, and is not without a patrimony. Moreover, I don't know why, but a secret foreboding tells me that I never shall be married."

"Are all Romans as scrupulously delicate as your father?"

"No indeed! People who have the means of living, get their names inscribed, and then, from a remainder of shame, hire substitutes to take their daughters' places in the procession; which is the reason why you will see elderly persons amongst this band which ought to be composed of the young exclusively."

"And pray Nina, can you tell me the origin of this institution?"

"I was asking my father the same question, some few days back, when he informed me that this custom was introduced by Giovanni di Torquemada, in the year 1460, and that the girls who are benefited by it are called *Amantate*, on account of the long mantles they wear on these occasions; moreover, that the portions, which amount to a prodigious number, proceed entirely from voluntary and anonymous contributions, on the part of pious souls; and that each girl who will appear to-day in the ceremony, will receive a check for 175 franks of your money. My friend was saying a minute ago, that the number of girls in this year's procession amounts to three-hundred-and-fifty."

"I shall probably see you at the *Minerva* at the hour of the procession, Nina?"

"I should like to go, but custom requires that my friend should go in a coach, and I have nobody to escort me."

"I must not offer you my arm, since Roman propriety forbids—but couldn't your father oblige you in this respect?"

"My father!" . . . said she, with a sigh. At these words, her companion suddenly turned round, and covering her eyes with a handkerchief, made me a sign to retire. I bade Nina farewell, not without emotion, and turned my steps in the direction of the church of the *Minerva*.

I had some trouble to reach it owing to the crowd of carriages and soldiers that blocked up all the avenues. The interior of the building was filled with the lower classes, and the inhabitants of the suburbs, all of them the fathers, brothers, or lovers of the girls belonging to the procession, who were now advancing two and two, each with a taper in her hand. Their costume was entirely white; a long mantle wrapped their heads like a hood, and fell down to their hips. Thousands of pins disposed with artistic skill, formed a sort

of embroidery representing flowers, stars, and various patterns round the edge of their drapery. A white rosary, a girdle with long ends and tassels to which is fastened the deed ensuring the portion, and a sort of gorget covering the under part of their faces like the Syrian women, completed their dress. They took their seats opposite the Pope's throne. Those intended for the cloister, passed one by one before his Holiness, while several dignitaries were admitted to the *honour* of kissing his feet. I could not help sighing as I gazed on these young maidens and thought of the years of lovelorn solitude that awaited them, and the voluntary prison that was about to immure them for ever and steal away those charms that their prudish costume cannot entirely conceal!

One fact I am obliged to chronicle, greatly to the discredit of the fair sex, which is that notwithstanding the gorget which acted the part of a gag, and the presence of the sovereign pontiff, our *amantate* kept up such an incessant cackling that the beadles were several times obliged to call them to order and enjoin silence.

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CHAPTER LXVI.

NATIONAL GUARD—PAPAL GOVERNMENT—
ILLUSTRIOUS FAMILIES.

As I was about to leave the *Minerva*, it began to rain. The porches of the church were crammed with people, waiting till the sky should clear up. Not being very desirous of breathing the foul atmosphere created by the Roman populace, I preferred encountering the rain, and making my way through the crowd; by dint of a little elbowing, I managed to get out, when I perceived Fernando, who had taken refuge under the doorway of the library. After expressing the pleasure I felt at meeting him, I fell to pitying the Pope's soldiers, who seemed but little accustomed to a good soaking, such as they were then undergoing on the *Piazza della Minerva*, and must consequently suffer doubly from the infliction.

"They are the more to be pitied," said Fernando, "as the greater part of these soldiers belong to the national guard."

"A national guard at Rome!" I cried out in amazement.

"Why not?" replied my friend. "Don't you know that princes make a point of picking out from amongst liberal institutions any one that may be conducive to their power? Thus passports originally invented for the safety of travellers, have become a most productive branch of the revenue—and the post which, at first sight, appeared an establishment for general convenience, has become one of the sources of the wealth of states. And so it is with the national guard, which after contributing for a period of twenty years to the safety of the inhabitants, and the independence of the country, is now only a fine name for a useless species of drudgery. And to what better account is it turned in your country? Your *charte* had been confided to the patriotism of the national

guard, your legislators had been entrusted to their keeping—yet the *charte* was violated without their daring to interfere, and one of your deputies was pounced upon in the very sanctuary of the laws, without their attempting to revenge the insult offered to national dignity. Let them ever resume their former energy, and they will be disbanded; but at present they are kept on as perfectly capable of guarding the gates of towns, while the soldiers of the line take their rest in their barracks. The national guard was established in Rome in the days of our short-lived republic. At a time when the clergy ceased to fill all the offices under government, the Romans, proud of being armed for the defence of their new rights, made light of the drawbacks attending on such a state of things; but since they have again come to be priest-ridden, they have lost its advantages, and only retained the inconveniences.”

“I should like you to give me some insight,” said I to Fernando, “into the principles of the Papal government.”

“I am afraid,” said my friend, “that I cannot give you either a clear or a satisfactory one; for while other states have a fixed constitution, based on certain fundamental principles from which we may form a tolerably accurate estimate of their ‘means and appliances,’ and the interest they may take in such or such question of foreign policy, Rome is so singular a compound of despotism and equality, of mildness and intolerance, displaying at one and the same time all the contradictory qualities of obstinacy and weakness, pride and humility, imprudence and cunning, that it baffles every attempt to analyze its subtleties. Justice and charity form the groundwork of her maxims, yet the weak if oppressed, is unable to find a protector; discord is sure to be introduced wherever her emissaries are able to penetrate; and the luxury of her prelates, and her burly monks, are so many insults to the wretched condition of the poor. But you will naturally inquire, wherefore these monstrous results? The cause must be sought in the machinery of the government, which was framed for times of confusion and ignorance, and based upon a system of deception; and which having ceased to exercise any external influence, now preys upon itself, for want of other aliments, even to its own detriment.

“God forbid that I should say a word to the disparagement of the Papal government! Surrounded by enlightened states, and ruling over the most pacific people in the world, it cannot, in fact, be as mischievous as its constitution would warrant. It is bad only by comparison, and no more resembles

the government of Alexander VI. than your present government is like that of Richelieu ; yet its elements remain the same, though less actively enforced. The Pope is still absolute in temporal affairs, and only consults the cardinals on spiritual matters. The revenues of the state are at his disposal ; and though the camerlingo and the senior cardinal are entitled to a key of the treasury as well as himself, he alone, together with the treasurer-general, possesses the secret of the income of the holy see. He can lay on a tax or suppress it at will. He makes and cancels laws, annihilates the bulls of his predecessors, if displeasing to him ; and if the civil laws, based on those of Justinian and Napoleon, are placed beyond the reach of his caprices, he renders them void by assuming the right of referring to the arbitration of his trusty cardinals any cause in which he may take an interest, directly or indirectly, either for himself or some of his favourites.

“The legations of Ferrara, Bologna, and Ravenna possess certain privileges that would seem to temper the authority of the Pope ; but appearances are deceitful. There, as elsewhere, it is mere despotism, assuming the form of protection.

“The government is now composed of a secretary of state, who unites in his single person a whole cabinet full of ministers, of the cardinal vicar, the head of the ecclesiastical police, and of the camerlingo, who presides over the conclave during the interregnums, and at all times is judge in the court of appeal relative to taxes and duties on salt.

“The Governor of Rome is at the head of the administration. He directs the general police, and judges political offences. It is he who gives the watchword, which, by the bye, is always the name of a saint. Next comes the Senator of Rome, who, as you know, only becomes an important personage at the death of the Pope, being then invested with a brief authority as chief of the state, and obeyed by the sacred college and all the dignitaries, until the election of a new Pope obliges him to sink back into his usual insignificance.

“There are a good many tribunals, or congregations, that sit in judgment on criminal causes and lawsuits ; and these are tried secretly. The inquisition, which is always entrusted to the Dominicans, and is much less terrible than its name would seem to imply, decides upon all offences of the press, and passes sentence upon those who have committed sacrilege, or any outrage on public morals. All trespasses against the rules of the civic police, as well as commercial matters,

come within the jurisdiction of the Senator of Rome. Like the governor, he has the right of sitting in judgment in the court of petty offences. There is, however, such a confusion in the laws and in the rights of different parties, such a clashing in the privileges and attributes of the several dignitaries, that the ruling powers have quite as much difficulty in performing their duties, as private people experience in getting their claims acknowledged.

"But in the midst of this governmental chaos," said I, to Fernando, "pray what part does the nobility act?"

"You might almost have answered yourself that question a moment ago. While the cardinals were seated on their benches, a nobleman, Prince Alfieri, the senator of Rome, was standing at their feet on the steps of the throne. At a little distance was a brilliant group of Romans in military uniform, among whom the names of Orsini, Cesarini, Justiniani, Doria, Corsini, Ghigi, Barberini, Lenti, and Rospigliosi are to be found enrolled, and who form a company, called the Princes of the Throne. Deprived of all participation in the management of public affairs, degraded below the rank of cardinal, in spite of their historical nobility, and of the many pontiffs that Rome has owed to their ancestors, they think themselves vastly honoured in being able to shed a degree of brilliancy, by their presence, over the very Papacy that has reduced them to utter insignificance.

"Everyone is aware of the mighty influence formerly enjoyed by the Colonna and Orsini families. The former, belonging to the Ghibeline faction, humbled the tiara, and kept Boniface VIII. and Clement VII. in prison. Moreover, their name has been rendered for ever illustrious by a number of cardinals, a Pope, and several celebrated warriors, one of the most distinguished amongst whom was Marc' Antonio, who conquered the Turks at the battle of Lepanto. The title of constable of the kingdom of Naples has been hereditary in this family ever since the time of Ferdinand of Aragon. In consequence of which its princes used to present the Pope with the genet and the sixty-five thousand golden *scudi*, a tribute which the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily used annually to pay the holy see. It seems as if fate had intended this noble race to be extinguished on the loss of its finest privilege; for its last duke, Philip, who died in 1818, paid the last homage of the kind ever performed. He left but three daughters, married to Princes Lenti, Rospigliosi, and Barberini.

"The Orsinis, who were at the head of the Guelph fac-

tion, had the gift of the tiara in their hands for a considerable length of time. They likewise can boast of many great captains and several pontiffs, who have shed a lustre over their name: it was also a member of this family, who being Governor of Rome, had the honour of crowning Petrarch.

Formerly intrenched within the theatre of Marcellus, as in an impregnable fortress, the Orsinis now inhabit a palace built on the summit of its ruins, a solitary spot, in which they are at leisure to meditate on the instability of human greatness.

"It was the pride of the Ghisi," continued Fernando, "under Alexander VII. that induced Louis XIV. to insist upon the erection of an obelisk, in Rome, that should commemorate the abolition of the Corsican guard, who had dared besiege the Duke of Créqui, his ambassador, in his very palace, and kill several of his servants. This affair, in which Father Cesarini, a partisan of the French, had nearly fallen a victim, was likewise the cause of the celebrated appearance in Paris, of a legate *à latere*, bearing an apology from the Pope. The dignity of Grand Marshal of the church, whose duty consists of keeping the cardinals within the conclave, is hereditary in this family since the extinction of the Savellis.

To escape from suspicion or neglect, a number of illustrious Romans expatriate themselves, and go and enjoy the privileges of opulence and the sweets of liberty, either in Naples or in Florence. Yet the dignity of cardinal seems to be hereditary in several noble families; and this is the only tie that binds them to their country. But how many historical names are degraded by absolute poverty! What ridiculous pride—ridiculous from its utter powerlessness—is to be found amongst our patricians! Far more unhappy than the mechanic who subsists on his daily labour, and quite as boorish, they condemn themselves to all sorts of privations, for the sake of hiring every evening a set of temporary lackeys, who will *Excellency* them over, to their heart's content, besides freely bestowing the titles of count and marquis on all their poor relations.

Nothing, indeed, is more common than these improvised titles. If a doubtful count or marquis has ten children, each and all will style themselves either count or marquis. And such is the complaisance of the Italians, that these titles pass current with them; nor does any one dream of calling in question his neighbour's claim to a honour which has no privilege whatever attached to it, save that of procuring admittance into the Pope's body guard, where the pay is scarcely equal to that of an ensign of the line, in France."

CHAPTER LXVII.

A FRANCISCAN MONASTERY—A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

FERNANDO had scarcely finished giving me this information, when a reverend father (whom I shall call Gregorio, for reasons easily appreciated), the superior of the Franciscan convent of the Observance, came and tapped him on the shoulder, saying, that he was delighted to have met him, as he wished to show him some ancient paintings, which had already been mentioned between them. My friend excused himself on the plea of wanting to take some refreshment, and having agreed to spend the rest of the day with me.

"If that is all," said the monk, I have enough in my cell to feast you with, and this gentleman will, perhaps, like very well to see the convent." I assured him I should be delighted to visit it, and my answer at once determined Fernando. The rain had ceased, and, as the streets of Rome are not muddy, our guide having taken the precaution of tucking up his gown into his girdle, managed to reach the monastery without a speck of mud, and without having even dirtied his bare feet, protected only by a pair of sandals.

The first object we perceived in the cloisters was an elegantly dressed woman who, by a natural impulse as it would appear, advanced to meet the reverend father in the most familiar manner. The latter knit his brows, and asked her roughly, what brought her there? Little accustomed, as it would seem, to such a reception, the lady displayed the utmost surprise and confusion, from which the monk did not give her time to recover, but ordered her away.

"This woman," said he, as soon as she had obeyed, "comes, I suppose, to present me with a petition. I say this, lest you should attribute any other motive to her visit."

We protested against any such slanderous thoughts, and

the Reverend father thanked us with a smile. On reaching the dormitory on the first story, Father Gregorio put his finger to his lips, to enjoin us to be silent, and having looked all round, he took down a picture of the Virgin, in front of which was an oratory, and fished up from a snug hiding-place behind, three bottles of French wine, which he hid beneath his capacious sleeves. He then conducted us on tiptoe to his cell, at the end of a long file of antechambers, the doors of which he carefully closed. There was not the slightest appearance of monastic austerity about the room—far from it—there was even an air of elegance and luxury discernible in all its details. Grecian chairs, with crimson silk cushions, a mahogany bureau with gilt bronze ornaments, a nice bookcase with green sarsenet curtains, and an alcove in the same taste, embellished rather than sanctified by a charming picture of the Virgin, converted this sanctuary into a sort of boudoir, in which, truth to say, the monk's habit seemed strangely out of keeping. It was probably to correct any discrepancy of this kind, that Father Gregorio hastened to exchange his sandals for a pair of furred morocco slippers. We complimented him on his good taste.

"Thank God!" answered he, "I am not one of those monks who make a boast of my poverty, and I should deem it an offence towards the Creator of all things were I to disdain his works. I was saying as much just now, to the Superior of the Dominicans, with whom I had formed a friendship, notwithstanding the old quarrels of our orders on the subject of the immaculate conception. Nor do I follow very minutely the rule of our holy founder in matters concerning the table. You will tell me by and bye how you like this wine, and whether the salmon and the soles that will be dished up are not equal to the best flesh in the world. And do not imagine that I am indulgent only as regards myself; for, though I require a certain decorum, which I should be the last to violate, yet I never pry into what is going on in the cells of my monks."

So saying, Father Gregorio rung in a peculiar manner. In two minutes a lay brother made his appearance at a little side door, concealed by an ample green sarsenet curtain, loaded with several dishes, and having laid a fine Dutch damask cloth on the table, on which he next placed a silver service, he stood behind us, and waited upon us in as good a style as the lackey of any prince. I was amazed at the quantity as well as the daintiness of the dishes that were served up, and the Prior, delighted at our good appetite, said

every now and then: "Well, have I kept my word?" I ventured to inquire whether the remains from his table were distributed amongst the poor. "Amongst the poor?" exclaimed the monk, "what are you dreaming about? If people once got wind of our opulence, they would cease to give us anything; then would follow invectives and calumnies innumerable. We act more prudently. We throw all our scraps daily into the privy. You will think this strange, but if you reflect that we have made a vow of poverty, you will at once perceive how important it is to us not to appear too well off. Now, for instance, this pepper and that bottle of pickles were given me by the Dean of the Chapter of *San Giovanni Laterano*, under the persuasion that I am unable to purchase such luxuries. This pepper is remarkable as being the produce of a dependency of the church of Poretto, near Bastia, at the Cape of Corsica. Three hundred years ago the inhabitants of this village obtained the enfranchisement of their church by engaging to furnish the chapter of *San Giovanni Laterano* with a pound of pepper yearly; an engagement which they observed with the utmost punctuality, until the reign of Napoleon, when they ceased paying the tribute altogether. However, in 1809, a delegate was sent to remonstrate with them, and claim the arrears, which amounted to fifteen pounds of excellent pepper; the pepper was forthcoming, and to this circumstance do I owe the present I received."

On rising from table, the Prior showed us some pictures which he took for mosaics, but which Fernando recognised as frescoes, so cracked by time as to imitate the lapidary's art. We next visited the chapel of the monastery, its library, and its garden. Father Gregorio called our attention to the minutest details with all the harmless pride of a citizen showing off his villa; and talked of *my* cabbages, *my* bells, *my* monks, as a great landed proprietor and nobleman would say *my* woods, *my* horses, *my* servants. Being a great lover of flowers, he had contrived to trail them very prettily round the fragments of chapters and antique statues, which strewed the garden, and winter seemed cheated of half his rights. Evening came on insensibly, and I confess that I went away delighted with the intellect, manners, and cordial welcome of Father Gregorio.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

ORATORIOS.

FERNANDO had been silent and abstracted the whole afternoon, he became still more so, as soon as we were alone. I could not help observing as much. He thought to put me off the scent, by answering that the egotism of the monk had awakened some sad reflections on the wretched condition of his country; this selfishness, he observed, renders these would-be holy men both inhuman and deceitful; they would allow a beggar to die of hunger at their door, at the moment when they are flinging away food enough for whole families to subsist upon; and not satisfied with an opulence which they are unable to devour, they have the barefaced impudence to draw upon the pity of the public by affecting poverty!

There was truth in what my friend said, so I appeared satisfied with his evasive answer, and after he had promised to spend the evening with me, I offered him a ticket for the oratorio which was to take place that night at the Ruspoli palace; an Italian having given me orders that same morning, leaving a blank for the name of the person I might choose to introduce. I was not sorry for this opportunity of judging the musical talents of the Roman amateurs. Since my stay in the Eternal City, I had by no means perceived that innate taste for harmony that travellers are pleased to ascribe to the Romans; as yet I had only heard in the streets, the one song sung by the lower orders in a nasal tone, to the words:

“Non voglio lavorare;
Voglio bere, mangiar, allegrementè.”

and the nocturnal concerts that I have had occasion to describe. I wished therefore to be able to form an opinion on this subject.

What they call an Oratorio consists of the execution of various pieces of music, the words of which are paraphrased from sacred history such as the *Mosè* of Rossini and Haydn's *Creation*. These concerts only take place in Lent, because all other public amusements being suspended, people are very glad to dispel their ennui by the recreation so theatrical a kind of piety affords.

A sort of theatre had been raised at one end of the large hall in the Ruspoli palace for the singers to stand upon; the orchestra was placed at their feet; the centre of the room was filled with rows of chairs. The ladies were placed on the front rows, together with the ambassadors and others who had received invitations. Fernando informed me that they pay dearly for this honor, and that their contributions furnish the largest share of the expence of lighting and hiring the room. The rest of the public stand behind or in the recesses of the windows. Complete liberty is enjoyed by all —no etiquette is required, and the most negligent dress finds admittance. At this present moment however we understand that they are grown far more strict.

The philharmonic society is composed of young people of both sexes. They sang with unity and precision, but their style appeared to be the result of habit rather than taste. Several fine voices raised a storm of applause. The orchestra though numbering some skilful artists was not successful in its efforts, and its amateur members were very inefficient. The truth is that Roman indolence has but little inclination towards a branch of the art that is only to be mastered by steady perseverance and unremitting study. The consequence is that one meets with twenty singers for one instrumental virtuoso. Trade itself partakes of this state of things; there is not a single musical instrument-maker in the whole city, and one must send to Naples or Florence if one wants to purchase an instrument.

In one word the concerts of Paris and of Rome differ in this one particular, that in Paris the instrumental portion is most cared for, while in Rome it is sacrificed entirely to the vocal department.

I was unable to extract draw Fernando whether or no he shared in my opinion; he was too absorbed in his own sad thoughts to have seen or heard aught that was passing around him; and he left me in the same absent and sorrowful mood.

CHAPTER LXIX.

GOOD FRIDAY.—THE GRAND PENITENTIARY.

I SHALL not pause to give a description of Palm Sunday, nor Holy Thursday, nor of the washing of feet, nor of the Cænaculum, for the ceremonies of the four first days of Passion Week are not sufficiently remarkable to claim a distinct notice.

I had slept but little during the night preceding Good Friday, and I woke sooner than usual, and with an uncomfortable sensation. Day had just dawned—but a day as dismal as my own thoughts, and ushered in by a cold, dense fog. I looked out of window—the streets were deserted. I listened for some sound indicative of human existence, but the bells, usually so noisy at this hour, were silent. I perceived that all the public clocks had been stopped, and I recollected that this was the anniversary of the death of Christ, namely, Good Friday. Desirous of taking a part in the general mourning of this immense city, and in obedience perhaps to that instinct that constantly impels us to sympathize in the grief or joy of others, I lost no time in coming down stairs and sallying forth. I entered several churches, which I found full of fervent worshippers, composed of weak old men, sickly youths, and pale and afflicted widows. The harsh and jarring sound of the beadle's rattle alone disturbed the silence of the cloisters, and the monotonous murmur of prayers. As I wandered on without any fixed aim, I climbed the uninhabited mountains that encircle the ancient Forum; and here I found whole families prostrated in the dust around their calvaries. All the beggars of Rome, who for once could exercise their calling unreprieved, were swarming in every avenue leading to these holy spots, swelling the chorus of litanies that arose from the pious visitors, with their vociferous appeals to charity.

I returned half unconsciously to the Vatican, which was filled by immense crowds who were wandering about it sorrowfully, but freely, and in perfect silence. The Pope's suite of rooms, the museum, the galleries, the libraries, all seemed to have been deserted by their owners, and thrown open to the people; the meanest boors, notwithstanding their rags, were treading its apartments with as much careless ease as if they were walking up and down in their own cottages. There was something touching and impressive in the apparent indifference of the lords of this sumptuous dwelling; it seemed, indeed, but a matter of justice that, on the day when their God had been treated like the vilest criminal, they should lay aside their pomp and grandeur for a brief moment, and allow their fellow men to partake of their perishable magnificence. Yet, whether from stupidity or natural supineness, the populace preserved their usual serious and unvarying countenances in the midst of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of taste and opulence. In vain I looked and listened, I was unable to surprise even one of those admiring exclamations of which the Parisian lower orders are so profusely lavish, when admitted into royal palaces.

One thing struck me, on roaming through the libraries, and that is the extreme care with which all the manuscripts and rare books belonging to this immense collection, have been removed not only out of the reach of those who might be tempted to open them, but even concealed from the sight of the curious in such matters. As I looked at the presses that contained them, which are but rarely opened, and that only in favour of privileged persons, my thoughts took a melancholy turn, and I was fain to compare these literary gems to the Asiatic beauties, who pine away neglected under the jealous custody of the eunuchs of the harem. A pleasing glow of patriotic pride, however, dilated my heart at the sight of the superb vases of Sevres porcelain, presented by the ex-King of France, Charles X., to Leo XII. Though placed in the library amidst a quantity of Greek vases of rare elegance, they surpass them, nevertheless, by the symmetry of their proportions, the rich brilliancy of their ornaments, and the skilful execution of their paintings.

After sauntering a long while through the vast galleries of the immense palace, I went down into St. Peter's, by Alexander the Seventh's staircase. The basilica was thronged by the faithful, some of whom were kneeling at the tombs of saints, and praying with the utmost fervour, while others

were kissing the foot of the statue of St. Peter, or imprinting their lips on the crosses engraved on the flat of the altars, from whence the drapery has been removed for that day; but the greater number were wandering about the church without aim or intention, and merely from habit. Foreigners were to be recognized by their lively manners, their look of surprise, and their frequent inattention to what was going forward. Near the principal altar I observed a raised platform, on which sat enthroned Cardinal Castiglioni (afterwards Pius VIII.) dressed in a violet cassock and mantle; in his hand he bore a long staff, and his face was stern and unchanging. Around him, but some steps lower, sat a certain number of prelates or canons, in the same costume, and immovable as the carved figures on a sarcophagus. In the midst of this silent assembly, from time to time there came forward shepherds, broken down soldiers, women, and even young men, with dismay and contrition depicted on their countenances; they all in turn knelt at the feet of the principal judge, and whispered their confession of—Lord knows what—heinous sins in his ear. He then extended his sceptre, touched their heads with it, and dismissed them. "This is the grand Penitentiary," whispered a voice close to my ear. I turned round and perceived Fernando.

"You here, my good friend?" said I.

"Alas!" he replied, drawing me towards one of the side chapels, which was quite deserted, "I only come through prudence! It is necessary that I should be seen in public places, as I have fallen under the suspicion of the government; I am watched, and" Here he interrupted himself, but an instant after resumed, "For God's sake never inquire into the motives by which I am actuated; all that I can tell you is, that it is impossible to be more unhappy than I am."

I observed that he might rely implicitly on my discretion.

"I make no doubt of it," was the reply, and the half confession I have just made is a proof to that effect, although you are not much the wiser for it; perhaps the day may come" . . . He could say no more; sobs choked his utterance, and his eyes were filled with tears; he went and leaned on the basis of a tomb, with his head turned towards the monument, lest his tears should be seen. When the violence of his grief had somewhat subsided, he came back to me, and having laid aside his troubles, to outward appearance at least, he gave me some particulars about the tribunal of the Grand Penitentiary.

"The Pope generally confers this dignity," said he, "upon one of his favourites. His spiritual power is immense. There are certain crimes, of the most atrocious and shameful kind, for which he alone can give absolution; when the consciences of the confessors in ordinary are scared by the enormity of the facts revealed, they refer the guilty parties to his tribunal, and so you may be sure that all those who bend their heads beneath his chastising rod, have some weighty sins to answer for.

"As to the 'pomp, pride, and circumstance' that surrounds the grand Penitentiary, that is only kept up to inspire the vulgar with awe, for the prelates who are seated in such majestic array about him, are not admitted to the secret of these confessions. The grand Penitentiary, however, rarely discharges his duties in public, nor does he always give absolution gratis, since there exists a scale of prices for the redemption of sins. It was even one of the most lucrative branches of pontifical simony, until the nations of Europe had the spirit to free themselves from so shameless a tax. Now-a-days, though less productive, this institution is become still more useful, since the government is enabled through its means to obtain an insight into the most secret thoughts of its subjects. In short, it may be considered as a branch of that inquisitorial agency, known by the name of the secret police, and this is so undeniably true that, after receiving the confession of a penitent, the Roman priest asks him if he has remarked nothing scandalous amongst his neighbours.

"The constant abuse of the most holy things has occasioned this sacrament, which is now inseparable from the communion, to be forced upon the Pope's subjects as a tax. And what is the consequence? Why that some persons send hirelings in their stead, and these well-trained substitutes confess, receive the communion, and bring back a certificate, which is shown to the parish priest, if he happens to require it. And this sacrilege, which is committed with the greater ease, as no one is obliged to confess in his own parish, is often handed down from generation to generation."

CHAPTER LXX.

THE MISERERE IN THE SIXTINE CHAPEL.

FERNANDO had scarcely finished speaking, when I was seized with that kind of swimming in the head to which sanguine temperaments are so liable. These fits of dizziness, which I used to be subject to some years ago, rendered me insensible, for the time being, to what was passing around me, and deprived me for a long while of the free use of my intellectual faculties. I don't know how long I remained in this state, but, on again opening my eyes, I thought I saw—and in point of fact I did behold, a terrific sight, that I can only compare to one of those scenes that a delirious imagination conjures up under the influence of a burning fever. A being whose external attribute bore the impress of power, was slowly descending from heaven borne upon clouds. His look was threatening, his bearing proud, and his gestures were expressive of anger about to burst forth uncontrolledly. A rolling crowd was tossing and hurrying to and fro around him; some covered with wounds, were dragging instruments of torture along with them, to lay at his feet as a sort of claim to mercy—for great had been the sufferings they had endured! Others appeared to face him with confidence. A little lower, half open graves were seen yielding up their prey. This scene was neither set forth by a dazzling brightness, nor yet completely thrown into the shade; light equally different from that of day, or from the pallid beams of the moon, tinged every object with a lurid hue, in strict keeping with all that was going forward. A single blood-red star shed its rays over this fearful assembly. On a sudden it disappeared, like the fitful meteors that dart through the air at the beginning of a stormy night, and then I recollected the Divine prophecy:—"The stars shall fall, and the sun shall lose its

light; then shall ye know that the day of judgment is at hand." Instinctively I looked around me as I pondered on these words, and I found myself surrounded by a vast crowd, composed of dignitaries of the church, princes, magistrates, and women dressed with all the luxury and coquetry of Jezabel on the day of her death; there were likewise soldiers and simple citizens, but all silent, immoveable, and intently gazing; scarcely a breath was drawn, and each seemed in expectation of some great event. I sought in vain amongst this crowd for the face of a single poor person, or for the rags of indigence; the only nakedness, the only suffering beings that I perceived, were those that met my eyes, on turning them in the direction where sat enthroned the august being who presided over the whole assembly. A strange terror seized me at this sight, and I said to myself: can it be true that the awful moment which is to witness the subversion of the world is already come? Can it be true that these wretches, without rags to cover them, alone can hope for mercy? In the state of agitation which such a thought occasioned, my head drooped on my breast, and I put my hands up to my face, in doubt whether I was still in the land of the living. While these sensations were passing through my mind, a low wailing struck my ear, and other lamentations soon joined the plaintive tones of the first voice. Some gradually rose to the highest pitch of melancholy, others preserved a graver and more suppliant tone; shrill cries were mixed with this doleful melody. Mercy! mercy! sounded forth in the sacerdotal language. Then, as if exhausted by these painful exclamations, the voices died away one after the other, and the most profound silence reigned unbroken. Anon there was a kind of explosion of harsh expostulatory voices; but these stopped suddenly short. Thus in a popular disturbance, clamorous yells burst forth spontaneously from some knot of rioters more seditious than the rest, and subside as rapidly, with scarce any apparent cause.

All these things surprised me. Those plaintive tones had something so peculiar about them, that they seemed to be removed beyond the pale of nature. Such melting softness could scarcely belong to male voices, and female ones would have had more of tenderness, and would have found the way to my heart. These voices, on the contrary, delighted my ear but imperfectly, and filled my soul with melancholy and a vague inquietude.—Nor was it the passionate melancholy of hopeless love, or of some deep misfortune; it was a sensation more nearly allied to despair and regret. This painful

state of feelings that overturned the whole inward man, vented itself externally in sobs; my tears flowed abundantly; I felt relieved, and my agitation would perhaps have subsided entirely, had not a noise like a clap of thunder, or the crash of a building suddenly falling to ruins, caused me to start. On lifting my head I perceived all those about me rushing forward, like a vast torrent, in their headlong endeavours to escape: I then imagined that the Eternal Judge had rejected the intercession of the angels, and that His awful malediction had just been thundered forth, and that the mass of reprobate sinners were seeking to fly beyond its reach; and, in the first impulse of alarm, I rose in precipitate haste, to escape from it likewise.

"Whither are you hurrying, my good friend?" I recognised the voice of Fernando, and I breathed more freely.

"Oh! my dear friend," cried I, "tell me where I am?"

"In the Sixtine Chapel."

"But this scene of the last judgment, that I have just witnessed?"

"Is no other than the sublime work of Michael Angelo, that the darkness prevented you till this moment from distinguishing clearly."

"But that star—dimly seen through the mist, and then totally eclipsed?"

"That was the last taper of *Tenebræ*."

"And were those sweet voices, that still vibrate in my ear—were they likewise a dream of my imagination?"

"By no means. You have been hearing the *soprani* of the Pope's chapel executing the *Miserere*." *

"Whence, then, came the noise that dispersed the whole assembly?"

"It was merely the shutting of the stalls of the canons, at the end of the ceremony."

"Oh! then, I can understand now the suffocating heat that I mistook for the vicinity of hell! and that lurid and cadaverous glare reflected on the faces of the whole audience, was merely occasioned by the last broken rays of twilight. So great is the hold that religious traditions are apt to take

* Gregorio Allegri was one of the greatest musicians of the seventeenth century; but his name retains its celebrity chiefly in connection with the famous "*Miserere*," annually sung in the *Capella Sistina* at Rome during Passion week, with an effect on the imagination and feelings of the assembled worshippers which is wholly unparalleled. Allegri was born at Rome, and of the same family with the illustrious painter, Correggio, whose name was also Allegri. He studied under Nanini, the contemporary and friend of Palestrina, and was admitted into the Pope's chapel as a singer in 1629. He died in 1652.

on a mind already agitated! It matters not! I owe you some thanks for taking no notice of my indisposition; never before had my soul been thrilled with such wonderful sensations."

"I foresaw," replied Fernando, "I foresaw, my dear friend, that your transitory indisposition, and the confusion of ideas likely to result from it would contribute to make you feel the *prestige* of this ceremony to its full extent; a Roman, of my acquaintance, helped me to support you into the chapel, and, as I never lost sight of you for a single moment, I have enjoyed all your impressions, and guessed at all your thoughts."

Fernando then wished to see me safe home, fearing some remains of weakness might still cling about me; but I was already better, and able to walk slowly back.

I have met with many people who can see nothing wonderful in this *Miserere*; nor am I surprised at such an assertion. Do we not constantly see at theatrical representations the coxcombical amateur of the school of "Fast men," who will be busy criticising a gesture or an attitude, while the mass of the spectators are touched and led away by the pathos of the scene? For the perfection of enjoyment on these occasions, it is requisite to have more feeling than science, and more taste than experience. Therefore, when I maintain that the music on Good Friday in Rome, is nearly akin to the marvellous, I address those who can feel, giving as little heed to the lukewarm expression of all others, as I should to the asseverations of a paralytic man who would undertake to prove the non-existence of the sense of touch.

CHAPTER LXXI.

EASTER EVE.

FANCY, gentle reader, the whole town in a state of commotion—say from an insurrection—amidst the firing of guns, and the discharge of case shot, fancy the tocsin sounding an alarm, reverberated by all the bells, great and small, of a city like Rome, so thickly set with churches, convents, and brotherhoods, “spirits white and spirits grey,” and a variety of hues besides; fancy, moreover, a kind of Dutch concert on a giant scale, more deafening and discordant than that of Hogarth’s “enraged musician,” and you will yet have but a faint notion of the abrupt transition that takes place in Rome, from Good Friday, when all is silent as the grave, to Holy Saturday, a day of noise, when, according to popular belief, the bells return from Jerusalem, to recommence their eternal ding-donging during some three hundred and sixty odd days!

Startled out of my sleep, I rose, and was informed that the Romans are in the habit of making up for the restraints of Lent, by firing off a quantity of squibs, in short by continuing the frolics of Shrove Tuesday, which were interrupted by Ash Wednesday.

I went down stairs to my landlady, a spinster of about fifty, who, having preserved a good figure, might have passed for a buxom widow, in order to bid her good morning. I found her busy making nosegays, each of which was combined with a red egg.*

* Here let us say a few words about eggs. Eggs have played an important part in all times, two main causes having contributed to their glorification; the first of which may be traced to the egg’s offering the most palpable embodiment of the great mystery of reproduction; while the second is referable to the oval shape which marks an origin that owns nothing human. In the estimation of philosophers, the purest and divinest form is a circle, because, view it which way we will, we can perceive neither its beginning nor its end. And, indeed, is not this the most ob-

I inquired the meaning of these preparations. Delighted to be able to oblige me, and above all to have found a theme for gossiping, Signorina Felicia (this was her name) replied:—

“Do not be surprised to see so many flowers on the table. Notwithstanding their somewhat strong scent, people bear with them throughout Rome on Easter Eve and on Easter Sunday, because it is the ancient fashion of honouring the resurrection of our Saviour. To-morrow you will see tables and chairs all strewn with rose leaves and myrtle; each plate will contain an egg and a nosegay, and each guest, by taking possession of the latter and swallowing the former, for the greater glory of God, before partaking of soup, will gain considerable indulgence.”

“What! Signorina, is it sufficient to swallow an egg to deserve indulgence?”

“Can you doubt of it? This egg, sir, is no common egg, it was bespoken long beforehand, and laid upon Good Friday. Moreover, the priest who goes round to-day to bless the stables and the shops, in return for a small coin, will bless the Easter eggs over and above the bargain, and it is this blessing that imparts the virtue I have mentioned.”

Faith is everything; and as, after all, divine virtues may be communicated to an embryo chicken, just as well as to holy water, or to St. Hubert's rolls, I was fain to force my reason

vicious manifestation of the Divinity—of that which was never created, and can never lose its pristine form?

The Egyptians used to offer up eggs to their creative and beneficent Deity, every spring, at the equinox, as being the moment when all nature seems to revive. Having accomplished this duty, they were wont to share their joys and hopes with their friends, by sending them party-coloured eggs, but more often such as were stained red, that hue being emblematical of light.

In ancient Rome, the birth and the death of nature were especially celebrated at the spring and autumnal equinoxes, by a hecatomb of a hundred eggs. The Druids likewise acknowledged the mysterious influence of eggs, only theirs were serpents' eggs. When Christianity had eventually triumphed over Paganism, it met with a fresh enemy in superstition, which the Church despairing to overcome, and in order to avert its threatened dangers, finished by adopting in some of its most inoffensive phases; amongst these were the Easter eggs. On Good Friday, and on Easter Sunday, the faithful used to go to church, in great pomp to have these eggs blessed, and on returning home they indulged in great festivities. What contributed to keep up this custom—vestiges of which still remain even in this year of our Lord 1851—is that during the middle ages, the year began with the spring season, an arrangement certainly far more logical than opening the year in January. This festival is preserved in the Greek Church; and on Easter Sunday in St. Petersburg the faithful give or receive red eggs, saying these solemn words: “*Christ has risen.*” In France it was the custom down to Louis XV.'s time to present eggs to the king on Easter Sunday, after high mass, which he again distributed in the evening amongst his courtiers—the obtaining one of these being esteemed a great mark of favour, such a gift was accordingly much coveted, and the king, of course, never lacked a market for his eggs.

to bow down to Signorina Felicia's arguments. On one point, however, I proved refractory. How was it possible there could be a sufficient number of hens in all Rome to lay 135,000 eggs, the necessary number for each citizen to have his or her egg?

My landlady, however, with all the unsophisticated innocence of half a century, overcame my scruples by observing, that, on that particular day, it was no rare thing to see hens lay two eggs instead of one; and, delighted at having succeeded in persuading me, she invited me to be her guest on the morrow, and partake of my share of flowers, eggs, and indulgences.

I promised not to fail.

The Romans continued letting off their squibs; both children and grown people were running about the streets with lighted matches in their hands. But, though crying *Allegría!* their countenances remained serious. The women displayed far more genuine joy; their minds were busied on one all engrossing and delightful subject—the flesh-pots of Egypt to wit—the *pot au feu* for the morrow's meal. The shops of the butchers were besieged, for they had taken care to exhibit all the tit-bits that could tempt the sensuality of the passers-by, maddened by the long abstinence of Lent. The pork butchers especially had contrived to render their show as magnificent as it was dainty; the ceilings of their shops were decorated with a mosaic of sausages, from whence hung a number of lanterns and coloured lamps, which formed a brilliant illumination at night; the pavement was strewed with flowers. Occasionally the companions of St. Anthony, duly salted, and neatly sown up in their original form were to be seen luxuriously stretched upon grass, overshadowed by laurels. The Madonna and infant Jesus appeared and disappeared, by means of a spring placed behind a triple row of hams. Sausages were festooned about the shops or wreathed round the wild boars' heads that formed the frieze at the top of a colonnade of chops and black puddings. The whitest of white lard enclosed in bladders symmetrically arranged, formed an elegant portico; and the crowds which were incessantly gathering round these savoury and pious sights, seemed to be reckoning the minutes, and *chewing the cud*, in anticipation of the much wished for licence that to-morrow was to bring.

CHAPTER LXXII.

THE HERMIT AND THE SOLDIER.

THE great day of Easter had scarcely set in, when some Belgian artists of my acquaintance came and knocked at my door, and inquired whether I would make one of their party, and join their intended excursion to the tomb of Cæcilia Metella. As drinking is supreme felicity to the inhabitants of the lower countries, and as much a want with them as breathing is to us, and moreover, as people change countries without changing their innate manners, I was not surprised to hear my companions propose, when half way on our walk, to enter a public house built on the edge of the *Via Appiana*, now *St. Sebastian*, within an ancient tomb, the exterior of which presents nothing but a shapeless mass overgrown with moss and ivy. Here we found a number of peasants drinking and eating savoury omelets and a quarter of pascal lamb with the greatest apparent relish. We would not be behind hand with them, and thanks to an appetite freshened by exercise, the somewhat rancid bacon, the hard chops, and rather sour wine found their way down the red lane with astonishing rapidity. We even called for an encore; and just as one of our party was about to empty his glass, he suddenly stopped, and made us a sign to look at two individuals who had hitherto escaped our notice. One was a soldier kneeling before us with a rosary in his hand, and the other a hermit in the garb of the Franciscan order, who was standing and casting a sheep's eye alternately on our bottles and our chops. Perceiving that our comrade was just opening his mouth to ask the soldier what he was about, the hermit officiously raised his finger, and pointed to a Madonna placed exactly over our heads, a gesture accompanied by a request that we would contribute something towards the lights of the neighbouring chapel, dedicated to Jesus flagellated.

"Is that really the object for which you are asking alms?" said I.

"God is my witness that I do not lie;" said the hermit, signing himself.

"Who has the key of the box that you are rattling about?"

"Myself."

"And who is entrusted with the care of lighting the chapel?"

"Myself."

"What! are you at once treasurer and disburser?"

"Why not?"

"A strange question truly! as if you might not be tempted to appropriate a part of these pious offerings for your own individual use! you don't live upon air, I suppose?"

"No; but charitable souls furnish my pittance."

"But when charity is insufficient, what do you do then?"

"Oh then . . . then . . . God, you see, does not forsake his servants."

"I understand; you have recourse to the show bread."

"The holy King David did the same."

"I do not blame you—but what is it you eat?"

"What God may please to send me?"

"And if he sent you a glass of wine, would you make use of it?"

The hermit smiled, and nodded his head twice by way of affirmative.

"Then take one," continued I, presenting him a bottle, which was pounced upon with a degree of delight truly ludicrous. The soldier seeing this, stopped short in his prayers, though remaining on his knees, and exclaimed: "you are not allowed, Brother, to drink in a public-house."

"And pray who can hinder me?" replied the hermit.

"Your rule forbids it."

"I belong to no rule; you are mistaken."

"Well, but at any rate, it would be shameful in you to get drunk!"

"One can't get drunk with a single bottle."

"Faith but one can, particularly if you swill it at a draught as you are doing."

"I might drink four or even six, and no one would be the wiser for it; so good health to you!"

The soldier, trembling with rage, got up, put his rosary into his pocket, and cried, shame!

"Comrade," said I, "it seems you don't like wine?"

He threw back his shoulders, raised his elbow, and touching his *schako* with the back of his hand, answered : " I beg pardon, Excellency, I can't hate what our Saviour loved, as is plainly shown by the wedding of Cana and the holy supper, but I make a moderate use of it, while this frockling and the like of him swill till they are ready to burst. What provokes me most is that, in spite of the dress he wears, if he is lucky enough to get many more such windfalls he will not leave the place till night, when he will come out as drunk as a beast, while I, who am a corporal in the papal army, after the fag of relieving guard during the hottest part of the day, shall not even have got so much as a quid of tobacco to cool my windpipe."

" Then you would willingly take a glass of wine ?" said I.

" I should think so ! " cried he, with outstretched hand. I made him sit down beside me, and filled him a bumper. " It is the Madonna," cried he, after draining his glass, " that occasioned my meeting your honours."

" St. Francis himself," observed the hermit, " towed me hither by the girdle, for I was far from expecting to drink such wine, or to see such fine chops."

We smiled at his remark, and both the soldier and himself having been admitted to share our meal, peace was soon concluded between them. One repeated over and over again that Frenchmen were jolly fellows, and that he would back them any day when they would wish to take possession of Rome ; while the other swore that even if St. Peter excommunicated every man jack of them, he would always keep a lamp lighted for their sakes in his chapel. And lastly, as we were about to retire, the former offered to force mine host to reduce his bill to half the amount, and the latter after kissing our hands, gave us his blessing as devoutly as his reeling state would permit.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

EASTER SUNDAY IN ROME.

MOST justly has the last week of Lent which precedes Easter, been denominated holy, in the Christian mythology ; for within that week all that is most capable of touching the hearts of the faithful, and most suggestive of the mysteries of the salvation, has been garnered up, so that each day forms, thus to speak, one of the sublime cantos of a divine poem.

The poem begins on Palm Sunday. Let us hearken to what the Church says in its sacerdotal language :

“ Attollite portas principes vestras, et elevamini portæ æternales, et introibit Rex gloriæ.”

“ Quis est iste Rex gloriæ ?”

“ Dominus fortis et potens ; Dominus potens in prælio.”

And lo! the doors are opened. What can be more majestic than this commemoration of the Messiah's triumphant entrance into Jerusalem, accompanied by the acclamations of a crowd, strewing the ground with green boughs, and carpeting the streets with their own garments, to do homage to the Saviour? or what more moving than the various peripetia of the mighty drama called the Passion, which is closed on Good Friday by the greatest of all sacrifices, the redemption of the human race, and of man's immortal soul by the Son of God?—or more touching, as exemplifying the excessive love the divine martyr bore towards mankind, than the institution of the Sacrament, symbolical of the supper our Lord gave his dearly beloved disciples, just before the fatal moment when the treacherous Judas was to sell him to the enemies of truth, and the Son of God was to expire on the cross—a consummation at which the earth was shaken unto its foundations, rocks were rent asunder, and the face of nature

covered with darkness, in token of affliction at the death of the most holy of expiatory victims?

Rôme, we cannot repeat it too often, is the city of contrasts. Nothing can exceed the solemnity and the sadness of the first six days of Passion week. The capital of the Christian world seems to be inhabited by the shades of the departed, while the silence that reigns around is almost *audible*. But, as we said in a preceding chapter, no sooner has Easter eve come round, than a mighty change is worked as if by a miracle; nor is it scarcely possible for those who have not witnessed it, to imagine the abrupt transition that takes place in Rome from silent Good Friday to Holy Saturday, when the words: "Hæc dies quam fecit Dominus, exultemus et lætemur in eâ; alleluia! alleluia!!" are a thousand times repeated.

Easter Sunday—the grand day *par excellence*, has no sooner dawned, than the cannons of the castle of San Angelo begin to roar, the bells of all the churches and convents ring their joyous peals, and the inhabitants, in their holiday clothes, sally forth to their respective parish churches, while all foreigners find their way to St. Peter's.

From an early hour the avenues to the *Piazza San Pietro*, have been sanded and strewed with flowers, while the houses are hung with tapestry. Chairs are placed and scaffolds erected round the immense colonnades that encircle the *Piazza*. Ever since the morning, these raised benches have been filled by elegantly dressed women, with a large sprinkling of wild but picturesque costumes; for the peasant of the Abruzzi, provided he have but a couple of *paoli* left in his pocket, will come and take his place by the side of some Roman Prince—as on this neutral ground of equality the only aristocracy acknowledged is that of money. Indeed it must be allowed that, on all such great occasions, there is nowhere a more complete fusion of ranks than in Rome, and here, more than anywhere, may our Saviour's touching words of "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," be said to be carried into effect. Nor does this mixture of classes at all impair the general effect of the whole assembly—quite the reverse—the rags that form the garments of some of the Roman peasants being far more picturesque than the stiff black coats of the citizens.

At half-past nine the Pope leaves his apartments. The procession now begins to march: first comes the body guard, then the prelates in their variegated costumes, the bishops in their copes and white mitres, the Greek and Armenian

patriarchs in their oriental robes, the penitentiary fathers in their chasubles, the cardinals in their costly ornaments of gold mixed with scarlet, and, lastly, the Sovereign Pontiff borne in state upon his throne, and surrounded by the principal officers of his military staff and ecclesiastical court, forming an imposing retinue, that descends the grand staircase of the Vatican, from whence the eye can embrace the whole length of the *Piazza San Pietro*, with a glimpse of the *Ponte San Angelo* seen through the arcades, forming a moving picture of the most wonderful effect.

At the foot of the royal staircase in the vestibule of the Basilica, the chapter of St. Peter's welcomes the arrival of the Holy Father with the ancient chant "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus," and joins the procession which now crosses the threshold of the principal entrance into the church. A double row of soldiers keep off the crowd, and leaves an immense empty space in the nave, from the door up to the altar, styled the "Confession of the Apostle." A flourish of trumpets now sounds through the vast edifice, the drums strike up outside, the bells ring their peals like so many claps of thunder, and the Pope is borne triumphantly into the holy Basilica. At one end of the church the pontifical throne has been raised a little in front of St. Peter's chair.

After pausing a few minutes for a prayer, in front of the chapel of the Holy Sacrament, the procession marches onwards, while the Pope, in the meantime, has taken his place to the right of the altar of the "Confession," upon a throne somewhat lower than the one prepared at the other end of the Basilica; and while the choir is chanting, his Holiness has put on his pontifical garments, which some priests have taken from the altar and handed to him. The solemn service has now begun, and a most striking *coup d'œil* it presents! The Pope, surrounded by the assistant cardinals, bishops, and prelates, now advances towards the altar. From the altar to the throne the body guard, in their red uniforms, and the Swiss guards, in their middle age costumes, form a double living rampart, glittering with gold and steel. In front of the guards stand the cardinals, in their mitres. The prelates belonging to the Pope's household remain on the steps of the altar, while the senator of Rome stands to the right of the Pope, as he sits on his throne.

After the gospel has been read, the preparations for the consecration are made with the greatest pomp. The host, enclosed in a golden chest, has been laid on the altar by a sub-deacon. The wine, after having been previously tasted by

one of the Pope's servants, is again tasted by the bishop who fills the office of *sagrista* (this double tasting being enjoined in order that it may be duly established that the wine has not been poisoned), after which twofold ordeal it is poured into the chalice. The Pope now comes down from his throne to the altar. The sight of the Sovereign Pontiff celebrating the holy mysteries, on an altar raised over the crypt containing the remains of the prince of the apostles, in presence of a vast concourse of people, all of whom can catch a glimpse of his venerable countenance from every part of the Basilica, is calculated to fill the heart with the liveliest emotions of piety. The two most impressive points of the service, which strike the beholder with the deepest sense of awe, are the elevation of the host and of the chalice and the communion of the Pope. At the moment when the grand mystery has been accomplished, and when the divine words of the consecration have drawn down the immortal victim upon the altar, a deep silence reigns throughout the vast pile, every knee is bent, every brow is bowed to the earth. The Sovereign Pontiff alone stands erect in front of the altar; his hands raise alternately the host and the chalice, and, turning towards the four sides of the church, he thrice presents the host to the assembled multitude, when a sweet and impressive symphony vibrates upon the air, as though it came down from heaven to break through the solemn silence, and waft back to the throne of mercy the ineffable adoration of the worshipping crowd.

After the *Agnus Dei*, the Pope returns from the altar to his throne, when he receives the sacrament; after which all the cardinals of the order of deacons, the senator, and the conservators of Rome receive the sacrament from the hands of his Holiness. Words are inadequate to convey the effect produced by this part of the ceremony. Nothing short of having actually seen the brilliant array of guards, kneeling, with lowered weapons, and the venerable heads of the cardinals and bishops bent in meek devotion, and the figure of the Pope on the throne, and the deacon at the altar, standing out in strong relief at each extremity of the vast edifice, can embue the mind with the full grandeur of this unrivalled scene. But when the deacon advances towards the Pope with slow and solemn steps, that betray his inward emotion, holding the host in his raised hands, and, lastly, the Pope gives his blessing from the balcony of St. Peter, *urbi et orbi*, as I have already described in speaking of *San Giovanni di Laterano*, we seem to reach the climax of the impressive and the sublime!

CHAPTER LXXIV.

A ROMAN WEDDING AMONGST THE LOWER ORDERS.

I HAD promised Signorina Felicia to sit down to her table, and taste one of the 135,000 eggs which had been laid on Good Friday; but man proposes, and God disposes, and I was obliged to request Signorina Felicia to excuse my availing myself of her polite invitation: my motives arose from the following cause:

In one of my excursions during the first days of October, being somewhat fatigued, I had entered a shabby little *osteria* to refresh myself. Several Roman *eminenti*, seated on the same bench, began to show symptoms of impatience at the endless length of time the waiter was keeping them without the wine he was gone to fetch. I bethought me to offer them the use of my bottle in the meantime, which they accepted without further ceremony; from that moment, notwithstanding my foreign accent, we were all hail fellow well met.

"Signor Francese," said the gayest of the set, when I was about to retire, "I have a daughter, aged fifteen, who is going to be married in a few months—will you do me the favour to promise that you will be present at her wedding?" Seeing me hesitate, he added: "Don't be afraid of finding yourself mixed up with low people, you will only meet my relations and friends—vine-dressers, farmers, haberdashers, and *frigitori* (retailers of fried fish, &c.,) all of them jolly companions, whose throats have never been defiled by a drop of water; therefore you can't fail of being amused, I can tell you."

There was something so frank and simple-hearted in this invitation, that I promised, were I still in Rome at the time of the nuptials, that I should be delighted to be present, and

accordingly I gave my address, that I might be warned in time.

On Easter eve I was not a little surprised to receive a deputation that informed me the wedding dinner would take place the next day, at twelve. They offered to come and fetch me with all due honours, and if they did not press me to make one at the marriage ceremony, it was only because they were afraid of taxing me too much. I was perplexed: on one hand the pascal egg of Signorina Felicia seemed to claim the preference, on the other, I could scarcely refuse going to the wedding, especially when they came so obligingly to remind me of my promise. What was to be done? The deputation, unaware of the cause of my hesitation, exerted all their eloquence to convince me that I really ought not to miss such an opportunity of feasting; there were, they told me, at least two carts full of eatables, and one might literally eat to bursting of maccaroni, brocoli, and *gallinacie*. It would have been out of human nature to forego so tempting an offer. I suffered myself to be overruled; and Signorina Felicia was kind enough to admit my apology.

Accordingly, on Easter Sunday, after having witnessed the *grande Funzione*, as the Italians say, I betook myself, towards twelve o'clock, to the locality which had been designated as the scene of the feast, which was somewhere in the *regione de' monti*, and here I found a numerous and somewhat noisy society gathered round the bride, who, in conformity to custom, was dressed from head to foot in pink velvet, in spite of the heat of the season. Besides this, she had silver buckles on her shoes, of about seven inches in diameter, which, as often as she walked, made a noise very much resembling the clanking of a hussar's sword, as it dangles along the ground. The bridegroom was every whit as smart as she. His costume consisted of a brigand's jacket, a Neapolitan sash, white stockings, and a broad brimmed, long piled hat. I congratulated them, and I could not help saying to the bridegroom that he was no bad judge of beauty, his bride being really charming, when he drew up his head proudly as he answered me by quoting this Italian proverb: "*Ne donna ne tela non comprare alla candela*." (Neither cloth nor wives should be bought by candlelight). The father of the bride then interfered, saying to his son-in-law: "You may say what you will, son, but—

Al molino e a la sposa

Sempre manca qualche cosa.

(there is always something wanting, either in a mill or a wife).

This bandying of proverbs was put a stop to by the arrival of the married women of the neighbourhood, who came to offer the presents customary on such occasions. One gave a saucepan, another an old chair, only new-bottomed with straw; a third brought nothing but a stock dove, to whom a mate might easily be given, and their offspring would form in time an extensive colony of doves; a fourth contributed half-a-dozen plates, and so on, till in a few moments the young bride was surrounded by utensils of housewifery of all ages, which made her look very much like the mistress of a lumber shop. I don't attempt to describe the cackling these gossips set up, as they gathered round her to present their gifts.

The dinner hour being now come, we were invited to take our places at table, towards which the whole mass rushed with the greatest eagerness, except the girls and youths under eighteen, who were made to retire, because morals must be attended to, and it would not be proper for them to witness the freedom of action and language made use of on such occasions; and as to the elders putting any restraint on themselves in consideration of their innocence, that was wholly out of the question.

The dining-room was a shed, or rather a barn, open to all the winds of heaven, as is often the case in Italy. There were more than a hundred present, consequently we were jammed together rather closely on the benches, and several were obliged to stand; they did not however devour a morsel the less; saucepans full of macaroni and broccoli did but appear and disappear.

Viands, such as lamb and boiled turkeys sufficient to victual a garrison, were presently engulphed. For want of glasses, each drank from out of the bottle; I alone, being privileged as a stranger, drank from an earthenware cup. But now the roast dishes make their appearance. Heated by wine, the guests pounce upon these as if a general pillage had taken place; one pulls off a wing, another tugs at a leg, and these are distributed right and left to their friends, who catch them adroitly. The salad in turn comes in; the son-in-law dresses it, while the father-in-law takes care to bawl out to him the customary proverb:

"Per fare buon insalata
Poco pepe ben salata
Poc' aceto e ben ogliata."

(Little pepper and vinegar, and a great deal of oil and salt,
compose a good salad.)

The son-in-law acted accordingly, and, like a gallant bride

groom, took up a handful and put it into his wife's plate; but papa, who knew what good manners were, observed that it was most uncivil not to help me first, and snatching up in his hand all the contents of his daughter's plate, proceeded to throw them into mine, begging me, at the same time, to excuse his children, who had been spoiled by their mother, a woman wholly without education.

The dessert was now put on. It consisted of a quantity of red eggs, and tourtes made of chestnuts and dry figs. A large cake composed of almonds and honey, was brought in with much ceremony, and placed in the middle of the table, at the sight of which the whole company became silent, while the bridegroom, taking up a stick, gave the cake a violent blow. Immediately a dozen sparrows took flight from this singular prison, and began wheeling round the heads of the guests, who rent the air with one spontaneous acclamation of "Long live the bridegroom!" (*Viva lo sposo!*) They clapped their hands, stamped, and threw the plates about.

In the midst of this gay uproar the father took occasion to read a moral lesson to the young bride.

"From henceforth," said he, "all lovers must be made to take flight like these sparrows, and should you attempt to whistle them back to their cage, your husband has got an oaken towel, which I warrant he will know how to make use of."

Touched by these paternal admonitions, the young wife let fall a few tears, while her mother leant towards her, and whispered in her ear for her comfort:—

"A man who loves his wife is always jealous, consequently a good beating is a proof of his love, and happy is she who gets one."

Mamma did not however speak so very low but what some of the neighbours heard her gentle out-pourings; coarse jokes were immediately bandied about, and *double ententes* of the least refined sort became the order of the day. The bridegroom smiled, the bride blushed and looked down, the mother sighed, and papa maintained his gravity.

Meanwhile, some are busy filling their pockets with sweetmeats, others are throwing dragees out of the window, for the benefit of the boys in the street; bursts of uproarious laughter explode from time to time, and both plates and bottles trampled under foot, and half pulverized, are resounding on all sides.

Tabors and mandolines are now brought in, and both men and women, all more or less drunk, begin to tread the

mazes of the dance. The landlord who had been invited, as a matter of course, complains that they will pull the building about their ears; yet even he, yielding to the general hilarity, is unable to resist the attractions of the *saltarella*. Whoever has seen, at the Louvre, Rubens' picture of a village fête may form a tolerably accurate idea of this low-life wedding. When at length the night was far advanced, when some were snoring on the benches, and others smoking on the terrace; when the female gossips had nothing left to say, and even the virtuoso's bow seemed to fall asleep as it lazily scraped the loosened chords of the mandoline, the bride and bridegroom knelt down, and their fathers and mothers hastened to give them their blessing. The fête was now over; some thirsty souls were, to be sure, still draining the bottles, some few gossips were still clacking, but the bride and bridegroom once gone, the rest each in turn took their departure.

Some few particulars I learned since. The marriage ceremony takes place before daylight to make as little fuss as possible in the neighbourhood (and this, beside the earliness of the hour, is the reason why they did not think fit to invite me to be present), notwithstanding which all the neighbours watch for the return of the new married couple and their relations from church.

Both the holy rites and the festive ones being now over, the young wife remains at home eight days, without daring to go out. At the end of this time she goes to church to hear a mass, which is paid for; and then remains eight days longer without daring to look any one in the face. This is the time chosen for paying those visits that politeness requires one to make.

When you meet in the streets a young man, gaily dressed and walking with head erect, and a triumphant air, and perceive, at the distance of several steps behind him, a young woman, likewise smartly dressed, with downcast eyes, and following him like a slave, you may be sure it is a couple recently united in the bonds of hymen.

CHAPTER LXXV.

AN EXCURSION TO THE LAKE OF NEMI.

DURING one year of my stay in Rome, the lake of Nemi busied all the learned heads in Europe. Nothing was to be heard of but the magnificent remains of a floating palace, built by Domitian, and the great object was to fish these up. It is true that persons familiar with traditional lore maintained that an unsuccessful attempt of the kind having been made under some ancient Popes, it was a mere chimera to hope for better luck in the present instance. But on the other hand, credible witnesses replied that a French engineer had ascertained, by means of a diving bell, the positive fact of the existence of such ruins, and that beams of cedar, artistically carved, and ornamented with curiously wrought bronze nails, were then lying on the banks as so many irrefragable proofs to this effect; while busy rumours of a company about to be formed, of subscriptions and shares, and a hundred other schemes, were already in active circulation. The ambassadors of the different sovereigns had contributed a sum to forward the works, and, as in duty bound, the enterprising party had raised a platform with seats for their use on the banks of the lake, that they might come and admire at their ease the first fruits of the abundant harvest that was to ensue. The Parisian journals, fired up by the accounts given in the *Diario di Roma*, greatly magnified them in the repetition; these again were still further exaggerated as they circulated through society, till the imagination of the learned and fashionable world of our metropolis absolutely ran riot in their anticipations of golden statues, agate tables, and emerald goblets. These reports came back to Rome, and, *mirabile dictu!* far from being dispelled by the rude touch of reality, acquired on the contrary the impressive character of a uni-

versally acknowledged fact. Twenty times had I questioned persons just returned from Nemi, but whether they were deficient in natural powers of observation, or whether they were afraid of running counter to a received opinion, their answers had invariably been vague and desultory. This provoking state of uncertainty made me resolve to sift the matter myself, and I accordingly hastened my intended excursion to Albano, in order to go from thence through Aricia to Nemi.

I shall not pause to describe the tombs that fringe the road from Rome to Albano, some of which are superb though mere ruins, while the greater number, made of *terra cotta*, and in a tolerable state of preservation, are merely elegant. The only episode of the journey that I shall notice is the saying of a sort of drover, wearing a conical hat, and braided hair, and the owner of a most suspicious countenance, who was in the coach with us. An abbé was relating how an Englishman and his sister, captured by robbers, had been killed by the same shot as they were struggling against the brutality of these wretches, when the drover gravely interrupted him, saying: "*Pigliare la roba è bene ; bisogna che ciascun viva, ma ammazzare, peccato !*" (It is all very well to steal goods, for every one must gain their living; but it is wrong to kill.) This apothegm epitomizes the whole moral code of an Italian peasant.

To return to the subject in hand, Antoni and I now reached Albano, which has no connexion with the ancient Alba. For the latter stood on the eastern side of the crater, the centre of which is bathed by the waters of lake Albano, while Alba Nova is situated at a distance of three quarters of a league on the western brow of the mountain. The ignorance of antiquarians, and the bad faith of cicerones could alone have christened these ruins with names belonging in reality to the monuments of Alba Longa. A mound, dignified with the title of the tomb of the Horatii, is one of the principal hoaxes that modern Alba plays off upon the eager and credulous curiosity of strangers. It consists of a solid piece of square masonry, surmounted by five conical pyramids of *peperino* (the indigenous marble of Albano) all of which are in a most ruined condition. The space that intervenes between this monument and the town bears evident marks of having been the site of a circus, both from its length, its level ground, and the remains that encircle it; and as the neighbouring rocks and ruins are honeycombed with elongated cells, containing human skeletons, no doubt that funeral games were celebrated on this spot, and that the above-mentioned

monument served at once as the boundary of the circus and the sepulchre of the family of its founder. At the time I saw it, it was undergoing repairs at the expense of M. Montmorency-Laval, then French ambassador in Rome. Now it happened that in displacing a certain stone of the principal pyramid, a hollow space was discovered, containing eight urns of various sizes full of ashes and bones. Eight urns for three Curatii and two Horatii! Here was enough to put the most barefaced cicerone to the blush! Luckily for them, these urns were quickly removed to our ambassador's. His Excellency raised his spy-glass to his eye, and perceiving nothing but some vases of a coarse make, filled with ashes, turned upon his heel, and went to examine the more interesting details of a pair of gaiters of an entirely new cut that had been just brought for his approval. The urns were banished to the ante-room, from the ante-room they found their way to the kitchen, and from thence they migrated to the stable. A groom took possession of three of them, which he carried to M. Auvray, a historical painter, and one of the most distinguished of Gros' pupils, who made a present of them to M. Van der Abel, a Flemish painter, lodging in the same house as the French artist. He in turn presented two of them to a friend of his, likewise a painter. In short these urns which, if allowed to remain together in the monument which had enclosed them for centuries, or if placed in a museum, might have furnished some hints to the learned, are now dispersed and perhaps broken at the good pleasure of Meccenas Montmorency, and Italian rodomontaders are still free to say to foreigners: "*That is the tomb of the Horatii.*"

The charm of Albano, however, does not lie in its ruins; but its delightful country houses, its magnificent horizon, its balmy atmosphere, and better than all, its lovely maidens with their peach-like complexions, and tresses interwoven with golden fillets, with brows encircled by a wide amethyst coloured ribbon tied in a knot above the forehead, shaded by a white veil that falls in graceful folds over a finely formed bust, encased in a solid corselet of satin, with a worked muslin apron fluttering in the breeze, will remain embalmed in the memory of the traveller, and recall his thoughts to this little colony long after the hills shall have concealed it from his sight. Thus, although we ourselves had but slightly glanced at the delights of this second capua, we could talk of nothing else all the evening, while resting in our quarters at Aricia, the limit of that day's journey.

On the following morning by daybreak we were on our

road to the lake of Nemi, distant about half a league from Aricia. The road leading down to it is cut through the solid rock, and paved with large flag-stones by the ancient Romans. Owing to the prodigious depth of the crater that contains it, the lake appears at first sight like a mere puddle of muddy water; but on descending further it seems gradually to expand, while what one mistook for bushes, grows metamorphosed into lofty trees overhanging a precipice of vast extent.

When we reached the lake, the sun had not yet gilded its banks, though it was sparkling on the uppermost pinnacles of the steep rocks upon which stands the town of Genzano, that is transformed into a paradise during the festival of *Sta. Maria degli fiori* by the quantity of flowers of every hue disposed in a variety of forms with the most artistic skill. A few light clouds were hovering above us like a flock of white pigeons, till a smart breeze caught them up at the opening of a narrow pass, and dispersed them towards the higher regions. The most perfect stillness reigned around, the water lay unruffled, and not a leaf was stirring. At a little distance on the lake was to be seen the apparatus of the divers, nearer us was the platform where the ambassadors to the court of Rome had taken their seats the day before. Several huge trunks of firs, coarsely hewn out into a square shape, were lying about on the shore, and these personated the cedar beams of which such wonders had been related. Instead of bronze ornaments, I only saw some rusty iron nails; this was enough to convince me that the whole affair was a complete hoax, and as Antoni was of the same opinion, we thought of nothing further than enjoying the beauty of the spot.

The reader may guess what our sensations were likely to be, in the midst of perhaps the most romantic solitude in existence. Masses of broken rock piled one upon the other form a sort of chaos, which other blocks, already inclining out of the perpendicular and half uprooted, seem threatening to increase; in the midst of this wild disorder, several species of creepers, together with clematis, and honeysuckle have climbed up to the highest pinnacles, and festooned their graceful branches and flowers from peak to peak, their bright colours forming an agreeable contrast with the melancholy green of the ivy that has entirely carpeted all these masses of rock. In the interstices wherever any vegetable soil is to be found, there springs up either the sweet calamus, or broom with its profusion of gold flowers; while on a higher range may be seen the most magnificent fern, and blackberry bushes and briar roses,

round which the fragile campanule has twined its delicate spiral tendrils. Both the rocks, the ground, and the trees, being constantly steeped in dew, are covered with a velvet moss on which the eye rests with delight. In short, one's senses are perfectly captivated in this lovely spot, and nothing is wanting, neither swarms of wild bees humming in the cavities of the crater, nor even serpents darting rapidly along the grass, to recall the primitive times of innocence, and the golden age of the world.

The charm of classic recollections contributes still further to heighten the magic influence of nature's uncultivated beauties. We recollected that this was the retreat where Domitian used to come and rest from the cares of his empire, and lay down his terrors, though unable to free himself from remorse. Some ruins of a majestic character, though dreadfully ravaged by time, are lying around like so many silent witnesses to the truth of history; for we can recognise the traces of a sumptuous edifice, together with the two consecrated trees, the plane and the holm. These two trees that have struck their roots deep into the lake on the one hand, while on the other they have prized up and undermined the foundations of the edifice, are unequalled in height or size. To our no small admiration, we found perched on one of these trunks drooping over the precipice, an artist, busy painting a prospect that had struck his fancy, and apparently as much at home as if he had been in his studio.

The sun had now begun to warm the air of the crater, so we thought it prudent to retire before the heat grew unpleasant, and a goatherd having guided us upwards by a path known only to himself and his peers, we had soon procured asses, and were upon the road to Tusculum. This town, one of the most ancient of Italy, since it is said to have been founded by a son of Ulysses and Circe, is situated on the summit of a very high hill, difficult of ascent, both from its steepness, and from the quantity of brambles that overrun its rugged sides. It stands on a platform, and is backed by caverns. At this degree of elevation, the large trees common to the plain are unable to take root, yet the barrenness is not equal to that of the summits of the Appennines. Here we find an ancient road, fragments of pillars, and ruined tombs, and a little further on, the ground plans of several houses built in the reticular manner, and the ruins of a fortress in the Cyclopean style, that is to say, constructed of enormous and irregular blocks of stone put together without cement. It was thus the primitive races of Italy and Spain were wont to build. The road which these

ramparts overlook, turns off, and sinks to a much lower level, at no great distance from them: to the right may be seen an altar, and a little further on an ancient arch, at once a fountain, an aqueduct, and a *lavatoio*, built, strange to say, in the ogival Gothic style. On retracing our steps, we found close at hand a couple of amphitheatres, where we rested ourselves. My friend was unwell, and I was quite knocked up, so with spirits somewhat damped by these disheartening circumstances, here were we, seated in the theatre of a solitary town, disturbed alone by the cries of the kite and the eagle, where scarcely legible inscriptions, in a dead language, are all that remind us of the social habits of a by-gone people, and endeavouring, by the force of imagination, to rebuild the temples, the tombs and the dwellings, remains of which may yet be traced, and to evoke the generations once living and breathing within its walls!

It is said that the ruin of this city was accomplished by the fury of degraded Rome, and the quarrels of a Pontiff; and, moreover, it is added, that the borough of Frascati which has dotted the base of the mountains with its sumptuous villas, owes its existence to this catastrophe. The inhabitants of Tusculum, it seems, belonged to those non-conformers to Christianity that were designated in the middle ages by the title of *Paganini*, whence is derived the word Pagan, applied to unbelievers in general.

Whatever may be the truth of this account, the enclosure which contains not the slightest vestige of Christian worship, had been purchased by Lucien Bonaparte, who parted with it in favour of the Queen Dowager of Sardinia (the widow of Victor Emmanuel), and she was having the rubbish removed, for in process of time these venerable ruins had been choked up by the accumulated ashes of dried vegetation.

After having seen and examined all that was interesting, we got upon our asses, and retracing our steps, we descended towards the *Grotta Ferrata*. This convent occupies the site of Cicero's country house. It was here that the Roman orator, inconsolable at the death of his beloved Tullia, sought to divert his grief by writing his *Tusculanæ*. Notwithstanding a certain severity of aspect, it is upon the whole an agreeable solitude, in a rich landscape. The convent of *Grotta Ferrata* is inhabited by Greek monks, whose predecessors took refuge in Italy, at the time when the Emperor Leo, the Isaurian, forbid the worship of images which monks were inclined to uphold. This convent is adorned with paintings by Dominichino, executed by the artist in return for the board

and lodging given him by the holy fathers. After being long neglected, these paintings are now admired beyond measure. We received the kindest welcome from these monks, eleven in number, who occupy an edifice and enjoy an income sufficient for about two hundred men. Fasting and mortification are only known by name in this happy community. The greater number of its members cultivate the fine arts, especially painting; and far from shunning the fair sex, they, every now and then, request an authorization for going to Rome, where, as artists, they come in contact with the least skittish portion of all womankind—painters' models to wit. All that relates to the fine arts is sure to meet a cordial reception from them, and accordingly we were loaded with civilities, Antoni being intimately connected with the pupils of the French academy in Rome. After partaking of a copious meal, offered with the hearty welcome of ancient hospitality, we left the good fathers, and as we had discarded our asses on reaching the convent, we continued our road on foot, and slowly reached Marino.

This little town presents a monstrous, though picturesque, medley of half ruined Ostrogothic and Norman towers, and fortified rocks hanging over the precipices that surround it to the east and the south. Those illustrious Ghibelines, the Colonnas, whom nothing but the acquisition of the tiara could reconcile to papacy, were its sovereigns for a length of time. The most ancient edifices still bear their arms, and inscriptions in their honour; the city itself is now reduced to utter insignificance.

After crossing through a thick grove just outside the town, we again found ourselves on the shores of lake Albano, just at the point, where, during Domitian's reign, its waters having once swollen to a prodigious body, inundated the country around Rome, carrying away whole villages in their tumultuous course. Traces of this catastrophe are yet visible in the sinuosities, and the sinking of the soil.

A little further on we find Castel-Gandolpho, a country seat, and small borough belonging to the Pope. This is governed by a Cardinal, who, once put in possession, takes upon him all the rights of the most absolute sovereign. He condemns to death, reprieves, pardons, levies taxes, and makes laws, *de motu proprio*. This strange anomaly in the Papal government confers an inalienable power upon him who is invested with it, until the death of the Pope who has conferred it. It may be easily understood that so exorbitant an extent of power can only be entrusted by the Pope to a second self,

and that policy requires that a change should take place at each succeeding reign.

What an admirable horizon lies before this castle, from whence all pleasures, perforce, are banished by Papal gravity! As the day was declining we could not, however, enjoy it as long as we could have wished. We continued our road to Aricia, through the beautiful avenue of elms that fringes lake Albano in all its western extent.

Though fatigued on reaching the end of our journey, we had still a sufficient stock of curiosity left not to retire to rest until we had become acquainted with this little borough, which, according to tradition, owes its name to Aricia, who, after the death of Hyppolitus, son of Theseus, is said to have repaired hither, and to have built a temple, of which she became priestess. The first layer of stones of this temple is still to be seen, and some fluted pillars in the Greek style. It is situated on a steep hill, the summit of which is only to be reached by a winding road. The edifices that replace the temple have a most imposing air, and many a skilful pencil has reproduced their picturesque and original forms. A thousand springs, converted into public *lavatoj* by elegant architectural constructions, irrigate and enliven the valleys, and impart a sturdiness to the vegetation which cannot be sufficiently admired. As to the borough itself, its interior presents a widely different character. A somewhat steep street leads to a little *piazza*, on the right of which stands the only, but delightful, hotel of the place. In front, you look at the Villa Chigi, to your left is a parapet from whence eye may plunge into the depths of a precipice, and overlook the top of a dark forest growing in the ravine below, and on the other side of the *piazza* stands a church built in a tolerably tasteful style. Having reconnoitred all these points, we ventured into the small adjacent streets in search of antiquities.

Alas! never did a sadder, or more disgusting sight meet our eyes! We found nothing but nauseous sewers, rather than streets, where the wretched inhabitants, reduced by fever and privations of every kind, to the most squalid appearance, were sharing with the lowest animals, the miserable hovels that had lately been partially destroyed by fire. A fetid stench almost overpowered one's olfactory nerves, and it was difficult to find a footing anywhere, without coming into contact with the most loathsome filth. The insolence of the inhabitants of this pestiferous district is equal to their destitution, if I may judge from what came under my cognizance. We had just given a couple of *paoli* to a poor old woman who had appealed

to our charity ; she had called down blessings on our heads, and we were going our ways, when the vociferous exclamations of a young woman, who was gesticulating like a fanatic field preacher, on the top of a high staircase, arrested our attention, and made us stop short.

"And so," cried she, "after overloading that old hag with your bounty, you are going away without caring a straw for my wretchedness!"

"You are young, and can work," my companion ventured to observe.

"I am young, am I?" cried she, "and so you despise a woman, and refuse to help her, because of her youth! Is that the language of a gentleman? You good-for-nothing foreigners, ought you not, on the contrary, to bestow your gifts most lovingly on myself and my young and beautiful companions? Away with you! The Madonna will punish you! and you will some day repent having despised the young women of Aricia!"

Scarcely knowing whether to laugh or to be angry at these extravagant imprecations we remained rooted to the spot for a time. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood, lying in careless indifference upon their dunghills, or thrusting their heads out of window, appeared, through the darkness that had now set in, like the embodiment of the spectres that Virgil describes Æneas to have encountered when he descended into hell, and I confess that this Satanic picture of gaunt poverty, mixed with envy, and demoniacal eloquence, left an impression at once terrific and painful, which I was vastly glad to shake off by returning to the *piazza* I just now described.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

THE BANKS OF THE TIBER.

I WAS now about to leave Rome. The capital of the Christian world had become as familiar to me, and even more so than Paris itself where I was born. I had penetrated into its meanest dwellings, and meditated over its most insignificant monuments; my mind had become rich in sensations, and my head was stored with recollections; still, I had not yet explored the banks of the Tiber, and I longed to submit it to my investigations, after having so thoroughly examined the walls it bathes. One day, therefore, on leaving table, Antoni came to fetch me, and took me by the road that skirts the villa Borghese to *l'Aqua accetosa* (acid water), a fountain near the Tiber, so called from its mineral waters used by the Romans for medical purposes. This fountain, situate on the brow of a hill, is decorated with considerable taste and magnificence. From hence the eye embraces the Tiber which is wide and rather shallow at this spot, and the pastures beyond, that are richly manured by the mud the river deposits on its banks every time it overflows.

It is not without reason that one of the poets of antiquity stigmatized the Tiber as a muddy stream. Its whole fame rests on the magic of its Roman name, and as to its being styled the King of rivers, such a title is a usurpation only to be tolerated or accounted for on the plea of the whole world having been once enslaved by the nation that peopled its banks. Indeed, its dangerous overflowing give it the character of a vagrant torrent rather than that of a river following a regular course; the sands formed in its channel by alluvion, and the unequal depth of its bed, render it unfit for navigation; moreover, its appearance is far from majestic, its breadth is by no means considerable, and its troubled, mischievous waters, constantly furrowed by whirlpools, tell of the carelessness of the inhabi-

tants, and the immense quantity of ruins that lie engulfed beneath its surface.

We had now reached the strand. The deepest silence reigned around, the sky was so cloudless as to give one the idea of being parched, and the only things stirring were a few snow-white threads, as fine as though they had been wound off Arachne's spindle, that were hovering in an atmosphere literally "oppressed with perfume," as Byron would say, from the emanations of the violets, honeysuckle, and orange trees that bloom on the summit, brow, and base of every neighbouring hill, and fringe the left bank of the river. As a contrast to this picture, the opposite side presents a vast expanse of meadows, nearly on a level with the water, enamelled with daisies, blue-bells, and daffodils; these, again, are bounded in the distance, on your left, by ruined towers in the midst of gentle hills, covered here and there with patches of vegetation, though rocky, barren, and full of hollows in other parts.

"It was owing to the falling in of a portion of those greyish rocks that you perceive at that point yonder," said my companion, "that the Papal Museum became enriched by a marble urn containing Cicero's ashes. It was found on the road amidst the fragments of the pile, and hence it became obvious that the caverns abounding on the summits of these hills formerly served as places of burial. The goatherds have now taken possession of them as convenient retreats, and the abodes of the dead serve as dwellings for the living."

We were now following the meanderings of the river, when my attention was attracted by a little chapel that we had to pass by. I inquired what was the meaning of a leathern purse, apparently well filled, that was lying on its cornice.

"It is a deposit;" replied my friend, "no doubt the purse contains a letter directed to the person it is intended to assist, and so sacred do the Romans hold anything that is placed under the guardianship of the Madonna, that they have never been known to violate the good faith with which such objects are entrusted to her holy keeping. Amongst a thousand examples of the religious exactness with which such deposits reach their destination, I will merely select one instance, referring to a countryman of yours.

"A young painter, named Boisselier, a pensioner of your academy in Rome, was passionately in love with a Roman girl; and every moment that he could spare from the study of his art was spent in her company. It is but rarely that love is a rational sentiment; it is far oftener a kind of fever that

disorders the understanding, and causes it to attribute to the object of its idolatry every perfection and every claim, nay, even those that sober minds would only ascribe to the Almighty—what lover, indeed, can refuse aught to the beloved mistress of his soul? Boisselier's fair enslaver longed most ardently for a shawl and a dress of some particular material: the lover promised both, but his purse was empty, and the month was not yet up; he saw no prospect of satisfying his beloved's wishes, unless M. Lethiers, then director of the academy of Rome, would please to advance him a month's pension. He asked, nay, implored this favour, but in vain. M. Lethiers whose prominent virtue did not happen to be a love of order, was himself in arrears, and unable to oblige him. The ardent imagination of the young man, excited to a pitch of frenzy, now views the fancied dishonour of his pecuniary embarrassment in the blackest colours. How, indeed, after his promise, was he to appear empty-handed before his mistress? Would she not accuse him of ill-will, lukewarm zeal, or indifference? A feeling of despair came over him, and, entering his studio for the last time, he threw a parting, agonized glance on the lifeless canvass that his pencil was about to people with the creatures of his fancy, then rushed out, and having silently pressed the hands of his friends, he hastened to this spot, traced a few lines with a pencil on a scrap of paper, which he deposited, with sundry trinkets, on the altar of this chapel, and then flung himself into the Tiber, thus depriving art of one of her most promising nurslings.

"These trinkets thus entrusted to the protection of the Madonna, together with the papers containing his last farewell, were faithfully transmitted to the director of the academy, and furnished sufficient data for the search of the unhappy artist's remains.

"Nor is this the only sad remembrance called up by walking along the river side. You perceive a little lower on the opposite bank some hovels, skirted by a hedge, leaving but a narrow pathway between themselves and the water's edge. The Duke de Montmorency-Laval was one day riding through this defile, accompanied by Lady Rosa Bathurst,* and Earl Bathurst, her father. On a sudden the young lady's horse lost its footing, and rolled into the river, and the unfortunate creature disappeared beneath the waters, before the eyes of her father and the Duke. In vain they loudly called for help,

* She was so beautiful that the Roman artists have immortalized her in their works; and the mosaics vendors in the *Piazza di Spagna* still sell cameos of the *bella Inglese*.

either nobody heard them in time, or those who did come probably contemplated the agonizing scene with that apathetic indifference so characteristic of my countrymen. The poor young creature being strapped to her horse with a girth was unable to free herself, and she was found dead on the animal's back.

"A grand historical event," continued my friend still proceeding in a western direction, "and one which perhaps decided the triumph of Christianity, took place on this very spot. You can perceive on the opposite bank a layer of stones, and the beginning of an arch of a bridge. This is said to be the remains of the one on which Maxentius perished with his troops, overcome by Constantine, whose star was in the ascendant.

"The *Ponte Molo* comes next. If you like, we can get into a boat and row beyond it; we shall thus be enabled to view both banks with greater ease."

I willingly agreed to his proposal. At this point you perceive whole fields of reeds stretching away to the right of the Tiber, traversed by a paved causeway. The leaves of these reeds are turned to account, and serve to stuff mattresses for the poorer classes, while the reeds themselves are employed as vine-props, or as fuel for bakers. To the left the eye wanders over the whole extent of the kitchen gardens belonging to the suburb *del Popolo*.

About a hundred yards from the *Ponte Molo*, the Tiber forms an angle in a southern direction, and runs along the pleasure gardens to the right; on the left are slaughter-houses, timber yards, warehouses belonging to the custom house, and several private manufactories. The strand was dotted with the little cabins of the boatmen. Some of these men were cooking, but the greater number were lying flat on their stomachs, and sleeping in the sun. A quarrel having arisen on a neighbouring raft, we ceased rowing for a moment, to ascertain what it might be about. It was an old woman, the *beau ideal* of a witch, as old as the eldest of the Fates, who was all in tears, and vociferating against several boatmen who were making game of her.

"My pot of olives! where is my pot of olives!" cried she.

"Why you've got it in your hand, you old toothless hag!"

"Yes, the pot—but where are my olives?"

"Olives indeed! the rats have eaten them I suppose."

"Thieves that you are! there are no rats here but yourselves!"

"Come, be quiet."

"Ah! if my son was here, you wouldn't dare behave so to a poor old body who comes all the way from her mountains to Rome, to serve as a model, in order to scrape up a few earnings to get through the winter! I wanted to offer the olives to M. Schnetz, who has painted me as a witch in a beautiful picture, and to M. Auvray who has promised to employ me. And now, how am I to appear before them? Oh my olives! my olives!"

My friend and I could not give the poor old creature her olives back again, so we were obliged to leave her to her lamentations, and rowed away.

My companion now called my attention to the numerous particles of mosaic and fragments of antique works with which the strand is studded; a little further on, where the Tiber again winds towards the west, my friend stopped the boat, and bid me reconnoitre the surrounding objects. I perceived that there were no quays, although we were now within the town; and that the foundations of the houses, mostly built in a barbarous style of architecture, were actually laid in the bed of the river; several sewers discernible here and there, did not add to the beauty of the scene, but the castle of St. Angelo, and the harbour of the same name, redeem its character for grandeur, while St. Peter's dome and various other edifices tower above all in the most picturesque manner imaginable. The castle of St. Angelo was originally Adrian's tomb. Its form is round, and it was adorned with several galleries of pillars before it was converted into a fortress.* A bronze angel, fifteen feet high, is placed at the top of this singular pile, to which different Popes have added from time to time clusters of fresh constructions to serve to lodge them at any critical moment of danger. The platform on these buildings is used for letting off fireworks, on certain occasions, when the reflection in the river forms a truly magic sight. According to tradition, the Tiber conceals—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene"

at this very spot, which is no wider than the little arm of the Seine at the Pont Neuf; but tradition tells a lie. The

* Its chief celebrity consists in the services it rendered the Inquisition, by offering its vaults for the iniquitous purposes of the holy office. It was in these dungeons that, during two centuries, sense and virtue were alike doomed to be persecuted, tormented, and driven to despair by the most bloodthirsty fanaticism, and that thousands of victims—amongst whom Galileo was perhaps the most illustrious—sacrificed to the fury of the Inquisitors.

bridge is decorated with statues by Bernini, of no great merit in themselves, yet producing a tolerable effect on account of the noble mass of buildings that overlooks them.

Somewhat further the Tiber again winds towards the south, where at low water the remains of the famous triumphal bridge may still be perceived. It was here that Cæsar Borgia is said to have caused his brother's corpse to be flung, after he had assassinated him.

From this point nothing can be more picturesque and rich in beauty than the banks of the Tiber. The Farnese and Corsini palaces, the Farnesina, a charming abode, adorned with paintings by Raphael, the Janiculum and its gardens, the Senatorial bridge, with the Isle of Tiberina, and the supposed temple of Vesta, mixed up with modern houses built on ancient foundations, little gardens, and mouths of sewers, all these lay mapped out before you like a vast panorama, of a somewhat dark and sober hue, reflected in a thousand ways in the yellow, ruffled waters of the river, that fills your mind with a strange impression of admiration and melancholy. As you advance, Mount Aventine appears in sight, crowned with churches and convents, and supported at its base by gigantic walls, round which ivy of a *mammothian* growth that assimilates it almost with the oak, is seen to fling its sturdy arms, carpeting a series of arcades formed by buttresses, the original destination of which no mortal can devise, with its dark and sad-coloured foliage. One sole idea is ever uppermost as we gaze upon these ruins—the impression of an extraordinary though departed power, still felt, still attested, still immortalized by innumerable monuments crumbling to dust in the midst of solitude.

The great harbour which one reaches on leaving Mount Aventine, was then covered with boats from different nations. Yet there were few signs of activity astir. On one of the boats I remarked a cluster of Neapolitan sailors as black as Africans, wearing their characteristic red cap, and with a cigar between their teeth, attentively listening to the songs and recital of one of their own set. "He is probably an *improvisatore*," said Antoni, "but I do not advise you to listen to him, for nothing can be more prosy than these improvisations in which the Neapolitan sailors take so much delight." A little further on I perceived a Tunisian bark. The costume of the captain was so picturesque that my friend felt an irresistible impulse to sketch him; but no sooner did the former become aware of such an intention than he flew into a violent rage, and flung some fragments of earthenware at his head; luckily he

missed his aim. I attributed his conduct to the horror the Easterns have of all pictured images, and thus I accounted to Antoni for the Tunisian's outrageous proceedings.

We did not pursue the Tiber in any of its further windings, because nothing interesting is to be met with beyond this point. We, therefore, landed and went straight to the pyramid of Cestius, near St. Paul's gate. It has not been ascertained who lies buried in this pyramid. Some pretend, however, that it is the tomb of Caius Cestius, one of the *epulones* under Augustus, but nothing justifies such a conjecture. The pyramid, a hundred and fifteen feet high, is coated with beautiful marble flags, and the sepulchral chamber in the centre is painted in a tasteful manner. Several modern tombs have been erected to Protestants around this spot, amongst others, that of Lady Rosa Bathurst, to whose sad story we have already alluded.

After visiting each of these tombs, the lateness of the hour reminded us that it was time to return to our respective homes, which we did not reach till after sunset.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

THE LAST LEAF OF MY DIARY.

I NOW bid farewell to Rome. I have looked my last on her ruins, but never shall memory, at any rate, part from the recollections they recall. Oh ! how necessary is imagination to complete the sum of our enjoyment amidst these majestic fragments of antiquity ! True that this far-fetched gratification consists chiefly of a few stones and hovels, but then these stones awaken thought, these hovels were and still are Rome, and command our admiration by the magic of their name !

I would fain have said a word upon the superb falls of Terni, the solitary beauty of Perugia, the lively magnificence of Florence, the pretty landscapes of Lucca, the majestic river of Genoa, and the delightful situation of its harbour, the city of the Doges with its lagunas, besides pausing a moment to descant on Padua, Verona, Brescia, Vicenza, and Bergamo, with its magnificent terraces, whence the eye discovers the rich pastures of Lombardy, not forgetting Milan and its admirable cathedral, nor the imposing sublimity of the Alps, with their slimy torrents. Willingly, too, would I have dwelt a moment on the herculean labours achieved by the mighty genius of the great man called Napoleon ! . . . But I must forbear retracing any of the scenes that crowd upon me, and not overlook the fact that I voluntarily restricted my labours within the precincts of Rome ; and that all such deviations would only render my work unfaithful to its title, and to the aim I had in view, of describing the manners and customs of the capital of the Christian world exclusively.

Should the Gods be propitious, I hope some day to visit Italy again, and to be able, after refreshing my recollections, and studying all its phases more thoroughly still, to produce a work at once more complete, and of a less ephemeral character than the one now submitted to the indulgence of the reader.

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CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF POPES	i

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF POPES,
FROM ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL
TO PIUS NINTH.

FIRST CENTURY.

	Accession.	Death.
	A. D.	A. D.
2 St. Peter and St. Paul .		66
3 Linus . .	67	78
4 Cletus or Anaclelus . .	78	91
5 Clement .	91	100

6	Evaristus	.	100	109
7	Alexander	.	109	119
8	Sixtus	.	119	127
9	Telesphorus	.	128	136
10	Hyginus	.	136	142
11	Pius	.	142	157
12	Anicetus	.	157	168
13	Soterius	.	168	177
14	Eleutherius	.	177	193
15	Victor	.	193	202

16	Zephyrinus .	202	219
17	Calistus .	219	222
18	Urban .	224	230
19	Pontianus .	230	235
20	Antherus .	235	236
21	Fabianus .	236	250
22	Novatianus .	250	251

	Accession.	Death.
	A.D.	A.D.
23 Cornelius .	251	252
24 Lucius .	252	253
25 Stephen .	253	257
26 Sixtus II .	257	258
27 Dionysius .	259	269
28 Felix .	269	274
29 Eutychius .	275	283
30 Caius .	283	296
31 Marcellinus .	296	304

A vacancy of 3 years, 6 months, and 25 days.

32	Marcellus	.	308	310
33	Eusebius	.	310	310
34	Melchiades	.	311	314
35	Sylvester	.	314	335
36	Mark	.	336	336
37	Julius	.	337	352
38	Liberius	.	352	366
39	Damasus	.	366	384
40	Syricius	.	384	398
41	Anastasius	.	398	402

42 Innocent	402	417
Antipope Eulalius		

	Accession. A.D.	Death. A.D.		Accession. A.D.	Death. A.D.
43 Zosimus .	417	418	78 Vitalian .	657	672
44 Boniface .	419	422	79 Adeodatus .	672	676
45 Celestine .	422	432	80 Donus .	676	678
46 Sixtus III. .	432	440	81 Agatho .	678	682
47 Leo the Great	440	461	82 Leo II. .	682	683
48 Hilarius .	461	468	A vacancy of 11		
49 Simplicius .	468	483	months and 25		
50 Felix II. .	483	492	days.		
51 Gelasius .	492	496	83 Benedict II. .	684	685
52 Anastasius II.	496	498	84 John V. .	685	686
Antipope Laurent.			Antipopes, Peter		
53 Symmachus .	498	514	and Théodore.		
SIXTH CENTURY.			85 Conon .	686	687
54 Hormisdas .	514	523	Antipopes, Théodore and Paschal.		
55 John .	523	526	86 Sergius .	687	701
56 Felix III. .	526	530	EIGHTH CENTURY.		
Antipope Dioscorus			87 John VI. .	701	705
57 Boniface II. .	530	532	88 John VII. .	705	707
58 John II. .	532	535	89 Sysinnius .	708	708
59 Agapetus .	535	536	90 Constantine	708	715
60 Sylverius, Hormisdas' son	536	538	91 Gregory II. .	715	732
61 Vigilius .		555	92 Gregory III. .	732	741
62 Pelagius .	555	560	93 Zachary .	741	752
63 John III. .	560	573	94 Stephen II. .	752	757
64 Benedict .	574	578	95 Paul .	757	767
65 Pelagius II .	578	590	Antipopes, Constantine and		
66 Gregory the Great .	590	604	Philip.		
SEVENTH CENTURY.			96 Stephen III. .	768	772
67 Sabinian .	604	606	97 Adrian .	772	795
68 Boniface III. .	607	607	98 Leo III. .	795	816
69 Boniface IV. .	608	615	NINTH CENTURY.		
70 Deus Dedit .	615	618	99 Stephen IV. .	816	817
71 Boniface V. .	619	625	100 Paschal .	817	824
72 Honorius .	625	638	Antipope Zisimus.		
73 Severinus .	640	640	101 Eugene II. .	824	827
A vacancy of 1			102 Valentine .	827	827
year, 7 months,			103 Gregory IV. .	827	844
and 17 days.			104 Sergius II. .	844	847
74 John IV .	642	642	105 Leo IV. .	847	854
75 Theodore .	642	649	Pope Joan		
76 Martin .	649	655	Antipope Anastasius.		
77 Eugene .	656	657			

	Accession. A. D.	Death. A. D.		Accession. A. D.	Death. A. D.
106 Benedict III.	855	858	144 Gregory V.		
107 Nicholas .	858	867	(Bruno) .	996	999
108 Adrian II.	867	872	145 Sylvester II.		
109 John VIII.	872	882	(Gerbert) .	999	1003
110 Martin II.	882	884	ELEVENTH CENTURY.		
111 Adrian III.		885	146 John XVII.		
112 Stephen V.		891	(Faramus) .		1003
113 Formosus .		896	147 John XVIII.		1009
114 Boniface VI.		896	148 Sergius IV. (Peter)		1012
115 Stephen VI.		897	Antipope Gregory.		
116 Roman .		897	149 Benedict VIII.		
117 Theodore II.		898	(John) .	1012	1024
118 John IX. .		900	150 John XIX.	1012	1033
TENTH CENTURY.			151 Benedict IX.		
119 Benedict IV.	900	903	(Theophilact)	1033	1044
120 Leo V. (Aretius)		903	152 Sylvester III.		
121 Christopher		904	(John Sabine)		
122 Sergius III.		911	153 Gregory VI.		
123 Anastasius III.	911	913	(John Gratian)		1046
124 Lando .	913	914	154 Clement II.		
125 John X. .	914	928	(Suiger)	1046	1047
126 Leo VI. .		929	155 Damasus II.		
127 Stephen VII.		931	(Popponius)	1048	1048
128 John XI. .		936	156 Leo IX (Bruno)	1049	1054
129 Leo VII. .		939	157 Victor II.		
130 Stephen VIII.	939	942	(Gebehard)	1055	1057
131 Martin III.		946	Antipope John.		
132 Agapetus II.		955	158 Stephen IX.		
Antipope Leo.			(Frederick)	1057	1058
133 John XII. (Oc-			159 Benedict X.		
tavian)		964	(Joh Mincius)	1058	1061
Antipope Benedict.			160 Nicholas II.		
134 Leo VIII. .	963	965	(Gerard)	1058	1061
135 Benedict V.		965	161 Alexander II.		
136 John XIII.	965	972	(Anselm)	1061	1073
137 Boniface VII.	972		162 Gregory VII.		
138 Benedict VI.		973	(Hildebrand)	1073	1085
139 Donus II. .		974	Antipope Gaibert.		
140 Benedict VII.		983	163 Victor III.		
141 John XIV.			(Desiderius)	1086	1087
(Peter) .		985	164 Urban II. (Eudes		
142 John XV. .	985	985	de Lagny)	1088	1099
143 John XVI.	985	996	Antipopes, Alber-		
Antipope Phila-			tus, Theodorick,		
gates.			Maginuffus.		

	Accession. A. D.	Death. A. D.		Accession. A. D.	Death. A. D.
165 Paschal II. (Reinerius)	1099	1118	180 Celestine III. (Orisini)	1191	1198
TWELFTH CENTURY.			181 Innocent III. (Trasimondo)	1198	1216
166 Gelasius II. (John Cajetan)	1118	1119	THIRTEENTH CENTURY.		
Antipope Bourdine.			182 Honorius III. (Centius Savelli)	1216	1226
167 Calistus II. (Guy of Burgundy)	1119	1124	183 Gregory IX. (Ugolino Conti)		1241
Antipope Peter Anacletus.			184 Celestine IV. (Godfrey Castiglione)	1241	1241
168 Honorius II. (Lambert)	1124	1130	A vacancy of 1 year and 7 months.		
Antipope Gregory			185 Innocent IV. (Annibal Fieschi)	1243	1254
169 Innocent II. (Gregory)	1130	1143	186 Alexander IV. (Renaud Conti)	1254	1261
170 Celestine II. (Guido del Castello)	1143	1144	187 Urban IV. (Jacomo Pantaléone)	1262	1264
171 Lucius II. (Gerard Callianeceni)	1144	1145	188 Clement IV. (Guy Foulques)	1265	1268
172 Eugenius III. (Bernard)	1145	1153	A vacancy of 3 years.		
173 Anastasius IV. (Conrad)	1153	1154	189 Gregory X. (Theobaldo Visconti)	1271	1276
174 Adrian IV. (Nicholas Breakspear.)	1154	1159	190 Innocent V. (Peter of Tarentaise)	1276	1276
Antipopes, Octavian, Guido, John, and Landonio.			191 Adrian V. (Otoboni Fieschi)	1276	1276
175 Alexander III. (Roland)	1159	1181	192 John XXI. (Peter)	1276	1277
176 Lucius III. (Hubald Alucingolo)	1181	1184	193 Nicholas III. (Ursini)	1277	1280
177 Urban III. (Hubert Crivelli.)	1184	1187	194 Martin IV. (Simon de Brie)	1281	1285
178 Gregory VIII. (Albert)	1187	1187	195 Honorius IV. (Giachomo Savelli)	1285	1287
179 Clement III. (Scalero)	1187	1191			

	Accession. A. D.	Death. A. D.
A vacancy of 10 months.		
196 Nicholas IV. (Jerome of Ascali)	1288	1292

A vacancy of 2 years and 3 months.		
197 Celestine V. (Murena)	1294	1296
198 Boniface VIII. (Benedict Cajetan)	1295	1303

FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

199 Benedict XI. (Nicholas Boccasini)	1303	1304
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A vacancy of 11 months.		
200 Clement V. (Bertrand de Got)	1305	1314

Antipope Peter of Corbière.

201 John XXII. (Jaques d'Euse)	1316	1334
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202 Benedict XII. (Jaques de Nouveau)	1335	1342
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203 Clement VI. (Peter Roger Gasc)	1342	1352
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204 Innocent VI. (Stephen Aubert)	1352	1362
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205 Urban V. (William Grimoardi)	1362	1370
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206 Gregory XI. (Peter Roger de Beaufort)	1370	1378
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207 Urban VI. (Bartholomeus)	1378	1389
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Antipope Robert of Geneva (Clement VII.)

208 Boniface IX. (Peter Tomacelli)	1389	1404
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FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

209 Innocent VII. (Cosmo Megliorati)	1404	1406
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210 Gregory XII. (Angelo Corario)	1406	1417
--------------------------------------	------	------

211 Alexander V. (Peter of Candia)	1409	1410
---------------------------------------	------	------

212 John XXIII. (Balthasar Cossa)	1410	1419
--------------------------------------	------	------

213 Benedict XIII. (Peter of Luna)	1394	1424
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214 Martin V. (Otto Colonna)	1417	1431
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215 Felix V. (Ama- deus, Duke of Savoy)		
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216 Eugenius IV. (Gondolmerio)	1431	1447
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217 Nicholas V. (Thomas of Sarzana)	1447	1455
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218 Calistus III. (Alphonso Bor- gia)		1458
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219 Pius II. (Æneas Sylvius Picolo- mini)	1458	1464
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220 Paul II. (Peter Barbo)	1464	1471
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221 Sixtus IV. (Francis della Rovere)	1471	1484
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222 Innocent VIII. (Cibo)	1484	1492
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223 Alexander VI. (Borgia)	1492	1503
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	Accession. A. D.	Death. A. D.		Accession. A. D.	Death. A. D.
SIXTEENTH CENTURY.			SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.		
224 Pius III. (Pico- lomini)	1503	1503	241 Leo XI. (Alexander of Medicis)	1605	1605
225 Julius II. (Della Rovere)	1503	1513	242 Paul V. (Ca- millus Borg- hese)	1605	1621
226 Leo X. (John of Medicis)	1513	1521	243 Gregory XV. (Ludovisi)	1621	1623
227 Adrian VI. (Florente)	1522	1523	244 Urban VIII. (Maffei Bar- berini)	1623	1644
228 Clement VII. (Julius of Me- dicis)	1523	1534	245 Innocent X. (John Baptist Panfilì)	1644	1655
229 Paul III. (Alexander Farnese)	1534	1549	246 Alexander VII. (Ghigi)	1655	1667
230 Julius III. (John Maria del Monte)	1550	1555	247 Clement IX. (Julius Rospig- liosi)	1667	1669
231 Marcellus II. (Cervini)	1555	1555	248 Clement X. (Altieri)	1670	1676
232 Paul IV. (John Peter Caraffa)	1555	1559	249 Innocent XI. (Benedict Odes- calchi)	1676	1689
233 Pius IV. (John Angelo of Me- dicis)	1559	1565	250 Alexander VIII. (Peter Ottoboni)	1689	1691
234 Pius V. (Michael Ghis- lieri)	1566	1572	251 Innocent XII. (Antoni Pigna- telli)	1691	1700
235 Gregory XIII. (Hugues Buon- compagno)	1572	1585	EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.		
236 Sixtus V. (Fe- lix Peretti)	1585	1590	252 Clement XI. (Francis Al- bany)	1700	1721
237 Urban VII. (John Baptist Castagny)	1590	1590	253 Innocent XIII. (Angelo Conti)	1721	1724
238 Gregory XIV. (Nicholas Sfron- dati)	1590	1591	254 Benedict XIII. (Vincent Maria Orsini)	1724	1730
239 Innocent IX. (Anthony Fa- chinetti)	1591	1591	255 Clement XII. (Laurence Cor- sini)	1730	1740
240 Clement VIII. (Aldobrandini)	1592	1605			

	Accession.	Death. A. D.		Accession. A. D.	Death. A. D.
256	Benedict XIV. Prosper Laurence Lamber- tini)	1740 1758	NINETEENTH CENTURY.		
257	Clement XIII. (Charles Rez- zonico)	1758 1769	260	Pius VII. (Bar- nabus Chiara- monti)	1800 1823
258	Clement XIV. (Laurence Gan- ganelli)	1769 1774	261	Leo XII. (Anni- bal della Genga)	1823 1829
A vacancy of 5 months.			262	Pius VIII. (Castiglioni)	1829 1830
259	Pius VI. (John Angelo Bras- chi)	1775 1779	263	Gregory XVI. (Marcus Cap- pellari)	1831 1846
			264	Pius IX. (Gio- vanni Maria, Mastai Feretti)	1846

FINIS.

SHORTLY FORTHCOMING,

BEAUTÉS DE LA POÉSIE ANGLAISE.

PAR LE CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN.

PARIS : TRUCHY, PUBLISHER, No. 18, BOULEVARD ITALIEN.

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PROSPECTUS.

Cet ouvrage contiendra la traduction de morceaux choisis des poètes dont les noms suivent : Thomas Moore, Colley Cibber, Prior, Byron, Coleridge, Andrew Park, Thomas Campbell, Ebenezer Elliott, Walter Scott, Burns, Gray, Southey, Macarty, Tennyson, Samuel Rogers, Charles Mackay, Leopold Wray, Mrs. Anna Potts, Lady Dufferin, &c.

Le but du traducteur est de faire connaître aux Français qui ne sont pas familiers avec la langue de Shakspeare, les *beautés des poètes modernes des trois royaumes*. En faisant son choix, le traducteur n'a pas toutefois été guidé exclusivement par la magie du nom, il a, si l'on peut s'exprimer ainsi, non seulement suivi les chemins battus, mais encore été dévié, deça par les chemins de traverse de la littérature cueillant nombre de fleurs sauvages et les ajoutant à sa collection. Il suit de là que des poètes, encore peu connus, que des poésies sans nom de père putatif autre qu'une simple initiale, ou un nombre quelconque d'étoiles, se trouvent côte à côte avec les productions des bardes les plus illustres et les plus en renom.

Le traducteur est de l'opinion de ceux qui pensent que rien ne peut donner une idée exacte des charmes d'un poète que la langue même de laquelle ce poète s'est servi ; mais il lui semblait fâcheux que tant de perles et de diamans qui forment l'entourage de la couronne poétique de l'Angleterre fussent perdus pour les lecteurs français, aujourd'hui que les relations de peuple à peuple sont devenues si fréquentes entre la France et l'Angleterre. Comme circonstance atténuante du travail qu'il publie, le traducteur ajoute que nombre de poètes anglais sont aussi remarquables par le fond des idées, que par la forme, or si le style se modifie et quelquefois se perd dans une traduction, le fond de l'œuvre reste toujours.

Pour donner une idée de la manière du traducteur nous citons les quelques pièces que voici :

This work will contain translations from the following poets :—Thomas Moore, Colley Cibber, Prior, Byron, Thomas Campbell, Ebenezer Elliott, Walter Scott, Leopold Wray, Burns, Coleridge, Andrew Park, Gray, Macarty, Tennyson, Samuel Rogers, Charles Mackay, Robert Southey, Mrs. Anna Potts, Lady Dufferin, &c., &c.

The translator's chief aim is to introduce to the knowledge of such of his countrymen as are not familiar with Shakspeare's language, *the Beauties of the modern poets of the United Kingdom*. In making his selection the translator has not however been solely guided by the magic of a name. He has, so to speak, not merely followed the highways but likewise rambled into the bye ways of literature, and culled many a wild flower to weave into his poetic garland. Hence, poets as yet unknown to fame, and poetry unfathered by aught beyond an initial of some stars, will be found side by side with the productions of more illustrious or more fortunate bards.

Albeit sharing the opinion of those who hold that nothing can replace the delight of reading these poets in their original tongue, the translator cannot but think it were a pity that so many gems "of purest ray serene" that deck England's poetic crown should be utterly lost to the French reader, in these days of international exchange of thoughts and ideas ; especially as many of the best English poets appeal quite as much to the sense as to the ear, and trust to something beyond the untranslatable charms of language.

We give the following as a sample of the author's style of rendering English poetry into French :—

L'EMIGRE IRLANDAIS.

TRADUIT DE L'ANGLAIS, DE LADY DUFFERIN.

Je suis assis sur le tertre, Marie,
Où, côte à côte, il y a bien long-temps,
Nouveaux époux, de l'épine fleurie
Nous savourions tous deux les plaisirs re-
naissantes.

Le jeune blé germait, verte était la prairie,
L'alouette, en chantant, s'élevait dans les airs,
Et tes lèvres, Marie,
Étaient boutons de rose, et tes yeux des éclairs.

Le lieu n'est pas beaucoup changé, Marie,
Le jour est beau comme il l'était alors,
Le blé verdoie, et fraîche est la prairie,
Et l'alouette au ciel monte, et dit ses accords :
Mais je ne trouve plus ta main, ma douce
étreinte,

Ton haleine si chaude, et dont je m'enivrais,
Et la voix est éteinte
Que parlait à mon cœur celle que tant j'aimais !

Voilà l'église où le prêtre, Marie,
Au saint autel unit nos cœurs joyeux,
Là, le sentier qui coupe la prairie,
Et que, pour abrégér, nous prenions tous les
deux.

Mais avant d'arriver au porche, il faut, chérie,
Passer le cimetière où tu dors à jamais,
Et je craindrais, Marie,
Par le bruit de mes pas d'éveiller tes regrets.

Je suis bien seul maintenant, ô Marie !
Bien seul, hélas ! le pauvre a peu d'amis,
Mais quand il aime, il aime pour la vie,
Tous ceux que le bon Dieu sur son chemin a
mis.

Toi seule était ma joie et mon orgueil, Marie,
Mère du bel enfant qui repose en tes bras,
Toi, mon fils, ma patrie,
Serez mes seuls amours par de là le trépas !

Adieu ma bonne et fidèle Marie,
Adieu mon fils, mes deux, mes seuls amours,
Au sol natal, à Dieu je vous confie,
Pour la terre d'exil, je pars et pour toujours.
On dit que tout là bas chacun a de l'ouvrage,
Que le soleil plus chaud y nourrit l'ouvrier,
En fut-il d'avantage ? —
Irlande ! ô mon pays ! Pourrais-je t'oublier !

LES "MALGRE ÇA" DU PAUVRE.

TRADUIT DE L'ÉCOSSAIS, DE BURNS.

Qu'un honnête homme pauvre ait le honteux
caprice
De courber le front pour cela,
Foin du poltron ! Pauvreté n'est pas vice,
Soyons pauvres, malgré cela.
Qui travaille ici bas doit regarder sans crainte,
Le riche pour cela,
D'une guinée en or le rang n'est que l'em-
preinte,
Et l'homme est l'or malgré cela.

Avec habit de bure, avec repas modeste
Est-on moins libre pour cela ?
La gloriole aux sots ! Nargue du reste,
L'homme est l'homme malgré cela.
De pompeux oripeaux font-ils les gentils-
hommes ?

Vanité tout cela !
Quelque pauvre qu'il soit, pour moi le roi des
hommes
C'est l'honnête homme malgré ça !

Regardez-moi ce paon qui pose et fait la roue
C'est un Lord, et rien moins que ça ;
A le flatter, voyez chacun s'enroue,
Ce n'est qu'un sot malgré cela ;
A montrer ses crachats son fol orgueil aspire,
Clinguant que tout cela !
Ce brillant paltoquet, c'est un fort pauvre sire,
Près d'un homme malgré cela !

Un roi peut fabriquer un Chevalier, un Comte,
Marquis et Ducs, et *cætera*,
Mais son vouloir ne peut faire à bon compte,
Un homme de bien, malgré ça.
Grandeurs et Dignités, joyaux de la puissance,
Hochets que tout cela !
Le bon sens, la vertu, la noble indépendance
Sont les vrais rois, malgré cela !

Prions donc tous le ciel que le jour puisse naître
Où le bon sens et tout cela,
Sans passeport, en se faisant connaître
Ciruleront malgré cela.
Non, le temps n'est pas loin où sur chaque
hémisphère,

Malgré ci, malgré ça,
De par l'humanité l'homme sera le frère,
De tous les hommes, malgré ça !

JE T'AIMAIS.

BALLADE.

TRADUITE DE L'ANGLAIS DE LEOPOLD WRAY.

Je t'aimais quand brillait ta noire chevelure
En boucles s'épandant sur ton front radieux ;
Je t'aimais quand ta joue était douce. . .
et si pure
Que, miroir de ton âme, on y lisait les cieux ;
Je t'aimais quand ton œil pétillait de jeunesse,
Et que ta lèvre émue, appellait un soupir ;
Je t'aimais quand enfin ta taille enchanteresse
Par tous les feux d'amour évoquait le désir.

Tes cheveux ont blanchi maintenant, ton front
même,
De rides s'est couvert, et le divin contour
De ton joli visage a fui. . . Pourtant je
t'aime,
Oh ! oui je t'aime encore, et comme au premier
jour ;
Bien que ton œil n'ait plus le feu de la jeunesse,
Bien que ton pas plus lent ait besoin de secours,
Que ta taille charmante ait perdu sa soup-
lesse . . .
Oh ! oui, je t'aime encore et t'aimerai toujours !

LE TOMBEAU DU GUERRIER.

TRADUIT DE L'ANGLAIS DE L'AUTEUR DE
" RHYMES ON MATHIMONY. "

Le soleil du matin des brumes se dégage
Il est jour :
Plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan
bat le tambour,
Et les chefs sont debout, et l'écho du bocage
Effrayé des ans du clairon,
Annonce au loin la gloire et le canon.

Le chef est radieux, et son brillant panache
Flotte et fuit ;
De son fougueux coursier le harnais éblouit ;
Son œil est menaçant, et fière est sa mous-
tache ;
Et son glaive imbibé de sang

Fume et s'évire à la mort qu'il répand.
 Et moi je me disais, témoin de ce carnage,
 O Douleur !
 Car je songeais aux nœuds tissés de cœur à cœur,
 Que ce glaive brisait dans sa brutale rage ;
 Mais on me dit : c'est en semant
 Trépas et deuils qu'un guerrier devient grand !

Le héros, disait-on, était né pour la gloire,
 Et son front,
 Était fait, jeune encore et vierge d'un affront
 Pour être couronné des mains de la victoire ;
 Voilà soudain qu'un plomb fatal,
 Le fait tomber de son char triomphal.

On le porta la nuit à son dernier asyle
 Aux flambeaux,
 Et puis pour honorer la cendre du héros
 Des feux de peloton labourèrent l'argile.
 Moi sur sa face je cherchais
 La gloire. . . Et c'est l'horreur que j'y trouvais.

On racontait comment dans plus de cent batailles
 Chef soldat,
 Il illustra son nom ; comme au dernier combat
 Il les sut conquérir ses nobles funérailles :
 Moi je me disais cependant
 Que de vains bruits pour gagner le néant !

On disait qu'on allait décorer de sculptures,
 Son tombeau,
 La renommée en pleurs éteignant son flambeau
 Sur des monceaux de morts, de canons et d'armures !
 Moi, je dessinaï plus humain,
 Aux deux côtés la veuve et l'orphelin.

Que sont-ils les lauriers qui parent ta poussière
 Conquérant,
 Si par ambition ainsi qu'un noir torrent
 Tu balayas le monde en ta fureur guerrière ?
 Hélas ! des lauriers imposteurs
 Rouges du sang de tes vaines grandeurs !

A JESSIE.

TRADUIT DE L'ANGLAIS, DE BYRON.

Il est un fil mystérieux,
 Si délic, si fin, qui de si près se lie
 Au seul fil de ma vie,
 Que le briser serait le briser tous les deux.

Il est. . . tout un être enchanteur
 Sur lequel dans le jour mon oeil s'attache, et passe
 De l'ivresse à l'extase,
 La nuit un songe heureux le retrace à mon cœur.

Il est, douce et pure à la fois,
 Une voix qui me jette en des troubles étranges,
 Plus que le chant des anges,
 Que point n'écouterai privé de cette voix.

Il est, sans fard et sans détour,
 Un teint dont l'incarnat est un miroir fidèle,
 Dont la pâleur révèle,
 Au moment d'un adieu tout un monde d'amour.

Il est. . . brillantes de fraîcheur

Des lèvres, dont moi seul ai su la douce et cinte,
 Et ces lèvres, sans feinte,
 Avec un tendre émoi m'ont promis le bonheur.

Il est un sein, doux oreiller
 Qui supporta souvent ma tête endolorie,
 Une bouche chérie
 Qui quêtant un baiser, sourit pour m'éveiller.

Il existe deux cœurs jumeaux
 Portant à l'unisson si bien leurs destinées
 L'une à l'autre enchaînées,
 Qu'il leur faut ou la vie ou la paix des tombeaux.

Un jour, pareils à deux ruisseaux,
 Dans le gouffre des ans versant leur onde pure,
 Il iront sans murmure
 Se perdre dans les mers en confondant leurs eaux !

MES CHATEAUX EN L'AIR.

TRADUIT DE L'ANGLAIS, DE CHARLES MACKAY.

J'aime à m'étendre à l'ombre,
 Sombre
 Des bois épais,
 Dans les longs jours d'été pour y goûter le frais.
 J'aime à régaler mon oreille
 Du gazouillement des ruisseaux,
 Du bourdonnement de l'abeille
 Ou du chant nourri des oiseaux.
 J'aime à guetter au ciel le nuage qui passe
 Et forme dans l'espace,
 Mille fantastiques châteaux
 D'or et de diamant aux superbes créneaux.
 Arrête, ô Vérité ! ta main inexorable,
 Ne me réveille pas, sois pour moi favorable,
 Ne détruis pas comme un éclair
 Mes séjours de bonheur, mes beaux châteaux en l'air.

Dans l'un l'amour candide
 Guide,
 Au vrai bonheur,
 Et bergère et berger si les deux n'ont qu'un cœur.
 Là point de parole trompeuses,
 Point de sentiment déloyal,
 Point de passions envieuses :
 Dans ce palais de pur cristal,
 L'amour est toujours vrai, de ses plus vives flammes,

Il embrase les âmes,
 Ni les soucis, ni la douleur
 Ne peuvent amoindrir sa première chaleur.
 Arrête, ô Vérité ! que ton front se déplisse,
 Epargne ton grand jour à mon frère édifice,
 Ne détruis pas comme un éclair,
 Mon doux berceau d'amour, mon beau château dans l'air !

L'autre abrite fidèle
 Celle,
 Qui parmi nous,
 A pour nom l'amitié—ce sentiment si doux.
 Dans ce magnifique royaume
 Du plus bel azur revêtu,
 Tout est au mieux, et chaque dôme
 Est le séjour d'une vertu.
 L'honneur, le vieil honneur y fait son domicile,
 Et la paix y réside,
 Malgré les cris séducteurs,
 Et le bruit des humains s'élevant jusqu'aux cieux.
 Protège, ô Vérité, protège, ô je te prie,

Ce monument bâti pour l'amitié chérie,
Ne détruis pas comme un éclair
Ce séjour de l'honneur, ce beau château dans
l'air !

Gouverneurs de provinces,
Princes,
Hommes d'état

Dans mes nombreux castels vivent sans ap-
parat.
Pour eux l'or est une chimère,
Ils ignorent le pécuniaire,
Dans le pauvre ils voyent un frère,
Ils l'aident à porter son bât.

Après d'eux la vertu trouve toujours son
compte,

Et le crime la honte ;
Au seul mérite ils font honneur,
Sans noblesse d'esprit, pour eux point de
grandeur !

O Vérité ! retiens, oh ! retiens ta colère,
Laisse vivre ce monde au delà de la sphère,
Ne détruis pas comme un éclair
Ce temple à la vertu, ce beau château dans
l'air !

Appaise d'un sourire,
L'ire,

De tes beaux yeux ;
Vois comme mes castels brillent au haut des
cieux.

Admire leurs sveltes tourelles
Planant au dessus des brouillards,
Et ces magiques citadelles
Qui les entourent de remparts.
Mais non—de ton sourcil je vois froncer
l'orbite,

Ton regard, je l'évite ;
Et comme la neige au soleil.
Fond . . . tombent mes châteaux au grand
jour du réveil.

Cruelle Vérité ! ta main inexorable
A chassé de mon ciel un mensonge adorable,
Et tout-à-coup comme un éclair
Se sont évanouis mes beaux châteaux dans
l'air !

L'ENFANT AVEUGLE.

TRADUIT DE L'ANGLAIS DE COLLEY CIBBER.

Quel est ce je ne sais, qu'on appelle lumière,
Dont je ne puis jamais espérer de jouir ?
A votre pauvre enfant dites, dites, ma mère,
La vue est-ce bien doux ? quel en est le
plaisir ?

Tout ce que vous voyez n'est pour moi que mys-
tère.

Le soleil est brillant ! il éclaire vos pas !
Je sens bien sa chaleur ; mais, comment il
éclaire,

Et fait le jour, la nuit, je ne le comprends pas.

Il est jour quand je joue, et nuit quand je som-
meille ;

Si je ne dors pas, sans cesse il serait jour.
Oh ! dites, du soleil est-ce là la merveille ?
Fait-il ainsi le jour et la nuit tour à tour ?

Je vous entends gémir, vous plaignez mon jeune
âge.

Ménagez des soupirs et des pleurs superflus :
Si la vue est un bien, j'en ignore l'usage ;
On ne peut regretter que le bien qu'on n'a plus.

Le ciel à ce que j'ai borne ma jouissance ;
Ne me dérobez point ce qu'il a mis en moi.
Je suis un pauvre enfant, aveugle de naissance ;
Mais avec ma gaieté je chante, je suis roi !

LE CULTE DANS LES FORETS.

TRADUIT DE L'ANGLAIS D'EBENEZER ELLIOT.

Au plus profond des bois que le soleil éclaire,
Où pour nous le ciel forme un toit d'or et
d'azur,

Où le ruisseau sourit à la fleur solitaire,
Nos cœurs à l'Eternel offrent un encens pur.
Cependant que frémit notre vieille Angleterre,
Sous le dur frocissement des sourcils des mé-
chants ;

Mais vive Dieu ! Les méchants ont beau
faire,
Peuvent-ils arrêter les flots de la lumière
Ou priver l'humble fleur de fleurir en son
temps !

Dédaignant de la terre et les soins et les chaînes
Avide de lumière en un beau ; jour d'été
Là-haut, bien au dessus de la cime des chênes
J'aperçois l'alouette errer en liberté.

Cependant qu'ici-bas le pauvre peuple expire
Et de froid et de faim traqué par les méchants :
Mais vive Dieu ! Les méchants ont beau
dire

Pour les petits oiseaux l'air est un libre empire,
L'alouette en volant roucoule encor ses chants.

Le prédicateur dit : "Le Seigneur nous bé-
nisse !"

"Le Seigneur nous bénisse ! . . ." a répété le
chœur ;

"Amen, et que pour tous ce saint vœu s'accom-
plisse !"

A murmuré la brise ! . . . "Amen," dit le mal-
heur !

Le travail incessant des enfants de misère
Est payé de douleurs par le riche orgueilleux ;
Mais en ces bois où ta gloire l'éclaire,
Dieu tout puissant, à toi le cœur fait sa
prière

Et ses pensers d'amour s'élèvent vers les cieux !

